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October, 1910

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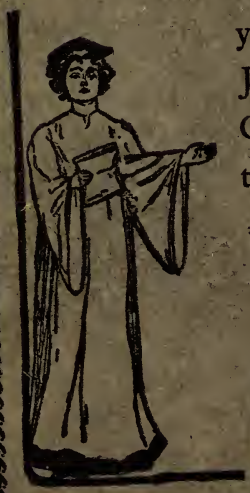

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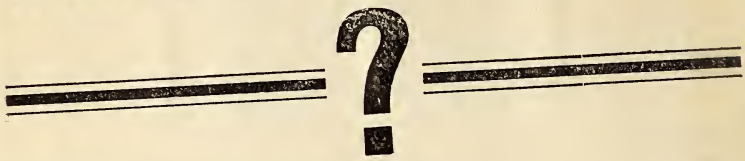

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LITERARY DEPARTMENT

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The Road to Fame

H. DUPRE HIGH.

He who climbs the road to fame
  Must not think of yesterday;
Must keep pressing onward, upward,
  Never stopping on the way.

He must watch with living interest
  The welfare of his fellowman;
Try and make his life a pleasure,
  Lend to him a helping hand.

He should share in all his sorrows,
  Help to bear his weary load;
Keep him in the narrow pathway,
  Help him on the upward road.

Think not then, oh! my comrade,
  Of thyself along the way;
But keep side by side with others,
  Help them find a better way.

The Way of the Wilderness

R. L. MERIWETHER.

Swelled by the recent spring rains, the little creek flowed noisily through the long valley of glade and forest, making its way toward the east, to the long depression marking the southward flowing river. West and North the dark green of the pine forest merged into the unchanging blue of the mountains. Everywhere the original forest stretched, untouched by the hand of man, save on the easy slope north of the creek. Here the undergrowth had been recently cut or burned away, and out of the partly broken up soil beneath the dying pines a scattered crop of corn was springing up. Under the trees on the edge of the forest, not far from the creek, was a group of habitations fully in keeping with this primitive style of agriculture. It was an Indian village of about forty wigwams. From the careless manner in which it had been put up, it appeared to have been intended only for temporary occupation, for although some of the wigwams were made of skins, others were mere shelters of boughs, thatched with bark. From several places slender columns of smoke rose, while the inhabitants glided here and there through the forest or sat at ease in front of their dwellings.

The hill south of the creek was partly covered with an undergrowth that became a thick grove near the top. It was nearing sunset when a warrior, about twenty-two years of age, came out from the edge of this wood and halted by a tree about twenty yards from a large spring. Physically, he was a splendid specimen of manhood, tall, well proportioned and powerfully built. His face was open and the features regular, nor was there any shadow of treachery in the fearless glance of the keen black eyes. The closely fitting leggings of deerskin, fastened at the waist by a stout belt, reached to the moccasins on his feet, while over one shoulder a deerskin robe was loosely thrown and held at the waist by the belt, leaving one muscular right arm and shoulder bare. In the belt were also a stone tomahawk and buckhorn knife; a bundle of flint-

headed arrows was slung over his shoulder by a thong, while one hand rested on his heavy six-foot bow. It was the equipment of a race which had as yet scarcely heard of the white man and his superior skill in making arms.

For several minutes the warrior stood looking at the valley below, as though thinking deeply on some problem. Then a movement among the bushes beyond the creek caught his eye, and, after watching a moment, he moved back a little behind the tree. As he did so an Indian girl carrying a gourd in one hand, crossed the creek on a fallen log and with the easy, natural grace of one accustomed to mountain climbing, came directly up the steep hillside. Her appearance as she drew nearer fully justified the eager interest of the warrior's gaze. She had been far less exposed to wind and sun than he, and the lighter, richer red of her complexion did not ill become her delicate features and dark glowing eyes. Her thick, glossy black hair hung far down her back in two large, half-plaited braids. Her dress of finest tanned deerskin ornamented with small vari-colored feathers, reached from shoulder to a little below the knee, and was gathered by a belt at her waist. The leggings, also fringed with feathers, terminated at a small, neatly fitting pair of moccasins.

As she reached the spring, the warrior stepped quietly out from behind the tree and came toward her. She gave a barely perceptible start, but responded gravely to his greeting, though the red on her cheek took on a richer tinge. Dipping the gourd full of water, she offered it to him, asking at the same time:

"Black Oak has come from the camp of the Seraws, has he not?"

He nodded, adding as he took the water, "They are encamped two days' journey beyond the river, a band of sixty warriors."

She watched him drain the gourd, hesitating whether to inquire further or not, but Black Oak had answered so readily that she asked as he handed the gourd back:

"Will our band attack them when there are that many?"

With an emphatic nod he replied, "Wren Feather need not

fear that we will not win, for no one who has ever met the Etowees will deny that they can fight. The attack will be made within four days from now; the chief will lead thirty warriors directly against them, and the other twenty will go around and come upon them from the other side."

She looked keenly at him, evidently suspecting something wrong, and inquired:

"Who will lead the small band?"

The answer was direct and grimly put. "Red Fox, when he has first killed Black Oak."

The troubled look in the girl's eyes grew deeper, and there was a touch of pleading in her voice as she spoke.

"Why must there be a fight for the place?"

The warrior remained silent, his jaw set determinedly, and she knew well what he meant. Next to the chief, Red Fox and Black Oak were recognized as the bravest and most capable warriors of the remnant of the decadent Etowee tribe. On a former occasion Red Fox was given the preference, now there was a dispute between the rivals and Black Oak did not mean to yield.

Once more she spoke, but even more timidly, as one who would advance an argument, yet fears to offend.

"What do the Etowee warriors say?"

The effect was instant, and far from what Wren Feather would have desired. Instead of the grave, self-contained warrior, there now stood before her one who, as he spoke, maintained with growing difficulty control over a wrath that at best was very near the surface.

"They say that Red Fox should lead them, because he is of their tribe, and Black Oak is not. Twenty years ago their wandering band brought away the little son of the Santee chief from somewhere far down this river, by the great salt sea. They gave the boy to their crippled chief, Red Knife, and he who lived alone in his wigwam took the boy as his son, and as he grew up taught him to be a warrior. Then has not Black Oak the right to be called one of the tribe? Yet because they see that he is of better blood than they, and that he has

not that meanness of spirit and stupidity that no real Etowee is born without, they hate him for it. And Buckhorn, the only great chief they have ever had, who is a cripple now because he risked his life for the honor of the tribe, they begin to hate him because he loves Black Oak, and would give him justice!"

Every word was true, but that did not make it more pleasing to the girl before him, and as he saw her eyes flash with anger and wounded pride, he would have altered the speech, but it was too late.

"Black Oak says that the Etowees stole him from his father, the Santee chief. But how often did the Santees spare the captured children of other tribes? Yet that boy never lost the chance to show his scorn of those who, instead of killing him, brought him away and gave him food and shelter. He expects their warriors to follow him, though he despises every man, woman and child in the tribe except Buckhorn, who is but half an Etowee."

A denial more emphatic than any words showed in the warrior's face as he took a step forward.

"No, there is another in the tribe whom he not only does not despise, but—"

The girl cut him short, for she knew well what he was going to say, and she was in no mood to hear him further. Her voice was clear and deliberate as she answered:

"Rather than become the wife of a warrior who despised her tribe, Wren Feather would share her lot with Red Fox, who, at least, would give her the respect that would be her due."

Her words stung like the lash of a scorpion, and the jealous rage flamed in the warrior's eyes. But she dipped her gourd in the spring and turned away down the slope without so much as another glance in his direction. With her face set in straight, hard lines, the motionless Black Oak watched her go down the hill and across the creek till her slender form disappeared in the gathering dusk. Night had closed in before he moved, when he started toward the half-dozen twinkling fires that marked the village.

It was nearly twenty-four hours later when the council of the Etowees began to gather. In an open space on the slope above the village about thirty warriors sat in a rough, circle, some on logs, others on deerskins spread upon the ground. A short distance away stood a group of women who talked to each other in low, but excited tones. From time to time more warriors came and took their places, some speaking briefly to different ones in the circle, others sitting down without a word or nod. Few of them were above medium height, but were thick bodied and muscular. Generally they were coarse featured, and upon nearly every face there was an evil scowl, so that altogether they were not a prepossessing lot.

By far the most striking face of the whole group was that of a man a little past middle age, who sat on a log in the upper part of the circle. Like the others, he was thick-set rather than tall, and, despite the deerskin robe across his lap, it could be seen that one leg was decidedly shorter and smaller than the other. His face was marked by deep lines as of one who had suffered much, both mentally and physically, and the firm set of his jaw indicated the habit of command,—of himself as well as others. His stern glance was not unkindly, but the expression of his eyes, and indeed his whole appearance seemed to be that of one who had long since learned to pay little heed to the details of life, and to regard only the things of larger significance. A knife and a long, heavy stone-headed spear that leaned against his shoulder, were his only arms.

Next to him sat a man considerably younger and who seemed, from the deference paid him, to be the chief; but even he occasionally turned and addressed the one by him in a manner that showed the highest respect.

The circle was almost full when Black Oak appeared. The glances that were directed toward him were decidedly unfriendly, but he seemed utterly indifferent, in fact, his manner as he took his seat was as though he were conscious of approaching trouble, and welcomed it.

When every place was filled, the chief, Red Knife, arose

and, briefly going over the plan for the intended attack upon the Seraws, stated the dispute between Red Fox and Black Oak. He then called upon the former to give his claim, and resumed his seat.

A warrior of about twenty-five, who looked little better than the other Etowees, rose from his place opposite Black Oak. As he did so, he saw Wren Feather come silently up behind the group of women back of the Santee. Red Fox noted her troubled, anxious face, and, judging from this and his rival's manner, he was sure that there had been a quarrel. Glancing contemptuously at his enemy, in a few words he confidently stated his side of the case and sat down again, while several approving grunts came from different parts of the circle.

The chief nodded to Black Oak, who rose and came forward a little. His first words were apparently addressed to the whole circle, and bore directly upon his claim to the position in question; but with this as a cover, he began an attack upon Red Fox. As this became more thinly veiled, he turned directly upon his enemy with all the sarcasm and withering contempt in his power. Muttered threats came from the circle, but Red Fox was silent, for he realized that the speaker was deliberately trying to goad him to fury. As though awaiting his chance, he kept his eyes upon the Santee; then, when the latter turned as though to address the chief and Buckhorn, who sat at his right, the Etowee sprang to his feet and with a cry that was almost a snarl, threw his tomahawk full at Black Oak. But the warrior was on his guard, and with a single movement he stooped beneath the flying weapon, and hurled his own with every ounce of his strength at Red Fox. The other dodged in his turn, the tomahawk missing his head by a fraction of an inch. The two sprang at each other with their knives, while the circle became an uproar, a dozen warriors starting forward to strike the hated Santee. But quicker than any was the lame old chief, Buckhorn. With a single leap he fearlessly threw himself between the two combatants, pushing them apart by main force; and, as he waved his heavy

spear over his head, his commanding voice rose clear above the tumult. The advancing warriors halted an instant, but evidently still holding to their purpose. Buckhorn's eyes flashed as he a second time ordered them back to their places. They knew the temper of the old chief, and that it was worth the life of the first one to come further, but it was with extreme reluctance that they sheathed their weapons, and, muttering angry threats, went back to their seats.

Red Fox had already gone to his place, while Black Oak stood by Buckhorn, seeming as indifferent as before. When quiet was in some measure restored, the chief laid his hand upon the young warrior's shoulder and told him to go to his wigwam. Black Oak bowed with grave respect and, looking neither to right nor left, walked to a lodge at the other end of the village, a little apart from the others, and went in. With a gesture, the chief ordered the noisy group of women and children away also.

The varying sounds from the outside told Black Oak something of the progress of the council that was to decide his fate. Again and again some warrior's voice rose in fierce remonstrance, but each time it was cut short by the firm, decisive tones of Buckhorn, showing that despite the fact that Red Knife was chief in name, he was still the ruler of the Etowees.

An hour passed, and as the noise gradually came to an end, the voice of a boy outside called Black Oak to the council. With the same steady, fearless tread with which he had left the circle, he approached it again. As he drew near, he glanced round with contemptuous defiance at the line of scowling Etowees, then took his former position in front of Buckhorn, and quietly waited for him to speak. The women gathered near the circle in breathless curiosity, as before, and Wren Feather, looking as though it were her fate that was to be announced, glided to her former place. The old chief rose, leaning on his spear, and addressed the one before him.

"The council of the Etowees has decided that when the moon stands at its highest point, Black Oak may depart, taking

only his robe and his knife. With the setting of the moon in the west, they will follow."

Again the warrior bowed gravely and walked back to the wigwam. An angry babble burst out behind him, and occasionally above the deeper tones of the men, there rose the shrill, harsh voices of the Etowee women.

Alone in the wigwam, Black Oak tried to think clearly upon the events of the last two hours, and truly, they were of a nature startling enough to shake the nerves of one older and more experienced than he. It was an hour yet till the time set for the departure, for the moon was past the first quarter, and would be overhead at eight o'clock, setting about two, so that he would have nearly six hours' start. He knew that the old chief had demanded this time, believing that he could escape; also, that the Etowees had granted it because they were sure he could not.

But by far the smallest portion of his thought was given to the danger he was in, and he soon turned his mind to Wren Feather again. Since the evening before he had not even caught sight of her and had not the slightest idea whether her mood had changed or not. As he was coming away from the council the last time he would have given years of his life for a single glance at her face, but with every eye in the village upon him, he had been too proud to turn his head. The thought of the confident smile on his rival's face as he sat in the circle maddened him, for he feared that the wily Etowee had taken advantage of the opportunity to press his suit with Wren Feather.

As for escape from the Etowees, it would be easy if he cared to take advantage of it; for, unknown to any of the tribe except Buckhorn, one of the objects of his scouting trip to the Seraw camp had been to find, if possible, one of the canoes which he knew they had hidden near at hand. He had been successful, and the canoe was now concealed among the rocks on the river bank, twenty-five miles away. In four hours he could reach the river, and, though he would have to wait until dawn for light enough so that he could pass the rapids

just below, even that would give him time to be far down the river before the Etowees could reach the place. Pursuit would be useless, for the Etowees had no canoes, nor did they know that there was one for miles around.

But his honor as a warrior and his feelings as a lover called for the same course, and without a second thought of escape, he determined to remain near the camp until he could see and talk with Wren Feather. If she were willing, he would bring her away; if not, he would think only of vengeance upon his enemy, Red Fox. The almost certain doom of this course did not alter his determination a moment.

As the appointed time drew near, the flap of the wigwam was lifted and Buckhorn entered. Sitting down near the Santee, he asked him in a low tone his intentions, and, without hesitating, the warrior replied that he meant to stay near the village until he had killed Red Fox.

The old chief knew that it would be useless to attempt to change his purpose, but he asked him that he, at least, make his way to the river, and, waiting until dawn, go a day's journey down the stream. If he had not changed his mind then, he might feel free to do as he wished. It was almost impossible for Black Oak to refuse the old man this request, and as it would only defer his intended action a short time, he consented, though he stated his intention to return immediately. Buckhorn assented to this, but if it had been light enough to see his face, the Santee would have suspected that the old chief was sure of his ground.

The moon was now shining into the wigwam through the hole in the top, and Buckhorn arose, touched the young warrior on the shoulder, and, pointing at the light, indicated that the time of departure was at hand. Black Oak nodded, and rising, rearranged the robe across his shoulders and tightened his belt. Then, facing the older man, he laid his hand on his shoulder and gazing steadily into the eyes that met his unwaveringly, he said in a low, but earnest voice, his farewell to his foster-father.

"The time to part has come, and Black Oak knows it is well,

for when he is gone the Etowees will renew their love for their chief, they will honor him and obey him. And then Buckhorn will be content, for they are his people and he loves them, too. As for Black Oak, though he never sees Buckhorn again, he will never forget the chief who cared for him and trained him in all a warrior should be and do, and will always think of him as the greatest and wisest chief he has ever known."

The old man placed his hand upon the other's head, and in a firm voice replied: "Go, my son; in Black Oak's veins runs the blood of great chiefs, and he will never do anything unworthy a warrior."

With one hand he held back the curtain of the wigwam, the Santee passed quietly out, and without permitting himself a second look, the old chief let the deerskin drop again.

There was no one in sight as Black Oak stepped out into the pale moonlight and started toward the creek. But as he neared a thick clump of bushes, he recognized a familiar form standing close by it. His jealous hatred flamed up again, while he set his jaw hard to retain control of himself as he looked full into the mocking face of Red Fox.

Not ten feet further on he passed by a great pine and saw the motionless form of Wren Feather. Had he seen the pleading in her eyes, it would have told all he wished to know, but the treacherous moonlight only showed him the silent figure, and it flashed upon him that she and Red Fox were there by appointment to give him this farewell taunt. It was the last and keenest blow, and the bitter despair that filled his soul hardly left room for rage or hatred.

On her part, Wren Feather, who had no idea that Red Fox was present, only saw Black Oak stride on as though in angry scorn. With straining eyes she watched his form until it was swallowed up in the pale gloom; he was gone. Without a sob or sigh, she sank down upon the damp pine straw to bear her grief in the silent Indian way. The faithless moonlight that fell upon her, or the giant pine by which she lay was not more still.

An hour passed when she suddenly rose, passed noiselessly

around through the trees and entered the wigwam of the one she called her aunt, for she had never known father or mother. The woman said nothing to her as she lay down upon the pile of skins that served for a bed. The hours passed slowly as she lay there fighting her bitter battle. Two days before she had scorned and insulted Black Oak, though she knew at the time that all he said was true and that she herself felt every whit as much contempt for the Etowees as he expressed. Yet if she had not spoken as she did, she would have been untrue to the tribe, to that loyalty to her people that had been so ceaselessly enjoined upon her since childhood. But she fiercely questioned why the cruel hand of fate that had thrown her lot with the Etowees had not made her like them, when, instead, she felt and knew that they were so far beneath her. Then, in spirit, she deliberately trampled upon every tribal principle and every tradition; the ruling force that had made her different from this tribe, by doing so had absolved her from allegiance to it.

All this time she had hardly been conscious of her surroundings, but now as she began to think and plan, she listened intently for any sound. But the tomb could not have been more silent than the Etowee village as she stole to the back of the wigwam and slipped out. The moon was low in the sky and on the very edge of a thick black cloud that was rising above the horizon. It was midnight, and the bloodthirsty Etowees would soon commence their search.

She patiently waited until the moon was buried in the cloud, then made her way to the wigwam of Buckhorn. At the entrance she hesitated, uncertain how to act, when the skin was softly pulled aside, and she dimly saw the old chief's face. He did not appear surprised, but motioned her in, merely saying almost inaudibly:

"You have waited long."

Twenty-five miles away, in a cave-like recess among the rocks close by the river, sat Black Oak. So sure was he that the promise made by the Etowee council would be kept, he had built a small fire, only first carefully screening the entrance

with pine brush. From the middle of the rough bottom of the cave the tiny fire sent up a thin column of smoke, slowly blackening the roof above. Back of it, and gazing into its flames, sat the warrior. His face showed that the struggle had not ended between a pride, strengthened by every appearance of deliberate scorn and insult, and a faith in his beloved that would not down.

He arose and went to the entrance. When he looked out he could see little but black, forbidding clouds. Still he knew that the moon was about setting, and his face took on a grim defiance as he thought of the Etowees starting out on their pursuit. One thing at least was left him, he could fight, and he inwardly swore a greater vengeance upon Red Fox and more than one other of the tribe. But his promise to the old chief must be kept, so he went back to his seat to wait till dawn when he could make his way past the rapids.

Outside a steady spring rain commenced to fall, and the cool atmosphere became more chilly. Finally the rain stopped and Black Oak could hear the rivulets of water trickling down the rocks, while from farther off came the noise of the rushing river. Suddenly a different sound caught his ear, and he leaned forward, his body rigid, straining every sense to detect it. There was a slight splash of water, then as he drew his knife and half sprang to his feet, the pine boughs were pushed aside and in stepped Wren Feather.

She was drenched with rain, over one shoulder hung her hair, torn and tangled by the tree limbs; from the other her dress had been ripped, and from a deep jagged scratch the blood flowed steadily, mingling with the water that dripped down from her neck. Her once ornamented moccasins were almost worn out, the result of many a bruise and cut from stones. Utter exhaustion was betoken in every motion.

But in her eyes there shone a tender, joyous light, and an answering flash leaped into his. Yet, as he strode through the fire with outstretched hand, a wilful gleam came into her eyes, and with head thrown proudly back, she placed in his hand his own bow and bundle of arrows.

He threw them aside, then asked in perplexity:

"Wren Feather what does this mean?"

"Only that Buckhorn thought Black Oak would need his bow and arrows, so he sent them to him."

"But why have you left your tribe to come like this?"

There was real pride in every curve of her face as she answered:

"Tribe! I have no tribe! I know all now, for Buckhorn, who is a great chief, though his father was an Etowee, he has told me all. Mine was a tiny tribe far back in the mountains, when these Etowees attacked and slew every one, save me, a little babe, and that woman whom I have called my father's sister begged for me, and that no one should tell me who I was, so that I might be a loyal member of her tribe. But no drop of Etowee blood runs in my veins, though I have no tribe."

The answer was quick and passionate:

"No tribe! But, Wren Feather, far down this river, close to the wide waters, there is a great and mighty tribe. It is my people, for I am the son of its chief. Shall it not be your tribe also?"

He saw the answer, plainer than spoken words.

Loud and clear through the stillness of the dawn came a long half howl, half whoop. Wren Feather's eyes grew wide with fear; but as they stepped quickly through the entrance, Black Oak at once reassured her.

"See, they are beyond that hill."

It was a clear day. Removing his long robe, Black Oak threw it around the girl's shivering shoulders, completely enveloping her. Then he quickly drew the small canoe from its hiding place nearby and placed it in the water's edge. Another whoop rang out, and he knew that in a few minutes the pursuers would be in sight. But once in that swift current, with a strong arm to paddle, they could laugh at pursuit. He helped Wren Feather in, took his seat, and, with a

sweep of his paddle, forced the light craft full into the current.

They were on their way, along with the swiftly flowing waters, to their future home close by the great salt sea.

"The Trust as a Business Organization"

B. D. ALEXANDER.

(Calhoun Society Medal Essay.)

This subject is one that touches either directly or indirectly almost every citizen of this nation. It is one that the public has been crying out against for the past few years.

In treating this subject, we realize that there is a certain degree of prejudice against the trust. We admit that it has its faults, but we claim that it also has many advantages over other forms of business organization. And now, let us cast our prejudice aside and look at the matter from a fair standpoint.

But before going into the subject, let us see what the word "trust" signifies. It has been defined as being "the combination of individual corporations into a larger industrial concern." Now that we have seen its meaning, let us glance for a moment at its history. The trust is the youngest form of economic production, having been developed within the last thirty or forty years. During this time it may be said to have passed through three distinct steps of evolution. The first step was an organization called the "pool." This was an agreement among the individual producers of any one line by which competition among themselves might be eliminated, either by limiting the output or fixing prices.

The "pool" was the common treasury into which each concern turned its receipts, the returns being divided according to an agreement beforehand. This system of "pooling" was not, however, satisfactory, because of the distrust and jealousy which each concern felt for the other, and sooner or later gave way to competition fiercer than ever.

The second stage in the evolution of the trust was when

various concerns turned over their stock to a board of trustees, and received in exchange trust certificates, by means of which dividends were declared. Thus ownership in a joint establishment is shown and perfect harmony is kept up. This stage, however, was declared illegal, as a "combination in restraint of trade."

The third form of the trust is known as the "holding company." This is somewhat like the second form, except here there is no central board of trustees. In the holding company each corporation wishing to enter the combination, exchanges its securities for those of the parent company, or else the parent company buys the controlling stock of the constituent corporations. The greater number of trusts of the present day are "holding companies."

Now that we have seen the three steps in the evolution of the trust, let us note some advantages it has as a business organization over smaller concerns.

As the thought which mainly strikes the people of today in regard to the trust is the price of the commodity which it produces, probably the first advantage of the trust which comes to the mind of the economist is its ability to produce the commodity at a lower cost than the small individual company can do. This the trust is able to do, because of its having an almost unlimited amount of capital with which to equip its various plants and factories with expensive labor-saving machinery. This machinery practically does away with muscular labor, thereby eliminating a great part of the cost of production.

On the other hand, the small industrial establishment does not have funds with which to install this costly equipment, but must employ daily scores of laborers to accomplish what one machine can do. In contrast, take for example, the well-known United States Steel Corporation. This trust has its ore mines in Michigan and its smelting furnaces in Pittsburg. To get the ore from the mines to the furnaces it is necessary to carry it first by land to upper Lake Superior, thence by water to the lower lake, then again by land to Pittsburg. The cost of transporting ore from Michigan to the furnaces is so

low as to almost stagger belief. In some places it is taken from the earth by great steam shovels, which lift many hundredweight each time, and is loaded into cars which carry it directly to the docks. Here it is poured into immense bins, thence through chutes into the hold of steamers. From here it goes to the lower lake ports, where huge grab buckets, operated by steam and electricity, reach into the steamers and bring out eight to ten tons each grab. Two men can operate one of these buckets. By merely touching levers they can control 150 horsepower, unloading 10,000 tons of ore in six hours at the astonishing cost of two cents per ton. From the lake ports it is loaded on cars which carry it to the blast furnaces in Pittsburg. The cars are run upon high trestles, thence through openings in the car bottom it is shot into the huge bins of the furnaces. From here it comes out iron and while still glowing with heat, is carried to the nearby steel works to be made into anything from tacks to locomotive engines.

Now, since we have watched the progress of the ore from the time it was taken from the earth till it was turned out a finished product in Pittsburg, we see everywhere, as the result of highly specialized machinery, a reduction in the cost of production. Just imagine, if possible, the cost of transporting ore without the aid of this machinery; yet without the trust this machinery which does away with so much human muscle, would be an impossibility. Because no individual company can afford to invest millions of dollars for its equipment.

Again, much might be said in emphasizing the advantage of the trust by the way in which by-products are utilized. Take, for instance, some of the largest meat packing houses of Chicago. Here every part of the slaughtered animal is utilized. From the horns, combs and brushes are made; from the hoofs, glue is obtained. Each establishment has its several by-product industries, such as soaps, glue and guano factories. Another notable instance which shows the importance of the by-product industry is in the manufacture of iron and steel products. A few years ago, before the trust took in hand the iron industry, gases which eminated from the furnaces were al-

lowed to escape. But now in the present industry, gases worth a dollar or more for every tone of pig iron purchased are collected.

Again, in the manufacture or refining of petroleum, a vast number of by-products are made use of, whereas if petroleum was refined by small individual companies, thousands of dollars worth of by-products would be thrown away every year on account of the lack of capital with which to utilize them.

Some economists also claim that trusts lead to inefficiency in business management. It is a fact worth noting that no man is ever a director or officer of a trust who has not previously proved that he has great ability as a business man.

Now that we have seen some of the advantages of the trust as a business organization, let us turn for a moment and note some of its disadvantages. High prices, "stock-watering," bribery and defrauding are terms that we all are familiar with, and need only a word of explanation.

It has been stated that trusts can command any price they please and people will be forced to pay it. But this statement is not true in all cases. Sometimes it is more profitable for a trust to put its commodity on the market at a comparatively low price, thereby getting more sales, than to have high prices and fewer customers.

Again, "stock-watering" is a charge that is often brought against the trusts. By the term "stock-watering" we mean an increase in the capitalization of a corporation without a real increase in capital invested. "Stock-watering" is used in most cases to hide excessive dividends. Thus, if a corporation has stock to the amount of $1,000,000, and at the end of the year finds it has made twenty per cent profit, in order to conceal this excessive dividend it will issue another $1,000,000 stock, give it to the stockholders, and declare ten per cent dividend on $2,000,000, thus distracting public attention. It is also worth while to look at "stock-watering" from the standpoint of the small investor. Say Mr. A, a poor man, has only $1,000 to invest. He looks about, and finally buys stock in a corporation whose stock has been "watered." Later on he finds

that his hard-earned money has been spent for stock which is really worth only $500. This is, of course, a great injustice from the viewpoint of the small investor. He should be protected by the passage of such laws as bear upon the subject.

Bribery and defrauding are terms that need no explanation. A short while ago the great Sugar Trust fraud was laid bare. This trust, by bribing the custom officers, defrauded the government of several millions of dollars, part of which has since been returned.

In reviewing the advantages and the disadvantages of the trust as a business organization, we see there is a good argument both for and against it. But the trust is here, and, as it is a superior business organization, it is here to stay; and now it is left for society to diagnose and treat its diseases and to realize from it every possible advantage.

With Thee and Without Thee

G. R. F. CORNISH.

Cool is the pebbled brook,
  Warm is the Southern sea;
Fresh is the mossy nook,
  Whene'er I walk with three.

The brook is cold and drear,
  The sea is all forlorn;
Lifeless is the bough and spare,
  When thou art gone.

Eyes o' Thine

N. R. SMITH.

Eyes o' thine, O eyes of gray,
Clear and sweeter the livelong day;
Eyes now happy, then changed to sad;
Eyes now dancing as if they had
Nought to do but sparkle and shine
Such are they, those eyes o' thine.

Eyes that now lay bare the soul—
Hiding naught, revealing all—
Gazing, I try to learn again
Other truths those eyes explain;
Till my soul, in tracing some new design,
Is lost in the depths of those eyes o' thine.

Roy Hays, Detective

HENRY R. SIMS.

Roy Hays, as we used to know him, though very young, is already considered the greatest detective in America, and, perhaps, the world. Hays and I entered college together as Freshmen and roommates. During our Freshman year we formed a strong attachment for each other which continued the entire four years. We got in numberless scrapes together, but generally managed to pull through safely.

Immediately after graduation we settled in Wilton, a city of about thirty thousand, and began to practice law. It was here that Hays first began his career as a detective. We had been in Wilton about three months when he fell in love with Lucile Gordon, the daughter of the millionaire president of the national bank. For several months all went well, then one Tuesday night Hays came home singing an old college song. Next morning I inquired, through politeness, why he had been so merry, and learned that he was the happiest fellow alive, the most fortunate man in the State—and a lot of other things I've forgotten—that she was the prettiest, sweetest, cutest, dearest girl that ever lived. He used a good many other adjectives and phrases of the same calibre, always in the highest superlative—he didn't think of my feelings at all, or of the girl I'd left home, but I didn't object much for I hadn't heard from her but once in five weeks. I overlooked all this, however, and nodded approval, having heard all his expressions before when we were in college. I called his attention to a "daring robbery of the national bank," as the newspapers expressed it, "which took place last night." Here it is, I clipped it out:

"A DARING ROBBERY

"National Bank's Safe Broken Into and Robbed.

"The most sensational robbery that has yet come to the knowledge of the police is the robbery of the National Bank,

of this city, which took place last night between the hours of three and four. The watchman, who is also the bookkeeper, declares he never left the building for a moment, that he made his rounds regularly once an hour, having been awakened by an alarm clock, and that he discovered nothing suspicious at any time. He says when he went around at three o'clock he thought he felt a breeze, but examnied every door and window and found each securely fastened, with the burglar alarm intact, and became satisfied. At four o'clock he awoke promptly and detected the presence of a peculiar odor. Upon investigation he discovered the safe in the president's office blown open and riddled of all its contents, except some personal papers of no value. He immediately called the president by 'phone, who arrived ten minutes later. Mr. Gordon declared that he also could detect the strange odor upon his arrival, what he thought was a mixture of dynamite and kerosene. They immediately made a round of the building, but found all the windows intact, also all the doors barred and shut as usual. The watchman insisted on being searched, but no papers or anything were found on him, which fact completely cleared him, as it would have been impossible for him to get out unless the doors and windows were opened by the president, without sending off the burglar alarm. The key, President Gordon avered, was placed in his safe at his residence, No. 162 Pine street, last night by himself after leaving a directors' meeting and again taken out by himself upon hearing of the robbery. He is also certain that no possible imitation of the key could have been used, as he has had the new system only a week and the key has never left his possession.

"Therefore, the robbery is shrouded in complete mystery and it is extremely doubtful that it will ever be explained. The bank's loss is fully covered by insurance and no apprehension need be felt on account of the loss. A detective has been employed and is now working on the case."

That was all I heard of the case for two days. During that time Hays had gone to the president and asked him for his

daughter. The president heard him patiently, but told Hays that as yet, it was not to be thought of. Hays' business was not large enough; but later, if conditions warranted, he would consent willingly. Hays agreed to the enforced wait.

The detective who had been put on the case could discover nothing. To tell the truth, suspicion pointed to Col. Gordon, the owner of the key. Nothing was charged publicly, however, but this was only withheld on account of the directors' belief in the president's honesty. The robbery occurred on Tuesday night. On Thursday there was a meeting of the board of directors. After discussing the robbery a great deal, the meeting was thrown into a turmoil by a resolution by Mr. W. G. Barrows, a director from Ralston, a city about one hundred miles from Wilton. Mr. Barrows was considered one of the shrewdest financiers in the State and was known to have been opposed to Col. Gordon's election as president of the bank. He controlled nearly one-half of the votes and the result of his motion was doubtful. The motion was that President Gordon either prove his innocence of any complicity in the robbery, or resign at the next meeting. For several minutes the meeting was in a turmoil; some were heard murmuring "shame," but then Col. Gordon arose and the noise ceased.

He presented a magnificent picture as he looked toward Mr. Barrows, his eyes gleaming with indignation, and began to speak. "Gentlemen, during the ten years that I've had the honor of this position no such murmur as the one just uttered has ever come to my ears. I have endeavored to perform the duties of my office faithfully, and undoubtedly have made enemies by so doing. Since the charge has been made by Mr. Barrows against me, it is evident that one of us should resign for the good of the bank—" (cries of "not you, Colonel; don't do it.") Waving these aside, the president proceeded: "In order, therefore, to benefit the business, I make this proposition: Our next meeting is one week off. If by that time I am unable to clear myself, I will resign. If, however, I do

clear myself, Mr. Barrows will resign. And, gentlemen, I ask that this be agreed to as a personal favor." It was unanimously agreed to.

On Saturday Col. Gordon offered, through the newspapers, ten thousand dollars reward for the arrest and conviction of the burglar. After reading it, Hays turned to me and said: "Woods, you know I'm going to win that reward and my girl at the same time."

"The dickens you say! What do you know about catching a thief?"

"Well, not much, perhaps, but after much practice in college, I could spot exam. questions pretty accurately for an amateur. Besides, I want to show the colonel what's in me—not only that, but there's another reason, too," and knowing he had seen his sweetheart the night before, the reason was not hard to guess.

When we finished breakfast Hays invited me to go down street with him while he called on President Gordon. He was not very talkative on the way, and soon we were ushered into the president's office. He sat at his desk, looking over some mail, but motioned us to a seat as soon as he saw us. Hays began at once:

"Since hearing of the robbery, I have been very much interested, and, considering your offer of a reward as an appeal to the public, I should like to have your permission to work on the case."

The colonel looked at him doubtfully, half inclined to smile at the impetuosity and confidence of youth. but finally decided to try him. "Very well, Mr. Hays, I say frankly, however, I do not expect you to succeed. I had hoped the detective would find a clue, but they have failed entirely. Remember, I must have the proof by Thursday morning."

"I'll do my best, sir. If you hear nothing from me, all is

going well. If by Wednesday night you hear nothing, be assured the proof will be on hand Thursday. If anything happens I'd like to be informed about it, if possible."

"Well, here is a letter I received this morning anonymously, but to me it is worthless. I can't figure it out. You may, though," he said, handing Hays the letter.

"Thanks I'll look over the building now, if you please."

Hays and I then proceeded on a very careful and minute examination of the building. It was only one-story high and was practically isolated—no other building being within fifty feet of it. In fact, the bank was surrounded by two streets and vacant lots. On each side of the building were four windows, all having iron bars on the outside. The front had one window and a door, each very securely built. The back of the bank had only one door, which, when shut, was heavily barred. Inside the building the bank proper was shut off from the lobby by an iron railing. Towards the back of the building, in the right corner, was the president's office. In the left corner was the directors' room. Between these two was the guard's room, where he was accustomed to stay. From this room a door lead into the bank, another into the president's room, while a third entered the directors' room. Having examined all these, Hays approached the doors and windows. He found them all intact, with the burglar alarm in perfect order. He then secured a ladder, hammer and some nails and went on the roof. With nothing else to do, I followed him. He walked all around, finding nothing wrong until he came to the skylight; there he found a pane of glass loose enough to be prized off easily. This he nailed back firmly, also put several nails in the other five. At last, seemingly satisfied, he came down, removed the ladder and went to our office.

"This is certainly a corker," he said. "I don't see where the robber could have come from. That pane of glass is no clue, as he could not have placed a ladder to the building without making a lot of noise. Besides, we must figure on the method he used in taking the money off. Fifty thousand dollars is a load. But let's see this note—I almost forgot it."

The note referred to was the one received by the president and was written on a typewriter, and read thus:

"ew-m?t/arv; wc/od.x/sr/m
gos(o)ca//rw/it/y//eag(p)me/ern/te/es
lyd /a//io(n) et//nu?/xu/g-Rpr/He,ed
F-w; xy/ tzti; umx/ pv:rs."

I took down a copy of it and figured on it for several hours, and made nothing of it. Then I went to dinner. Hays was still working at the note with a paper and pencil when I got back. I began to read, so did not pay any attention to him. About four o'clock he put it aside, got his hat and said to me: "Get your hat, there's something doing." I followed him. He went to the bank and asked the president if he might spend the night in the bank with the watchman. I was to be there too. The president agreed. Then Hays got the ladder he had used in the morning and placed it inside the back door. Then we went home.

After supper Hays and I got our pistols and at the same time 'phoned the president to be where he could prove his presence at any time during the night. At seven o'clock we went to the bank. The cashier was already there. We went in, set the burglar alarm, and sat down. We talked on various matters until eleven o'clock; then Hays and the watchman went to sleep. I was to watch the skylight, Hays said, and wake them if I heard the slightest noise on the roof. At twelve I awoke the watchman and went to sleep. At two I was awakened by Hays for another watch. About twenty minutes later I thought I heard something drop on the roof, and immediately awoke Hays. Then we barely heard a scraping noise. "He's cutting the glass of the skylight," whispered Hays. A second later we saw the figure of a man lean over the skylight. Hays pulled his revolver and shot. The man uttered a short exclamation, dropped the instrument out of his hand and disappeared. We rushed out quickly, threw the ladder up to the roof and climbed up, but there was no one anywhere. Away

off on the stillness of the night we heard the lone chugging of an auto two or three times, then it ceased.

We were mystified. We had seen the man clearly, shot at him, and now he was nowhere to be seen. It would have seemed almost supernatural, but we found a small glass cutter and wrench combined on the roof where the burglar had dropped it. It afforded us no clue. There were a few letters printed on it, but they were practically worn off. After a second close examination of the roof, we went down. Hays walked all around the building several times but found no clue as to how the robber got on the roof or how he got down. We then went back into the bank, and Hays proposed that we go to sleep, apparently dismissing all thought of the robber.

The next morning when I awoke Hays had gone. Upon inquiry, the watchman told me that Hays left word for me not to worry on his account. If the Colonel asked anything, tell him all was well and he'd be at the meeting Thursday. The pursuit was on, but I was in the dark.

This second attempt at robbery astounded the people of Wilton. The papers condemned the police department in no uncertain terms, and declared it " is a gross indignity to our citizens that they must be in continual fear of being robbed." As usual, the police had theories, but could do nothing. In this way the days passed by. I heard nothing from Hays, however. On Wednesday the president became anxious, but I assured him that Hays would be there the next day, although I was a little uncertain myself. That night I became extremely uneasy, as no word had been received from Hays. I went to sleep worrying and awoke the same. I waited eagerly for the mail, but still there was no word from Hay.s I ate my breakfast moodily and walked to the depot. At 10:30 the last morning train came in, but no Hays. I was dumfounded. Fifteen minutes before eleven I went to the bank building. Every man was in his place at eleven, Mr. Barrows smilingly and in high spirits; while, on the other hand, Colonel Gordon was silent and prepared to face his ruin with courage. Mr.

Barrows arose as soon as the meeting was opened, and called for the proof or resignation of Colonel Gordon.

At this moment Hays walked in, followed by two policemen. He stepped aside and the policemen walked straight to Mr. Barrows and led him out. When order was restored, Hays announced that he would relate how he happened to suspect Mr. Barrows, and, at the same time, give definite proof of his guilt. Immediately all were silent and Hays began:

"I will make my story short. To begin with, I received my first clew when I ciphered that anonymous note. The system used was very careless and simple, but for a long time I overlooked it. Finally it came. The first and last lines are nothing—a mere jumble of letters to throw one off the track. Then if you notice the second and third lines carefully, you will see that they are divided into eight sections by double lines. These were my cues. Take the first letter after each double line, then repeat and take the second letter after each line, and so on. The letters in parenthesis are not to be considered at all. Those having a single line after them denote the end of a word. If you go over it, you will read this:

"Greeting. How are you? Resigned. Expect me Saturday."

This is why I expected the burglar again Saturday night. From my examination of the building I felt sure that the skylight was the entrance used. So we watched it with the results you all are familiar with. Now, as to what I did after that:

"You are all acquainted now with the story up to the point where I left Wilton Sunday morning. Upon picking up the wrench I noticed several letters upon it, which I immediately supposed to be the name of the manufacturer. Not being able to make out the name completely, I decided to take it to a large machine shop in Ralston for the purpose of examining catalogues for the trace of the manufacturers. My kinsman, who is employed as secretary of the machine shops, declared that it had been made by them in the last two weeks for some gentleman. Upon my request, he agreed to find out the name

of the consignee and inform me at once. I then walked to church, and just as I walked up a man, in getting out of a buggy, threw a shadow which exactly resembled that of the burglar Saturday night. Then, to my surprise, one of his hands was bound up! This certainly is the man I thought and to my amazement learned he was Mr. Barrows.

"After church was over I walked back to my cousin's, who then told me that the wrench had been made especially for Mr. Barrows. I decided that Mr. Barrows was the man I wanted. On Monday I got the newspapers of the past week and found complete alibis for Mr. Barrows. On the night of the first robbery he had attended a banquet until one o'clock. On Saturday night he had delivered a speech to the voters of the Eighth Ward, supporting the new candidate for mayor. These facts, apparently, cleared Mr. Barrows of any direct participation in the robbery, as no train left after that time which could have reached Wilton in time for the robbery. But how to account for his wounded hand puzzled me, unless he hurt it accidentally, as he claimed. I then suspected he had an associate, and began shadowing him persistently. Nothing occurred until late Tuesday night he received a visit from one Peter Snipes, who had a doubtful reputation in town. With much difficulty I heard portions of their conversation.

" 'Very well, Peter, we won't use it again soon. They were waiting for us last time and gave me this,' holding up his bandaged hand, 'anyway, we got enough from that place. * * * See if you can't get the motor in order sometime tomorrow. I don't expect to use it soon, but we may need it. * * * Where did you say the money was? Don't talk, write it down. * * * All right, don't come again until I send for you—you know how.'

"With that he ceased talking and a little later Snipes left the house. I followed Snipes until he reached his home on the outskirts of town. There I continued my watch. About four in the morning Snipes came out again. It was not light yet, so I followed him easily without being detected. He walked about a mile down the road, then turned into a forest. Here

he began turning to the right and left so rapidly I would have lost him had it not been for the tune he was whistling as he walked. At last he stopped before what appeared to be the side of a hill, pulled a lever concealed in the shrubbery so well that I hardly saw it, and a door opened. He walked in and the door shut. So securely was it hidden by vines and the undergrowth that I, knowing it was there, had some difficulty in finding it. I walked up and pulled the lever. The door swung open and I walked in. I found myself in a narrow passage about three feet wide. Some fifty feet further down I saw a light and heard hammering as if it were a forge. Approaching slowly, I discovered Snipes at work, and he was fixing an aeroplane. He hammered on for a time, then started toward me. I drew back, and as he passed near me, I hit him over the head with my revolver. He dropped unconscious. I tied his arms and searched him, but found nothing.

"I then had time to look over the cavern I was in. It had been hollowed out, then propped with iron beams. I examined the airship. It was on the order of Wright's, but had been aided greatly by several secret inventions of Barrows. About this time Snipes recovered. On my guaranteeing him freedom from all punishment, he told all. Barrows, having invented the ship, saw its wonderful probabilities for crime and his first thought was to injure his financial rival, Colonel Gordon. He and Snipes left Ralston immediately after the banquet and arrived here just a little before three o'clock. The skylight had just been opened when the alarm clock sounded to awake the watchman, so they replaced the cover and waited until he was asleep again. This accounts for the draft felt by the watchman at three o'clock. As soon as the guard was again asleep, Barrows and Snipes reopened the skylight and entered the building by a rope ladder. Snipes chloroformed the guard, while Barrows blew up the safe. They did did not have enough time, so they pushed the clock back fifteen minutes in order to escape safely. They did so, nailing the skylight after them.

"Not content with this, Barrows attempted to rob the bank

the second time, confident that suspicion would point to Colonel Gordon and not him. However, he was interrupted by my shot and made a quick get-away in his aeroplane. You see, the distant chug which we took to be an automobile, was the aeroplane. After hearing Snipes' confession, I spent the rest of the day looking for a clew to the whereabouts of the money, for Snipes swore he did not know where it was. He had given it to a third person to conceal, who had written where it was on a paper, which he gave Barrows. I failed to find any clue, though. I arrived here late last night and went to the hotel until this morning."

"How about the money, then?" asked a diretcor.

"I instructed the policemen to search Barrows for the paper Snipes gave him. Here is the policeman now."

"Here it is, sir," said one of the policemen, handing Hays a paper.

After it was all over and Hays, the Colonel and I were walking home together, Hays asked the president if his opinion on a certain subject changed any. "Come around tonight and see. I don't expect you to talk to me, though; there'll be another."

That night Hays went. About eleven-thirty he came back singing that same old college song. I asked him what kind of an evening had he spent. "It was the most delightful I ever had. I wouldn't have missed it for anything."

"Woods," he said a little later, "the old man's a brick. I guess you'll have to be the best man."

"Shake," I replied, reaching out my hand.

"To Wofford"

RALPH WILSON.

O distant spires of ancient fame,
The gentle breeze from off the dome
Perfumes the air for miles unknown
As it did in days gone by—
When God was here.

O ancient halls, cannot ye tell
By the famous orators that have shone,
By the poets who have sung and gone—
By the records they have left to man—
That God was here.

The beauty of the campus green,
Of grove, of lawn, of mead survey,
Of all, as far as eyes may stray—
With such ecstacies as these, who doubts
That God is here?

The success of men who trod the path,
That leads from Wofford's sacred shrine,
A sanctum of ideals sublime—
What more need we to verify
That God reigns here?

"Romanticism"

T. H. CAMPBELL.

All revolutions move slowly until the germs are mature, and then the changes are rapid. This is true whether they are social, religious, or political, and may be easily defined. But not so that intellectual revolution which began in England about 1775, and lasted until near the middle of the following century. It was an evolution as well as a revolution; evolutionary in that it evolved new forms of literary expression and revolutionary because it was a complete revolt from all that was classical, formal, and restrained. It was a change from a spirit of criticism to one of creation; from wit to humor and pathos.

There is no definite and satisfactory definition of Romanticism. However, a few may be given which will serve for a general working plan, because it is the purpose of this essay to deal with this movement in literature only in a brief way. In the first place, there was a "return to nature." It was an age of the imagination saturated with the beauties of "eternal nature." It was the rebirth of the "feeling of wonder" in art

and literature; the freeing of the emotions and passions; the breaking away from form to color, precision to impressiveness.

Whatever was coldly intellectual gave place to that which was imaginative. At first Romanticism was a defence of localization in literature—the watchword of the Romanticists being "local coloring." There was no lack for a romantic background because there was beauty all around; beauty "touched with strangeness," in forest, meadow, lake, and sky.

The most important characteristic of Romanticism was its "humanity." There was an awakening sense of largeness—duty to man, remoteness, and mystery; a passionate sympathy for nature, and a newborn love for antiquity. Whatever is strange and foreign produces a romantic impression and the word associates and links the dim past with the present. Men became interested in the civilization of the past and wandered, in imagination, among the ruins of the middle Ages. There was a strong and successful effort for independence and originality in all forms of literary expression.

The chief glory of romanticism lay in the interpretation of eternal nature. It relied mainly on itself for its subject and inspirations. These were a deep, sincere love for man, a supreme delight in nature, and a kindly interest in animals. Longing is the mother of all romantic poetry and the guiding spirits were yearning for a more ideal state of society; for a future in which "A man's a man for a' that."

The Teutonic nations were the first to feel the romantic impulse, followed closely by the Latin and the Slavonic. It was first felt in Germany about the middle of the eighteenth century. The very atmosphere was romantic. The country was wonderfully beautiful, and a romantic legend was connected with every lake, forest, or dell. But there was no national unity, for the German nation was not yet born into the family of nations and as a result the movement gained slowly there.

But what Germany felt, though unprepared to do, was given to England, which became the beacon light for the Fatherland. When England felt the throb she was not long in transmitting it to Italy, Byron being the medium. The Napoleonic

wars delayed its coming, and the ravages of the French army made it impossible for a great effect to be made upon the Italian literature. It was near the close of the eighteenth century before the new spirit made itself felt in France. The country was torn and distracted by interior wars, full of carnages. The impulse came principally from the romantic fields across the Rhine. The impetus reached northern Europe about 1825, Germany again being the source. Germany seemed to be the channel through which England spread its romantic ideas. The fires of romanticism burned more brilliantly in England, but more lastingly in Germany. In fact, it is stated by many critics of literature that the fires still smoulder in the land of romance and music.

The romantic impulse was felt in nearly every country of Europe, but the most keenly in England, and there became the most strongly entrenched. Sir Walter Scott was the first great romanticist. His verse is free, spiritual, unconventional, and tinged with the folklore of his own native land. Scott or Byron, each did more to disseminate the romantic mood than any other single writer. Indeed, Byron has been called the "Torch-bearer" of romanticism. The works of Coleridge may be regarded as being the first fully romantic note struck in England. He, probably, played the greatest part in making Romanticism a living, vital spirit. The greatest representative of the love-for-nature element in the romantic period was William Wordsworth, "the great interpreter of nature." It was his teacher, and through it he read the relation of man to God. He worshipped nature and to him there was "splendor in the grass" and "glory in the flower." Again he sings:

"To me the meanest flowers that blows can give
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears."

We now turn aside to notice the effects of Romanticism not only upon literature, but also upon religion and politics. The romantic awakening coincided in point of time with many great social, religious, and political movements, which were to a great extent, the direct or indirect result of Romanticism.

In this period the formal dissolution of the Holy Roman Empire was accomplished; the intellectual and moral regeneration of the Prussian State took place; the French Revolution was fought and Napoleon overthrown and banished; then resulted the political and religious reaction of the Holy Alliance; then began the struggle for constitutional government throughout most of the countries of Europe. The ideas of romantic France formed their realization in the revolution of 1848. It was born and developed in an epoch of extraordinary transformation of the public mind. Man at last was beginning to turn the light inward. It was an age of action.

It was political in that it strove for liberty, equality, and fraternity. The statement has never been seen, but it does not seem to be overdrawn to say that, when Thomas Jefferson drew up that greatest of state papers—the American Declaration of Independence—it was the direct result of the spirit of Romanticism manifesting itself in politics. The people were seeking relief from the intolerable present. The War of Liberation, the French Revolution, and the unification of Germany were, in a large measure, the result of the romantic forces and influences. There was discontent with the present, hope and aspiration for the future. In religion, Faith was becoming to be a Life; truth and light were penetrating the darkness and dispelling the immoral gloom. The early years of the romantic nineteenth century were years of great religious awakening and activity.

The effects of such a mood and movement in literature, projecting itself into so many phases touching human life can only be generally summarized. Literature emerges purified and lifted from the cold and critical to the pure and sympathetic. European literature was remodeled in the process, and forces were started which have shaped ours of today. "It is the dominant feature of modern thought and inquiry."

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EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT

Greetings

With the publication of this issue, the Wofford College Journal is entering upon its twenty-third year. In the past years it has done much toward developing the students in the expression of their thought in composition. However, the Journal will benefit each man just in proportion as he takes an interest in it. Therefore, we urge every man in college to contribute anything to its departments that will help to make this the best year in the history of the Journal. Its pages are open to every one in College, from Freshman to Senior, who thinks he has an idea or an opinion to express. If our Journal is to be the magazine it should and come up to the standard set for it in the past, each student must do his part. In view of the fact that the management is to some extent inexperienced, the Journal, at best, may not be what it should. However, we believe that with the assistance and support of

the students in college, each man can discharge the duties of his department with ease and credit. With all working together, a good magazine will be the result, and those who have helped to make it, will have received a training which will be a help to them in whatever vocation they may choose.

We take up the work of the Journal with pleasure and again pledge ourselves to put forth our best efforts to make Wofford College Journal second to none in the line of college magazines.

Davidson-Wofford Debate

The interest taken in the preliminary indicates that there will be much good work done before the speakers, who will represent Wofford, are chosen. In fact, there are nothing better than these contests for training men to think along definite lines. They are educating in the highest sense. It is no small accomplishment for one to be able to discuss a question, such as this one, in an intelligent manner.

The method of selecting the speakers is one that is calculated to get the best men in college, due to the fact that it gives to each one an opportunity to make public his argumental and oratorical abilities.

The query, "Resolved, That the public interest will be served by the re-election of ex-President Roosevelt in 1912," is a live one. Much has been written on this subject within the past few months, and certainly it has to do with a question in the minds of every thinking American.

Our Advertisers

The business managers of the Journal wish to call the attention of every student in College to the space used for advertisements in the Journal. It may be news to some to say that this space represents from three hundred and fifty to four hundred dollars, paid by the men whose names appear in these pages from time to time. As a business proposition these men expect patronage in return for their advertisements. And they rightly should. Can we expect the business men of

this city to advertise with us, when the students who get out the Journal do not go to them when in need of anything in each respective advertisers' line. The policy of the managers of the Journal is to solicit advertisements from only first-class concerns, which will give to each student the best value for his money.

We need to realize that if the business men of the town fail to take the space allowed for advertisements, there will be a shortage of money with which to pay the expenses of printing the magazine. On the other hand, the more space that is taken, the more able we are to get out a larger Journal, and, consequently, more room will be given to the literary material. Compare our magazine with those of the other colleges. Turn through the advertising section of the other college magazines. There you find from a half to a whole page taken by one business. This can be possible only when the students are willing to patronize the firms which advertise with college magazines.

Whenever a merchant gives his advertising matter to our magazine, we are then under obligation to spend our money with that merchant. We wish to make it a paying proposition for the men who advertise with us. We want them to see that it *does* pay to give us their advertisements. Then it will not be necessary to spend several days making a canvass of the town, explaining to each merchant the benefits derived from advertising with us.

Each man should look upon this matter as a proposition of fair play. Let the managers of the Journal impress upon you your duty in reference to patronizing our advertisers. Consult the advertising section of the Journal before you leave your room for town to make your purchase. Then tell the merchant that you are a Wofford student and are buying from him because his business is represented in the pages of our magazine.

Now, students, it seems that there are men in this city who believe that they will get our trade whether or not they advertise with us. Let us show them that we mean to stick to

the firms which favor us. After a business has refused us an advertisement, we should see that it gets no more of our trade; that is, if the same article can be found among our advertisers.

Let's figure a little on what a boy in College will spend on an average in Spartanburg each session. For example, we will say he will spend about $240, leaving out that which goes into the treasury of the College, though this would be only about $70. Suppose then there are 225 boys in College, this means that something like $54,000 will be spent in nine months by the students of Wofford. Of course, the merchants do not get it all directly, but at last it will find itself in the merchants' cash box.

EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT

C. H. Carlisle, Editor.
R. L. Meriwether, Assistant Editor.

To our Exchanges, Greeting:

It will be our aim as Exchange Editors of the *Wofford College Journal* to conduct our department on a basis of fairness, impartiality, and freedom from any bias or favoritism. We shall endeavor to avoid any harshness in our criticism. But we shall, to the best of our ability, examine the periodicals which come to our notice and criticisms of their defects or praise of their excellencies will follow in accordance with our judgment. We shall try to separate the chaff from the firm grain, and to show wherein the chaff is. We expect criticism of our own work and trust we may benefit by it. On the other hand, we trust that our criticisms may be taken in the spirit of friendliness in which they are given; and we sincerely hope that our relations with our exchanges may continue friendly throughout the entire year.

Again, to all our exchanges, we give a hearty greeting.

CLIPPINGS

"I love the beautiful and good,"
She sweetly said to me;
"Then," said I in tender mood,
"An egotist you must be."

"Know thyself," but tell no man what thou knowest.

It was the first night on the campus. A scared Freshman came at a rapid gait in the direction of the little group of older students under the arc-light. From the rear came the gleeful yells of the pursuers.

"What you running for?" shouted one of the group as the Freshman passed.

"'Taint what I'm runnin' for, it's what I'm runnin' from."

"Why do the people read the advertising section in the college magazines?"

"Say, I guess you never tried to read the other section."

A CONTINGENCY.

"The early bird will get the worm,"
  Of that there is no question.
But if that worm should chance to turn,
  He'd get the indigestion.

"I cannot understand," wrote the college boy, "why you call yourself a kind father. For three weeks I've had no check from you. Pray what sort of kindness is that?"

And the father wrote back: "Unremitting kindness,"

"I have the floor," shouted the carpet.

"Go ahead," returned the wallpaper, "I'm up against it."

"When I arose to speak," the martyred statesman related, "some one hurled a base, cowardly egg at me, and it struck me on the chest."

"And what kind of an egg might that be?" inquired a fresh young man.

"A base, cowardly egg," explained the statesman, "is one that hits you and then runs."

A REAL SUMMER GIRL.

Maud Muller on a summer's day
  Raked the meadow, sweet with hay.
You'd hardly expect a girl, you know,
  In summer time to be shoveling snow.

"It was Satan," said a mother to her scapegrace son, "who

put it into your head to pull Elsie's hair."

"Maybe it was," returned the hopeful; "but kicking her shins was my own idea."

OPTOMISTIC.

A young man fell down the elevator shaft from the fourteenth floor. As he passed the fifth floor he was heard to remark: "All is well, thus far."

"He was driven to his grave."

"Sure he was; did you expect him to walk there?"

THE HARBOR OF MY DREAMS.

Comes a voice from out the future, calling through a mist of years,
As it hangs, a veil of darkness, 'twixt me and its smiles and tears.

And it bids me never weary, tho' the voyage long it seems,
For the land of misty future is the harbor of my dreams.

Purple twilight ever deepens on the sails within the bay,
And the ships of dreams are coming from the Land of Far-Away.

Boyhood's golden youthful dreams there are anchored side by side,
With the glorious dreams of manhood set a-sailing with the tide.

With the cargoes all unloaded on the pier beside the sea,
They are safe from storms and billows, and are waiting there for me.

So I'm sailing to the future, to the harbor of my dreams—
And I'll sail until the darkness but a mist of silver gleams.

—*Hampton-Sidney Magazine.*

LOCAL DEPARTMENT

Matthew S. Lively, Editor.

The Journal is the property of the student body of Wofford. Any and every boy has the right to feel the same interest in it as another, and it is his duty and privilege to contribute something to its pages. This applies, not only to the *Journal* as a whole, but to any department as well. The Local Department, therefore, belongs to all, just as does that under which the essays, poems and stories appear, and the editor of the locals is very desirous that you help him get up something presentable. It is almost impossible for him to gather all the news of the college community that should be published. Help him, then, please, to report anything in which you think any friend of the college would be interested. If you hear of a good joke on another student, which would not humiliate him to be published in the Journal, be sure to report it to the local editor.

College opened on Wednesday, the twenty-first of Septembr. No opening in all of Wofford's history was more auspicious, to the great satisfaction of her devoted instructors. Every indication spoke progress along all lines, and a gracious welcome was extended to every student, both old and new. And that welcome was measured only by the evident pleasure of every student, to have the privilege of being present and to be one of such a great opening.

The authorities of the college were somewhat handicapped last year in having to apply a higher curriculum than had previously been used. The standard was raised quite a year, which caused many students who applied for admittance to be turned away; consequently, the Freshmen who matriculated in September of 1909 numbered less by more than half than had been customary for years. This time, however, they came in as of old, even though they had to enter under the higher

standard. The class of '13 counted only forty-three among its members, while the boys of '14 can boast of more than twice that many, or eighty-eight. Nothing could speak more eloquently for the success of the higher curriculum. Last year at this time there were just 199 boys in the college proper, and about 120 in the Fitting School, for another year was also added to that branch of the isstitution. This year there are 227 boys in College, and 145 at the Fitting School, or 372, compared to 319 at the beginning in 1909. If the Fitting School has the same proportionate increase all during this year as it did last, the 400 mark will easily be reached before next June. The sifting process was so thorough last year that nearly every boy who entered is still in College. There are, in fact, three more boys (46) in the Sophomore class than were with them as Freshmen, but the increase is due to the return of old students who had dropped out. There are fifty Juniors and forty-three Seniors.

Prof. E. K. Hardin, a Wofford man, class '04, is an additional member of the Faculty this year. He has charge of the studies in Bible, Sociology and Psychology.

Mr. R. L. Keaton, of the '10 class, is the gymnasium instructor.

Messrs. Marion Dargan, Jr., '09, J. K. Davis, '10, and Wilson, of a North Carolina College, are new teachers at the Fitting School, to replace Messrs. J. C. Anderson, A. W. Horton, and T. M. Hamer. Mr. Anderson is at Columbia University taking English and Philosophy; Mr. Horton has returned to his alma mater, Trinity, to take law, and Mr. Hamer is principal of the school at St. Matthews.

Mr. V. D. Ramseur, another '09 man, who now holds a responsible position with one of the banks at Greenville, was a welcome visitor to Spartanburg on Sunday, the second.

Messrs. A. L. and T. B. Humphrey were called home the first of the month to the bedside of their grandmother, who was very ill.

Dr. Snyder addressed the Wofford and Converse students at Central Church on Sunday evening, the second. This is an annual treat, not only to the students of these two institutions, but also to the people of Spartanburg. He stands right at the top with the best orators of the day, possessing great beauty of style and magnificent delivery, not to be excelled. The topic of his address was, "College Students, a Privileged Class." He discussed it with unusual eloquence, to the great profit and pleasure of all present.

Prof. Gamewell has kept up his record of securing an excellent Lyceum course for the coming season. He always secures the best talent available, and that part of the college life is as profitable as any part of it to be found at Wofford. The majority of the boys realize that fact, and attend almost every number. So do the patrons of the city appreciate the value of a good course, and scores of them are always present. The first number the Hinshaw Grand Opera Quartet, appeared on Friday, the seventh, and was well attended and thoroughly enjoyed. During the season the following attractions will appear: Bostonia Sextet, Edward Howard Griggs, Durno, the Magician, and company, Cambrian Glee Singers, Mrs. Hannibal Williams, Hannibal Williams, Central Grand Concert Co., and Geo. E. Vincent.

Those boys who were under Prof. M. L. Spencer, who was of the English department here for two years, are glad to know that he is now head of the English department at the Woman's College of Alabama, at Montgomery. He recently received his Ph. D. degree from the Chicago University.

Dr. George B. Clinkscales, son of our Prof. Clinkscales, is also at the Woman's College and holds the chair of mathe-

matics there. A few years ago he was assistant under his father here and also taught at the Fitting School. After taking his Ph. D. degree at Johns Hopkins, he was a member of the faculty at Mt. Holyoke College, South Hadley, Mass., until accepting his present position. Because of Prof. Clinkscales, the Wofford students feel a peculiar interest in his success.

RESULT OF CLASS ELECTIONS.

Officers of the Freshman Class—Gosnold, president; J. I. Robinson, vice-president; W. W. Steadman, secretary and treasurer; W. W. Watson, captain baseball team; J. E. Burch, manager baseball team; L. K. Brice, captain football team.

Officers of the Sophomore Class—L. J. Stilwell, president; E. T. Spigner, vice-president; W. O. Henderson, secretary and treasurer; L. J. Stillwell, captain baseball team; T. B. Humphreys, manager; John Kelly, captain football team; W. O. Henderson, manager.

Officers of the Junior Class—J. L. Glenn, Jr., presdient; G. M. Crum, vice-president; R. S. Hill, secretary and treasurer; J. R. Walker, captain baseball team; J. L. Glenn, Jr., manager; J. L. Glenn, Jr., captain football team; W. L. Ouzts, manager.

Officers of the Senior Class—T. E. Crane, president; H. G. Hardin, vice-president; D. T. Ouzts, secretary and treasurer; E. K. Epps, poet; W. P. Meadors, Jr., prophet; W. J. McGarity, historian.

The Musical Association has elected officers for the ensuing year also, as follows: Prof. D. A. DuPre, president of the association; H. M. Snyder, vice-president; R. E. Moody, secretary and treasurer; R. B. McIver, manager Glee Club; G. M. Crum, assistant manager.

Officers of the Student Body—H. G. Hardin, president; G. M. Crum, vice-president; T. B. Humphreys, secretary; W. W. Watson, treasurer.

PERSONAL AND OTHERWISE.

Wanted, by Senior Dibble—A private secretary to reply to his love letters.

Prof. Hardin to Senior Hucks: "Mr. Hucks, what is the shape of the eye?" "Why, its flat. Prof."

Ask Senior Turbeville who is the "sarcasticest" man he ever saw.

Fresh. Duncan to Dr. Waller, at Freshman reception: "Why is it they didn't tag you like the rest of us?"

Y. M. C. A. DEPARTMENT

J. W. Cunningham, Editor.

OUR AIM.

As we take up the duties of editor of the Y. M. C. A. Department of the *Journal* we realize that our predecessors have attained, for this department, a high place in the *Journal.* and that this has brought the Y. M. C. A. closer to the minds and hearts of Wofford students. Always mindful of this high standard, we shall endeavor to put before our readers matter that will be readable, interesting, and profitable.

ANNUAL Y. M. C. A. RECEPTION.

On Friday evening, September the 23rd, the annual Y. M. C. A. reception, welcoming the new students of both the College and Fitting School, was held. At seven o'clock the students filed into the college chapel where members of the different classes welcomed the new boys to our midst. H. Langford, for the Seniors, expressed the desire that all would some day become dignified Seniors. R. B. McIver, in behalf of the Juniors, came next. Mac made a brilliant speech. G. H. Hodges, for the Sophomores, told the Freshmen of the time, in the long ago, when his class entered and felt as they felt. The Fitting School was next, represented by J. E. Ford, of the fourth class. Ford spoke for all the classes and phases of the school. The societies were represented by E. K. Epps, for the Calhoun, followed by O. C. Bennett, of the Carlisle, and H. G. Hardin, of the Preston, each welcoming the new men and expressing the desire that they would join his society. H. Hucks, in behalf of the *Journal,* spoke of the great good that they would derive from writing for the *Journal.* G. M. Crum, in behalf of the "Songsters," invited all to try out for the Glee Club. W. P. Meadors, for the Athletic Association, made a strong plea that the new men do all in their power for Wofford in the athletic line. W. V. Dibble greeted

the new students for the Y. M. C. A. Dibble was at his best and made a strong speech, showing the association's work in the college. Mr. Robinson, of the Freshman class, replied in a very forceful manner, thanking the old men for their welcome to the new students. Mr. Robinson soon convinced us that the entering class were Freshmen in name only. Dr. Snyder presided and kept the meeting in an uproar of laughter with his puns on the speakers.

At the conclusion of the speeches, Dr. Snyder invited all to the Science Hall, where the Freshmen were first introduced to the Faculty and their wives, also to the ministers of the city. Then they were taken upstairs where a large bevy of the young ladies of the city awaited them. From that time to a late hour there was talking to the pretty girls, with cream and cake mixed in. Every one voted the reception a most enjoyable occasion.

A WORD TO THE NEW MEN.

The Y. M. C. A. is the friend of the new man from the time he first reaches Spartanburg to the end of his college course. The Y. M. C. A. stands for that in college which your father and mother are praying their son will stand for. The purpose of every true college is to turn out men physically, mentally, and spiritually as near perfect as possible. The Y. M. C. A. has, to a large degree, the development of the spiritual side of the college man. So, if you have started that higher life back at the old home, join the association.

BRIGHT PROSPECTS.

The prospects for the year were never brighter in the history of the Wofford association. Our officers, with their efficient co-workers, have enthusiasm along with good judgment, and have the necessary characteristics of workers in the cause of Christ. The Ministerial Band, as an auxiliary, has a large membership and is doing a good work. Another subsidiary is the Student Volunteer Band, which brings the future missionaries together in a brotherhood. The outlook

is especially bright for the mission study classes. We are expecting over a hundred men to enroll. Fellows, join one of these classes if for no other reason than for information. This is an age of awakening to the call of our brothers in darkness. If we know not their names, customs, and religions, how shall we answer their call in an effective way?

Let everyone co-operate with the officers and the year will be indeed a great one.

ALUMNI DEPARTMENT

T. H. Campbell, Editor.

(We shall begin with the class of 1900, and, as far as possible, depending on the information we can get, deal with our alumni by classes).

B. H. Boyd is cashier of a bank at Clinton, S. C.

C. B. Burnett is in the lumber business in Texas.

J. E. Edwards is a practicing physician in Spartanburg.

J. C. Fairy—

P. C. Garris has charge of a school in North Carolina.

E. H. Hall, superintendent of schools, Clinton, S. C.

L. L. Hardin, connected with large cotton mill, Gastonia, N. C.

E. M. Lander, has lucrative position with cotton mill, Calhoun Falls, S. C.

C. D. Lee, large planter, Darlington, S. C., and has recently been elected to the legislature.

E. C. Major is a practicing physician at Latta, S. C.

W. C. Martin, superintendent of school, Gray Court, S. C.

E. P. Miller is superintendent of graded and high school, Bennettsville, S. C.

W. H. Phillips—

C. P. Rogers, superintendent hosiery mill, Flat Rock, N. C.

H. T. Shockley, principal of Hastoc High School, Spartanburg, S. C.

L. E. Wiggins is a member of the South Carolina Conference.

Class of 1901.

M. S. Asbelle is in business out West.

M. Auld, member South Carolina Conference, Cheraw, S. C.

G. C. Bates—

V. W. Brabham, practicing physician, Bamberg, S. C.

H. M. Brown, superintendent cotton mill, Cowpens, S. C.

J. B. Crews is connected with the Daily Record, Columbia, S. C.

T. H. Daniel, newspaper correspondent, Washington, D. C.

A. E. Driggers, member South Carolina Conference, Walhalla, S. C.

H. G. Eidson has position with bank, Johnston, S. C.

J. S. Fair—

F. W. Fairy—

J. B. Gibson, prominent lawyer, Dillon, S. C.

D. L. Guy—

R. K. Hayes, deceased; September 30, 1910. Was one of Dillon county's most prominent planters. Mr. Hayes was always active in everything connected with the progress and development of his county and State.

D. W. Jones, member South Carolina Conference, Enoree, S. C.

F. K. Lake has a position in a drug store, Florence, S. C.

B. B. Lancaster, practicing medicine in Rutherfordton county, N. C.

Miss Puella M. Littlejohn is the wife of Mr. S. E. True, Spartanburg, S. C.

K. W. Littlejohn is in some western state.

A. A. Manning—

C. E. Peele, member South Carolina Conference, Cameron, S. C.

E. M. Salley, one of leading physicians, Tryon, N. C.

D. W. Wannamaker, a large planter in Orangeburg county.

Miss May D. Wannamaker is at home with her parents, St. Matthews, S. C.

C. G. Watson—

J. R. Williams, cashier Merchants and Planters Bank, Mullins, S. C.

V. C. Wilson, deceased.

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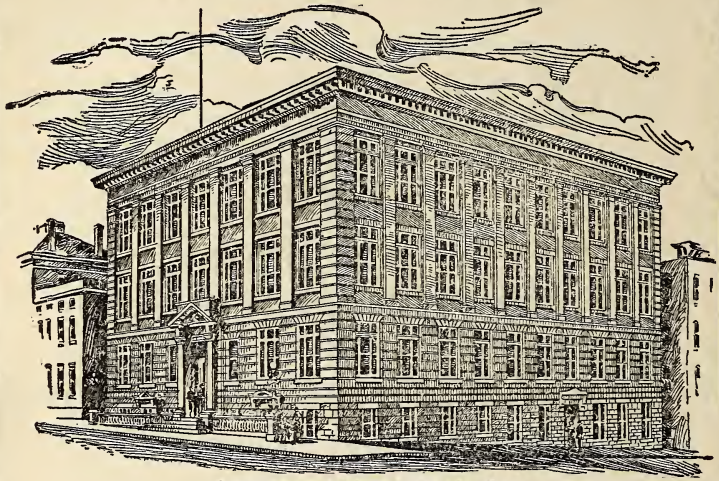

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Wofford College Journal

LITERARY DEPARTMENT

H. M. Snyder, Editor.
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The Future

H. DUPRE HIGH.

Alone tonight I sit and ponder
  O'er the hastening future years,
And I seem to see a vision,
  Blotting out my raging fears.

May this vision ever nestle
  Very close within my heart;
For this life would all be darkness,
  Should its beacon light depart.

Oftentimes amidst my slumbers
  Do I see this vision clear,
Waiting yonder in the future
  As a guide to portals fair.

So I wait with eager longing
  Till the fleeting years are past,
When this vision is no vision,
  But a living joy at last.

The Secret of the Two Lockets

L. PORTER ANDERSON.

Upon her bed in a cabin of a great ocean liner lay a woman at the point of death. At her bedside stood her two little children, one a boy of four years, the other a girl of three. The woman had numbered about forty winters, and upon her face one might trace the deep furrows left there by years of trouble. Realizing that her end was near, she had sent for the captain. Immediately upon entering the room he saw by the pallor of her face and the glassy, haggard look of the woman's eyes that he was in a chamber of death. The mother, now so faint that she could scarcely speak audibly, beckoned him to approach. In a few moments she had requested and obtained his consent to provide for her little children. He was personally to care for the little girl, and to find a home for the boy.

These arrangements being complete, she drew forth from beneath her pillow a small steel-cased casket. Upon the lid of this casket two clasped hands were richly engraved. This the captain was to deposit in a New York bank immediately upon his landing. Next she handed him a packet containing the instructions regarding the opening of the casket. The packet he was not to open until the girl was twenty-one years of age, which date was neatly written upon the outside. She then showed to him the two lockets about the necks of the children. In each locket was a picture of their mother, on one side, and on the other side an exact reproduction of the two clasped hands upon the lid of the casket. Imbedded in this same side of the casket was a small key. When this was done, she closed her eyes and her lips ceased to move.

A deep stillness reigned in the room, and on the outside the weather, which had been very stormy, now abated, and the very seas grew calm in keeping with the hushed stillness of the death chamber from whence a soul had just departed. On the next day the remains were consigned to their resting place beneath the blue waves, and during the remainder of the

voyage the little girl was cared for by a lady on board, and the boy brought new life into the quiet old cabin of the captain.

When he had landed, the captain soon found a home for the bright blue-eyed boy. He gave instructions that the locket around the boy's neck was never to be removed, as this was the request of a dying mother. As the captain's home had never been blessed with a child, he and his wife were overjoyed to adopt a girl as their own. They spared no pains or means in rearing their adopted daughter, whom they christened Nellie. Nellie soon grew to be a beautiful girl and was the idol of all who knew her.

Frank's course was not quite as smooth. The family which had adopted him gave him his name, and were kind to him, but after a few months they had moved to a distant city, where, in a short time, the father lost his life in an accident. As Frank's mother also died after a short illness, he was again thrown upon the world without a friend.

The homeless boy was then sent to a mission house, where, however, he did not long remain, for one day a wealthy lady made a visit to the mission home with the intention of adopting one of the boys as her son. Being very much impressed with Frank's ruddy face and glowing countenance, she decided to adopt him. He was taken to his new home and given the name of Frank Barkesdale. Frank was sent to school and afterwards to college, where he showed many prospects of developing into a brilliant professional man.

One day, not long after graduation, he and his foster mother made a visit to New York. As they were turning the corner of one of the crowded streets, Frank noticed that a young lady had caught her foot in a car track. A heavily laden car was rushing down upon her, and quick as a flash Frank was at her side. He aided her to extricate her foot from the track just in time to prevent her from being crushed to death by the car. For a moment the girl was so dumbfounded that she was unable to speak. But soon she recovered her self-possession enough to utter an expression of thanks.

Just at this time her mother, who had been too horror-stricken to move, came forward and poured out her gratitude to Frank for his timely service. She introduced her daughter as Miss Nellie Kirkland. After a few more expressions of gratitude and not a few solicitations by both mother and daughter, Frank promised that he and his mother would call that afternoon at six.

It is needless to say that this was not the last call made by Frank at the home of his new friends. From this first meeting he was a frequent caller at the Kirkland home. From the first a strong attachment was formed between the two young people, which soon grew into a strong and warm mutual love. Not many months had passed before it was announced that Nellie Kirkland and Frank Barkesdale were to be married. They only awaited the return of Nellie's father from his voyage.

A few nights before the marriage was to take place, when Frank and Nellie had been talking for some time, there came a lull in the conversation. Suddenly Frank said: "Nellie, we are soon to be man and wife and yet you have not asked me, nor have I told you, all about my life." Slowly taking a locket from his pocket, he said: "The history of my life until my sixth year is wrapped up in this locket. Until only yesterday I have worn it constantly upon my bosom." Slowly he handed the locket to her and pointed to an engraving of the clasped hands and a key which were in one side of the locket. "These things," said he, "mean nothing to me. They are shrouded in mystery." "But that," he added, pointing to a now fast fading picture in the other side of the locket, "is the sweetest face I ever saw, and must be my mother."

Up until this time Frank had been so deeply absorbed with his own narrative that he had failed to notice the deathly pallor that had come over Nellie's face. He saw now that her emotions were violently aroused. She spoke no word, but pointed silently to a locket upon her own breast. This he saw was similar in every respect to the one she held in her trembling hand. When Frank fully realized the exact similar-

ity between the two lockets he remained for some time speechless. His countenance changed from a momentary smile to one of wonder and deep perplexity.

Just at this time Mr. Kirkland, who had returned from his voyage, appeared upon the scene. Observing at a glance the perplexed look upon the faces of the young people, he was on the point of leaving the room when Nellie called him back and handed him the two open lockets. Only a glance sufficed to cause his mind to revert to the deathbed scene in a cabin of his ship eighteen years before. His great, massive frame shook with emotion, tears streamed from his eyes, but in a moment his face glowed with a beaming smile, and, with a trembling voice, he said: "Children, my happiest dreams and fancies, my daily hopes and prayers, are at last realized. Nellie, behold your brother; Frank, behold your sister."

For a moment they gazed upon each other with a look of wonder, as if they were beholding some strange aerial visitant. In another they were enfolded in each other's arms, shedding tears of joy. Gradually they sank low upon the couch at their side and transformed the love, which only a few minutes before had been of another nature, into the love brother and sister feel for each other. The captain looked on with deep reverence, and not a word did he speak until all had partially recovered. Then he told them the whole story of the dying mother on board his ship.

On the next morning, when all had breakfasted, the captain reminded Nellie that this was her twenty-first birthday and requested that she and Frank accompany him on a short walk. When they had reached one of the largest banks of the city, the captain entered and bade the couple follow. At the captain's request they were shown into private apartments, into which he soon entered bearing the strange steel-cased casket. On the lid were engraved the two clasped hands. It was found that the lock of the casket responded at once to the key taken from Frank's locket. When the lid was lifted a small box, made of mahogany and overlaid with gold, was found within the case. The key from the locket of Nellie

readily unlocked this box. When the contents were examined, among them were found deeds to large tracts of land and certificates of deposit in banks of England for a vast sum of money. In the bottom of the casket was found a letter in a lady's handwriting. It was as follows:

"Dear Children:

"When you read this you will, I trust, never have suffered any of the pain from which I have suffered so long. In the few moments that I have to live I must tell you something of your birth and parentage. Your father, a noble and honorable man, was executed on a false charge. I could not see you grow up with this disgrace resting upon you, and I decided that we had best spend our fortune in a new land. But, alas! you must go alone. In a few hours I will be dead. May God care for you and forgive those who have so cruelly used us.

"Goodbye forever, "Mother."

The Battle

BARNEY S. HAYNES.

Smother the lurid, leaping flames,
That eat thy soul;
Remember ever that to dust
This frame shall mold.

Strewn with shaken, shattered hopes,
The way is cold;
Ever ascending, never grasping
The distant goal.

Hoping ever, always toiling,
From day to day;
Groveling in murky night, groping
To find the way.

Traveler, heed not that tempting voice,
That bids thee rest.
Breast forward, struggle onward, nor ever
Weary of thy quest.

Life and Character of George Washington

R. R. NICKLES.

In the history of every great nation there is one who stands out prominently above all. This has been true from the beginning of history down to the present day. Rome had its Caesar, Germany had its Bismarck, Scotland had its Mary Stuart, and the United States of America had its Washington.

This man has gone down in history as the greatest person that has ever been born on the American continent. George Washington was born of English stock in Westmoreland county, Virginia, February the twenty-second, seventeen hundred and thirty-two. His father died when he was quite young, but his mother, Mary Ball, trained him in the ways of a Virginia planter, and these were to send him to school as much as possible and to teach him herself the things most needed in this life; that is, honesty and uprightness, and she instilled in him the necessity and simplicity of Christianity. His mother could not go very far toward educating her son, but this was taken up by his elder half brother, Augustine, who taught him practical subjects, such as engineering and surveying.

George, as a boy, seemed to be very systematic about everything he undertook. He was never able to spell correctly, but as an example of his systematic mode of living, he kept fifty "Rules of Behavior," and he never varied or disobeyed his own rules. Washington never seemed to have a literary turn, and to most people it seems no less than marvelous that he could have made himself the genius he was.

Washington, while a young man, was very fond of horses, and he never mounted one that was not fiery and full of life. He seemed to enjoy the danger of breaking a wild horse, and this, with hunting, constituted most of his pleasures. As some one has said: "In short, he was a young Viriginia byrus, riding well, shooting well, and telling the truth."

Washington appears to have been very considerate of his mother's wishes, and this is illustrated in the fact that he gave

up the idea of becoming an English midshipman, for the simple reason that his mother wished him to be with her. This young man was very daring and brave, and at the age of sixteen he left home for the purpose of surveying the lands of Lord Fairfax among the wild passes of the Alleghanies. From this position of trust and honor he rose rapidly, and in three years was made Adjutant General of his district. He never traveled extensively; the only trip of any importance that we have any account of was the trip to the West Indies on which he accompanied his invalid brother Lawrence.

It could be clearly seen by all that this young man was a genius, and immediately after his return from the West Indies in the autumn of 1753, Governor Dinwiddie dispatched him on a mission to the French, who were invading the country along the Ohio river. Others had declined this task; for many were the dangers that lay along the path of a young traveler through the rugged Alleghanies. "Neither savages nor treacherous guides, nor ice-gorged rivers could prevail against so bold a heart or so keen an eye; nor could flattery at home undermine a nature so well balanced, a modesty so innate and pure."

Washington was soon afterward made Lieutenant-Colonel of the militia, and when his superior officer died, he was put in full charge of an expedition to the Ohio. Several skirmishes were entered into in this campaign, and in one of these a French officer was killed. By mistake Washington was denounced as an assassin, but this did not effect him, nor did it injure his character in the true sense of the word. General Braddock offered Washington a position as aide-de-camp in his army, which he accepted; and, if Braddock had listened to his aide-de-camp, he would not have suffered such a crushing defeat in his first battle. All people learned by Washington's prudence, bravery, and honor that he was a genius, at least along this line. While engaged in the service of his country along the Virginia border, he occasionally visited Boston, and on one of these visits he became engaged in a very difficult and much more serious way. This time it was

to Martha Curtis, a widow, and their marriage took place in 1759. Now Washington's military career seemed to be at an end, and he settled down upon his plantation in the county, still representing his colony in the House of Burgesses. He found much pleasure in this country life, and has favorite pastime was fox hunting.

All eyes were beginning to look to Washington as the greatest military genius among the colonists, and, too, he was to be the "Father of his Country." He was no law-breaker, no revolutionist, but he looked far into the future and saw that it would be much better to be entirely severed from English hands; he saw the necessity of public independence in America, and to this end did he direct all his efforts.

In the year 1774 Boston seemed to be in the throes of death, as it were; England was advancing too heavily upon its commerce. By this time Washington had grown to be very popular among the colonists and he, with Patrick Henry and Edward Pendleton, was elected as delegate to the first Constitutional Congress, which was held at Philadelphia, and these three rode on horseback from their homes together. Much enthusiasm was manifested at this congress, and Washington was one of the leaders. He was also present at the second congress and was then ready to die for his country.

Washington was brave, but not haughty, and never liked to be praised or honored, and when John Adams nominated him as commander-in-chief of the Constitutional Army, he left the congress. He very reluctantly accepted the position, but would take no compensation except what would defray his actual expenses. The simplicity of his tactics was nothing less than marvelous, and by his simplicity he drew the men of the colonies to him, all being inspired by his manly character and ready to die for him and their country.

The burden of victory and defeat now rested upon his shoulders, and he bore it without flinching. "Had his nerve given away at sight of the suffering at Valley Forge; had his great spirit wearied at frequent defeat—in short, had he been anything but the noble patriot and great commander that he

was, the course of history might have been changed and the United States might have died at its birth, and forever, or have come into existence years later and under far different auspices. But he was Washington, the noblest figure that any people has set in the forefront of its life and history." He never feigned hope, but always looked on the bright side of life, and it was in this way that he made the War of the Revolution a success.

Some criticised Washington's mode of fighting, but we have the opinion of those who know. Frederick the Great says: "The Trenton campaign was a masterpiece of strategy." With these words from one who knows, no one can doubt his superior generalship. "His career does not enthrall as does that of Alexander; it has not such tragic elements of inspiration and pathos as has that of Hannibal; it does not leave us heartless as does that of Caesar; it does not exalt us and horrify us as does that of Napoleon. But it does give us that supreme sense of satisfaction which flows from the perfection of harmony and proportion."

As this American commander journeys through the terrible War of the Revolution, his conduct may be compared with that of some European commander. We notice his display of superior generalship at Fort Dequesne and Narragansett and we think of William the Conqueror at Hastings; we follow him across the Delaware and through the campaign of Valley Forge, and we are reminded of Hannibal crossing the Alps; we watch his further efforts in turning a ragged and untrained body of men into a disciplined army ready to die for so great a cause, and we recall the genius of Caesar.

Yes, Washington was a truly great man, and those who view him as otherwise cannot view him from an optimistic point of view. It has been said that Washington's conduct, from the time he retired as commander of the Constitutional Army until he became the first President, is a monument duly respected by all American citizens.

We do not look upon Washington as a statesman, but such he was. He was a great general in more than one sense

of the word. We remember Jefferson and Hamilton as founders of the two great parties, and for a moment we forget the one who dominated and controlled them. This one was Washington, and much credit is due him for the way in which he began the executive work of the American colonies. He had not the analytic mind or quick grasp of some of his contemporaries, but it was his honest and straightforward methods that led to success. Had this man not been thrown out in the world as a surveyor of the wild Alleghanies, and had he not had the experience of a planter, never would he have been able to stand at the helm of what was destined to be the greatest nation on earth.

It is impossible to flatter Washington too much; in fact, it is impossible even to do him justice. The prettiest part of his life was his private life and no one understood that but his intimate companions. His private life was one of purity, sincerity, and gentleness, and what would this country have been today had it been deprived of a Washington like this one? He fought nobly to reconcile his colonies who were in favor of aiding France, the country that had just come to the rescue of the colonists. His characteristics, taken separately, do not seem calculated to make a great man, but taken in a combined form, they make of him no less than a genius. "To his intrepidity, prudence and moderation, the United States is almost wholly indebted for the independence which was secured to it by the treaty of peace concluded in 1783."

After the treaty of peace had been signed and he had resigned all public affairs, he retired to Mount Vernon, his home, and took up again his favorite pursuit of agriculture. He could not remain here long, for the country needed him to guide her affairs. He was a delegate to the convention of 1787, in which convention the present Federal Constitution was framed, and under this constitution he was chosen as the nation's chief executive. He very reluctantly accepted this position of honor and was inaugurated in New York on April the thirtieth, seventeen hundred and eighty-nine. He served as president of the United States for two terms and was asked

to accept it for the third, but modestly declined and returned to his home in 1797.

Washington considered "duty" his watchword and he was every ready to serve his country in any way possible. This was shown in 1797 when trouble seemed to be brewing with France. Very reluctantly, indeed, did he accept the position of Lieutenant-Colonel and Commander-in-Chief of the army. On December the twelfth, seventeen hundred and ninety-nine he was seen in the saddle at his post of duty. The day was extremely cold and disagreeable and several hours in the saddle were followed by an attack of acute laryngitis, from which he bled profusely. He sank rapidly; and, lo! at dusk on the fourteenth of December the greatest and sweetest spirit that ever breathed had gone to its reward.

For a while this great spirit seemed to take with it the spirit of the American colonists, and many years elapsed before they recovered from this great blow. Well did he deserve the words of Patrick Henry, who said he was "First in war, first in peace, first in the hearts of his countrymen." His loss was not mourned by his countrymen alone, but also by his enemies. The whole world seemed to feel the shock. Jefferson said: "His judgment was slow in operation, being little aided by invention or imagination, but sure in conclusion." "His integrity was the most pure, his justice the most inflexible I have ever known."

Every man has his own opinion of Washington, and from what can be had about him and from what experienced generals say of his generalship, and from what statesmen say about him, one can readily form his opinion.

The Harbor of Dreams

N. R. SMITH.

Launch your frail bark
  Where the moon ever beams,
Out on the beautiful
  Ocean of dreams.

Sail far away
  On the waters of light;
Lift up your anchor
  Away from the night.

Avoiding the rock,
  And shallow sand shoal,
You sail on and on,
  Seeking ever the goal.

It lies far away,
  Near the sunset, it seems;
Far o'er the beautiful
  Ocean of dreams.

The Verleigh Ghosts

"The idea, Bill! Gee whiz, man! I would not try that for a fortune. And on this stormy night to boot. 'Two-to-one' that you will not stay there longer than two o'clock. You know that is the hour old Mrs. Varleigh is said to rise from her grave and take a look over the place."

"Now look here, Pete Brown, this affair is none of yours. I shall spend the night alone in that house and win the one hundred dollars. Look for me at nine in the morning; will be there for my money."

For several years weird, uncanny stories about this old ante-bellum home had been going the rounds. In the days of slavery its owner had been wealthy, owning negroes by the hundreds. A few years after the war closed his wife died and 'Squire Varleigh, as he was known, was left alone. From this time on the old place was never free from tales of ghosts, goblins, and all kinds of mysterious visitors. The old negroes who had remained with their master declared that they had seen "dem fust dat awful, skeery night old Missus wus a corpse."

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One old negro, who is still perfectly rational, delights in telling of those old days, but when he is asked about the death

of his old mistress, he shakes his head and always gets frightened at himself before he has finished his story.

"Yes, Boss," he invariably begins, "Ole Marse and ole Missus dey bof bin berry kine to we'uns, but I allus no de debbil dun gwine git dem bof sho'. Dey dun cum frum Germany. Dey fus 'bout dat money all de time. Ole Marse he say he dun mak' hit an hit his own. Missus she say she gib Marse big fortune to buy nigger. Den one mornin' Missus say she fine 'hole heap gold Marse had in his chist an' dun sent hit 'way to her kin in Germany. Dis nigger no den and dere that ole Missus lie, but ole Marse he rav' an' cus' an' blieb ebery word she say. He swears he gwine kill hur 'less dat gole cum back. He 'rite 'way ober de sea 'quirin' 'bout hit, but he dies and nebber heah frum dat gole .

"Laws a massy, boss; I dun no dey bof' gwine straight to de lake ob de fire an' brimstone, but nebber dream dat de debbil 'ud send fur dem 'fore dey git in de grab. But he sho' did sen' fur ole Missus. I see him and heah him, too. Yes-sah, dat wus an awful night. How dem goblins wus a walkin' an' dem black cats a-screechin' wus jes' more'n dis nigger cud stan'."

To this old tale had been added many others, some second-hand, others professedly from actual experience, until a few years later, when the old man died, the grounds and buildings were neglected for lack of a man to live on the place. From time to time families moved in, but none stayed for as long as a year. One family remained all through summer and until the middle of autumn, when suddenly they, too, left the place to take care of itself.

This last family told the story that for three successive nights mysterious beings had entered the house. The first night a figure clad in long, white, flowing robes had entered the yard by a path which led through the fields to the cemetery. She had entered the house, proceeded directly upstairs, remained there for half an hour, and had come down and gone away in the direction from which she had come. This was repeated in the same order the second night, and the inmates

of the home began talking of moving out, but finally decided to remain another night in the hope that the mysterious visitor would not reappear.

But at the exact hour of her previous visits she again appeared and proceeded upstairs as she had formerly done. The entire family had rushed out of doors, determined not to await the coming of another day to flee from this horrible place. But out in the yard they met another ghostly figure; this one, too, clad in long white robes, but having the facial visage of a man. He also entered the house. A few moments passed, during which time all was still. Then there came the sound of two voices as if disputing. To the thoroughly frightened group these voices were anything but natural. They fled with all speed and told that old Mrs. Varleigh had come from her grave for some mysterious purpose, supposedly to look after the treasure the negroes insisted upon believing she had hidden about the place. She had come twice alone, but this time old Varleigh had followed her, and, even as ghosts, they were quarreling over the money.

Such were the stories told around our campfire one night when we had tired of the 'possum hunt and had stopped to rest. One fellow had recently gotten possession of a new tale about the old dilapidated home. He told it in a hair-raising style and ended by saying: "Boys, I'll bet ten dollars that not a man in the bunch will spend a night alone in that old house."

"I have another ten," "and I," "and I," came from the crowd until one hundred had been offered. It was finally agreed that if any two men would stay there together they should receive ten dollars each, and the first man staying alone should get a round one hundred.

I was never famous for my bravery, especially when ghost stories were going the rounds, but this offer of a hundred dollars was certainly tempting. I sprang to my feet, telling them that I would try it the next night.

The following day a wind arose from the northeast and by five in the afternoon a storm was raging and rain was falling in torrents. A more unfavorable time could not be imag-

ined, yet in spite of the protests of my friend and chum, Pete Brown, I determined to go to the house about dark and to remain there over night, unless such a thing was impossible.

Accordingly, just at dark, I pushed open the door and found myself in a large room. I had brought along a tallow candle and plenty of matches. Perfectly certain that I was safe so far as light was concerned, I was careless with my candle, and when I walked over to shut an open window a puff of wind put it out. I felt for my matches, and, to my horror, found that in some way my safety box had come open so that every match was wet. Here I was in the dark, on a stormy night in a haunted house. The very idea frightened me and I began to recall the various stories I had heard and to imagine that I could hear numerous and peculiar sounds, despite the fact that I kept saying to myself that ghost stories were all "bosh."

I got on fairly well for several hours. Then the storm broke and the sky cleared, with the exception of a hazy cloud that served only to dim the light of a full moon. I have often slept when a heavy thunderstorm was raging overhead, but tonight I did not grow sleepy even when everything became still. Even the stillness was oppressive. I lay down on an old mattress in a corner of the room and tried to sleep. As I lay there I heard the roaring of the sea several miles away. Never in all my life had its moaning seemed so mournful, so humanlike to me. I got up, impressed with the awe of it all, and went to the window.

Throwing open the window, I stood there a few moments, returned to my couch, and again got up and went to the window. Looking at my watch I managed to make out that it was just ten minutes of two. But a second was sufficient for me to recall that two o'clock was the hour the ghostly visitors were accustomed to appear. There I remained standing in fearful expectancy. Out in the yard were huge oaks, some moss-grown, others ivy-covered, all towering far up towards the sky. In the stillness of the night I could hear the water dripping from the moss and the ivy leaves. A moment later

my heart made a great bound. Far up in one of the great oaks an old screech owl gave one of the most awful, piercing screams I have ever heard.

Again I looked at my watch. One minute to two, it said. Looking out beyond the yard, over the field towards the cemetery, I saw what I was half expecting. There, just entering the yard, was the old woman of whom I had been duly warned. She was somewhat stooped in form and in addition to her flowing white garments, her long white hair was streaming at her back. Slowly the ghostly form approached the house and a soft footstep told me that she was entering the piazza. Another moment—the door opened and a ghost and I were in the same room. For one brief second my heart stood still. Then I sprang forward, demanding that the being, devil or angel, as the case might be, get out and leave me alone. Of course, I was not obeyed, but a voice said in a smothered, unnatural tone:

"Man, beware of your life. You are in the presence of an angel of death. Follow me at your peril." And she disappeared up the stairway.

I was in no mood to follow, but still was not quite ready to leave my post. Again, as if by intuition, I looked through the window. Another figure was approaching at some distance. This was too much for human nature to endure. I rushed through the open door and did not stop until a mile lay between me and my visitors.

The next morning, when I did not report as had been arranged, the whole crowd came down to my home and called me out. I told them my experience, adding that I was willing to try my hand for the ten dollars if anyone wished to accompany me, but, for my part, they could keep their hundred dollars.

Pete Brown took me at my word, and nightfall found us both in the room I had so hurriedly vacated the night before. Pete and I lay down on the mattress, but did not sleep.

Promptly at two we went to the window and saw the same figure approaching as on previous nights. We allowed it to

go upstairs unmolested, then awaited the appearance of the second. It soon followed. After some whispered discussion, we agreed to creep up the stairway and endeavor to see what was going on. Once in the room, with each other to hold to, we grew bolder, and secreted ourselves behind an old curtain. This was easily done, as no light was present save that of the moon. A few moments later a light was made, a dark lantern being used. We saw now that our ghosts were no ghosts, but human beings; still our curiosity was aroused as to what they were doing.

A long time passed, perhaps an hour, and we had not yet been discovered, nor had we discovered anything. From time to time the man and woman would break out into violent quarrelings in muffled tones—clearly to firghten any who might have seen them. These were always about money and its being sent to Germany. Then would follow a conversation in low whispers. After a long while I heard the woman whisper, "I have it! I have it!"

In my excitement I moved so that we were discovered. No attempt at concealment or escape was made. Seeing that their find could not be secret, they called us and offered to share the money, provided that we should never reveal the true story of the ghosts. As we knew that no heir had ever been found, and that the property was about as much ours as anyone's, we decided to accept.

In addition to the promised ten dollars, we each received a small sum. But we were robbed of our coveted pleasure—that of announcing to the community the truth about the Varleigh ghosts.

In Autumn

ERNEST EPPS.

Ah! we love these days in autumn,
And the sunset's golden shrine;
With the falling of the leaves,
And their rustling in the wind.

But, 'tis sad to see the forest,
As her crimson children fall;
Hear their feeble, fainting murmurs,
When each soul obeys its call.

Ah! to us there comes a sadness,
Thinking o' life's autumn day;
For we, too, like leaves, shall wither,
Fade and fall, then pass away.

Venice, the Nation

R. L. MERIWETHER.

The stories and descriptions of the Venice of today, with the street canals, palaces, and works of art, all have a suggestion of a splendid and romantic past. A study of Venetian history fully realizes this impression and further reveals a series of contrasts and paradoxes the most startling, perhaps, of any in the eventful Middle Ages.

The history of Venice is a completed whole, the beginning and the ending of the fourteen centuries of her existence are clearly marked, and there is no merging of her nationality into that of any other country. Because she does not exist as a nation today, and prseents no problems in modern statecraft, her former importance is very likely to be under-rated. Thus the fact is unheeded, perhaps, that she was once one of the greatest powers of Europe, with a government the ideal of statesmen.

Along the coast of northern Italy, at the mouth of the Po, is a considerable stretch of shallow water protected from the sea by several long and large sand bars; within this shallow area are numerous small islands. During the barbarian invasions of the fifth century, many of the inhabitants of the Po valley region took refuge on these islands, and through the perilous times of the two centuries succeeding made their living by salt-making and fishing. The loose confederacy of the people was a true democracy, for the change to the new place had, for the time, levelled all class distinction.

By the year 700 the population of the islands had become numerous enough to show the need for a strong central government. To fill this need the popular council, consisting of all the men, created the office of doge, or duke, who was to be elected and controlled by the assembly. This step in strengthening the government and making a closer union of the people was the real beginning of the nation of Venice. Because of their situation, the people naturally depended upon the sea for their living, and besides the industries of salt-making and fishing, they developed a steadily growing commerce and carrying trade.

As Venice had not fallen into the hands of the barbarians at the fall of Rome, it had remained as a part of the Eastern Roman Empire. By reason of the weakness of the imperial power and the insignificant position which Venice at first held, this authority was hardly more than nominal. As the island city became stronger the interests of the two parties held them in closer alliance, so that the relation of empire and province became that of allied countries, ending in the recognition of the complete independence of the republic. It was the commercial interests of the two which held them together. With the return of Western Europe to primitive needs, the commerce of the world centered at Constantinople. As the ships of the empire did little of the carrying trade between Constantinople and the West, most of this fell to Venice, and as long as she confined herself to the Western Mediterranean she enjoyed marked privileges at the eastern capital.

The first important step in the territorial expansion of Venice was taken in the tenth century. The eastern coast of the Adriatic, known as Dalmatia, was infested with pirates who constantly harrassed Venetian shipping. By a series of wars, Venice conquered the pirates and held the country, so rich in natural resources, for herself, thus practically making the Adriatic a Venetian lake.

During the eleventh century there was brought about the first of a series of changes that was to make the government of Venice an oligarchy. The removal from the mainland to

the islands had broken up the old institutions and had caused the first loose government, as has been noted, to be a real edmocracy. But with the development of Venice, in the place of th old noble class, a new aristocracy, which was based on wealth, came into being. Their constant aim was to limit the power of the doge, and to concentrate it in the council, from which they wished to exclude all save members of their own class. Shortly before the Crusades they had become the strongest factor in the government, and steadily increased their power until, at the beginning of the fourteenth century, their purpose was completely accomplished.

Thus, instead of the usual rise of the masses from having no part in the government to a place of power, Venice presents the novel spectacle of the people sinking from a ruling position into entire subordination. But these changes almost to the end resulted each time in a stronger government. The people of the republic had but one aim, their commerce, and as the members of the ruling class were the merchant princes, their interests were identical with those of every Venetian. Whether the unwavering patriotism of this class came from devotion to country or to class could not be told from the result, for throughout her history every Venetian, the humblest as well as the noblest, put the interests of his country above all else. The great number of officials resulted in a government that was splendidly efficient, yet their salaries were so small that the people of the republic were the least taxed of any country in Europe.

The relation of Venice to the commerce of Western Europe during the Middle Ages is of great importance. With the fall of the Roman empire, commerce in the west had almost gone out of existence; for one thing, because of the small needs of the rude primitive life of the Germanic peoples, but even greater, because of the utter lack of security for transportation. This is shown by the fact that even a temporary period of good government was followed by an immediate revival of trade. Commerce constantly demanded stronger government to keep down robbers and the lawless barons, and

its influence in bringing about the change to modern conditions can hardly be overestimated.

Venice was peculiarly adapted to the needs of commerce. Her situation was better than that of any other city. The chief trade route between the East and Western Europe lay through Arabia and Egypt, and as water travel was cheapest, Venice was the natural objective point; for it was the nearest seaport to central Europe. Her effective government, devoted to trading interests, and her great naval strength completed her fitness for the demands, and it is not surprising that her trade grew by leaps and bounds. But while it was to commerce that Venice owed the height to which she attained, it cannot be denied that the efficient way in which she handled the shipping and her ability to carry out the demands did much to develop commerce into its place of power.

It was in the Crusades that Venice made her greatest advance in commerce and acquired the colonial possessions which proved such a source of wealth; and it is with the Crusades that the second period of Venetian history begins. The attitude of the republic to this movement was different from that of the crusading countries. In her long and frequent intercourse with the Mohammedans she had lost that horror and hatred for the infidel which characterized the other Catholic nations. But she was fully alive to the business opportunities which the Crusades afforded, and in nearly all of the captured cities of Palestine Venetian trading-posts were established. The armies of the First Crusade went by land, but the following expeditions were made in a great part by water, and in the transportation of men and equipment Venice derived great profit, besides the steady income from carrying the reinforcements and supplies needed to maintain the armies in Palestine.

But by her sudden aggression in the Eastern Mediterranean the republic aroused the hostility of the Eastern Empire, for she threatened to ruin the latter's trade. When we add to this the fact that the government of the Empire was opposed to the whole movement of the Crusades, fearing the constant presence of the western armies, we have the cause of the

downfall of Constantinople by the Fourth Crusade. The leaders of this Crusade bargained with Venice for passage to the Holy Land. When they were unable to pay the stipulated price, the Venetians took the chance to get full satisfaction for the injuries which the eastern government had inflicted upon their trading interests. The Crusaders seem to have been rather willing, and the whole expedition turned against Constantinople. The city was captured, and when the populace rose afterwards in rebellion, the ancient capital was retaken and sacked. The empire was then divided between the victors. The Latin Empire, as it was called, comprised most of the mainland portion of the old empire, but by taking the islands, Venice got by far the richest share of the spoils. The Latin Empire fell fifty years later, but Venice held to her prizes.

The former rival of Venice had been well disposed of, but another and more formidable one had arisen. The Republic of Genoa, occupying a position corresponding to that of Venice on the western coast of the Italian peninsula, had risen into great power because of her trade with the East. During the Crusades both republics began to aim at monopoly, and the inevitable fight for supremacy started in the middle of the thirteenth century. The intermittent struggle lasted for nearly a hundred and fifty years, ending in 1380 with the crushing defeat of Genoa. The republic never recovered from the blow, and Venice could now well claim to be queen of the Mediterranean.

The beginning of the fifteenth century was the period of Venetian glory. In mere point of size, she was hardly to be compared to the larger European nations, but in real effective strength she could measure up with the most powerful. Her strong government, backed by the devoted patriotism of the entire people, could bring all her resources to bear upon the objective point. Nearly all her possessions could be defended by her powerful navy alone, and with its aid the city of Venice itself was practically impregnable.

The wealth of Venice lay in her commerce and her colonial possessions. The republic held an almost unbroken line of

colonies from Venice to Constantinople, including the Peloponnesus, Crete, and most of the islands in the Ionian and Ægean Seas. Later she also acquired Cyprus, holding it for nearly a century. The government of the colonies was admirable. In no place did Venice attempt to change the customs or institutions of the inhabitants. The laws were left the same as much as possible, while conforming to the needs of the Venetian possessions.

The size of Venetian commerce at this time may be better understood from a few statistics. Every year the State fitted out six fleets, four having various destinations along the Mediterranean coast, one going to the Black Sea, and one to England and Flanders. The aggregate number of ships in these fleets was about three hundred and twenty-five, and the number of men in the crews was fully thirty-six thousand. The revenue of the State, drawn almost entirely from taxes on imports and exports and upon the guilds of the city, for the year 1500 is estimated to have been over two million dollars.

Occupying this position, Venice was hardly likely to have the good will of the neighboring countries. Her growth and power had been due to her isolation and to her ability always to take advantage of the weakness of others, which she did without scruple. Moreover, the republic was as long as possible on friendly terms with the Turks, and the nations of Europe, having no interests at stake abused her with pious horror. Venice soon added to this hostility by her aggression on the Italian mainland. With this policy fairly under way, the second period comes to a close, for the real advancement of Venice has ended, and other causes soon come in to hasten her decline.

The rise of Venice to her position of power and influence had been rapid, but soon after she reached that point her decline set in. The three causes of the decline began their action almost at the same time, and the result was quickly shown. The first of the causes was the policy adopted by Venice during the latter part of the fourteenth century of expansion on the mainland. The second was the bloody and exhausting se-

ries of wars with the Turks, beginning immediately with the fall of Constantinople in 1453. The third, and greatest, was the discovery of the route to India by the Cape of Good Hope in 1498.

Her isolation from the mainland had been the making and the saving of Venice. It had been the making because it had forced her to develop upon the sea, and her success there has been shown. It had been the saving, because she had been removed from the suicidal wars waged between the small countries of Italy and had been free from the domination of the Holy Roman Empire.

But though it was a fatal step when the republic first interfered on the mainland, it must be admitted that it would have been hard to avoid. It was natural that Venice, the proudest power of Italy, should eventually seek to have a controlling hand in affairs. Besides this, she was not so isolated that a powerful enemy in the Po valley could not do serious injury to her interests.

Therefore, the sudden increase in power and territory in the last of the fourteenth century on the part of Verona, a city less than a hundred miles up the Po valley, caused Venice to declare war. Verona bought her off by the cession of a small province near the lagoons, and the policy was begun. Fifty years later an instance of the same sort occurred with Padua, which lay within thirty miles of Venice. As a result of the war which followed, Padua and the greater part of its possessions were absorbed; so that by the middle of the fifteenth century Venice had become the greatest mainland power of Northern Italy. The Italian wars of this period were carried on chiefly with hired soldiers, consequently, the defense of her mainland possessions was an immense drain upon the resources of Venice, especially since, as a part of her mild policy of ruling, the provinces were lightly taxed. But the good government and firm defense of the possessions had its effect in making them loyal to the republic.

Up to about the year 1500 Venice had apparently always had good excuse for her mainland wars, but now she became

openly aggressive. Unfortunately for her, she aroused the hostility of Pope Julius II., and the warlike pontiff soon formed an alliance against her that proved her undoing. The League of Cambria was formed in 1508 between the Emperor, the Pope, and the Kings of France and Spain; besides, all who had any grudge against the republic were invited to join. The conduct of Venice had often been of the most questionable sort, but the "Holy Alliance" appeared to improve even on her methods. There was not one of the states in the league which was not in close alliance at the time with the republic whose overthrow they were plotting, and each was indulging in hypocritical professions of esteem while preparing to crush her.

Overwhelmed by these odds, Venice released her mainland possessions from their allegiance, and coolly awaited the turn of affairs. It soon came; for a fierce quarrel almost immediately broke out among the allies. By a system of diplomatic intrigue worthy of the twentieth century, Venice turned the dissensions to her own account, and within eight years after the formation of the League of Cambria, she had regained practically all her territory.

But, though she held her mainland provinces against all comers, the commanding power of Venice in Italy was gone. The war with the Turks had been going on at intervals for over fifty years and a renewal of the struggle occupied all her energies.

If Venice had been lax in her efforts against the Mohammedans in the Crusades, she paid the full penalty, for she was now to be overwhelmed by the same power whose approach she had regarded with indifference. With the fall of Constantinople, the Turks began their resistless conquest of the Balkan peninsula, Greece, and the neighboring islands. Venice had made a treaty with them, but the Turkish aggression soon forced a war in which the republic quickly came to terms, losing part of her possessions.

In Venetian history there seems to stand out a trait of the people not so pronounced in other nations; namely, a lack of

stubborn fortitude in the face of disaster. As long as they were on the advance, the Venetians appeared to be irresistible; but as soon as they seemed to be playing a losing game, they wished to give up active resistance, and usually resorted to diplomacy and intrigue. This is especially characteristic of their dealings with the Turks, and, though they might well have dreaded their strength, yet there were many times that a stubborn resistance, instead of an inglorious peace, would have checked the enemy's advance, and, long enough continued, might have broken his power.

But when we consider the odds that the republic faced, we can scarcely blame her. She had not a trustworthy friend in Europe, and the Italian powers especially were ready at any moment to attack her. Her revenue was falling off, and the maintenance of her mainland possessions was a constant drain. When we add to this the all-conquering power of the Turks, we may truly say that Venice stood alone. With a comfortable confidence that the republic was fully able to cope with the Turk, Europe looked on the struggle with equanimity. Several efforts were made to form an alliance, but few of them accomplished any permanent good. So, for the most part, Venice was left alone to continue her policy of fighting and peace-making, while bit by bit all her colonies in the Eastern Mediterranean were wrenched from her. But the republic died hard, and while the Turk conquered, he, too, was almost exhausted. It was into the eighteenth century before the very last of the possessions of Venice were taken from her.

But the real end had come long before, for the discovery of the water route to India around Africa had given the death-blow to the commercial supremacy of Venice. The old route across Arabia and Egypt was abandoned, the trade passing up the Atlantic directly to Central and Northern Europe, and the world commerce of Venice declined into a local trade.

If Venice had been a healthy, growing commonwealth at this time, with a government and institutions capable of changing to meet the new conditions, she might have been able

to become a great mainland state. But she was exhausted by wars, burdened with an immense debt, and her ruling class, the oligarchy, which was the government and the soul of Venice, had become corrupt. So the republic held to old ideas and methods, and passed out of the world of active affairs.

The remaining history of Venice is not worth repeating. The duration and result of her struggle with the Turks has been indicated. Her territory on the mainland, however, she was able to hold, and she remained, in name at least, the Republic of Venice, until Napoleon put an end to her separate existence.

This, then, is Venice, whose like is not to be found in history. The place she fills in the world's record is not large, nor long, but it has little resemblance to any other. She was distinctly a product of the age, yet in many respects she was far in advance of it. Chief among these may be noted the intense devotion of the people to trade, and their strong national spirit; characteristics that are both recognized as being almost distinctly modern forces.

It would seem that Venice was brought into existence for two great purposes; these accomplished, everything appeared to work for her downfall. The first purpose was to revive the art of commerce when it seemed all but lost; the other, to hold the Turk in check at a time when Europe appeared to be incapable of coming together to resist him. But there is another fact that deserves large place, the contribution of Venice to the artistic and classical Renaissance in the works of her scholars, sculptors, and painters.

So the history of Venice stands as the record of a people who seldom regarded the means if they could attain the end, yet who were capable of great deeds and noble self-sacrifice; in a word, it is the record of a people who were altogether human.

Thy Image

G. R. F. CORNISH.

A picture fair thy image
  Casts brightly on my mind,
And ever changing, always
  Like the shifting wind.

Now radiant like the sunset,
  Now lily white as snow,
And fringed with jet-black shadows
  That silent come and go;

At midnight by the hearth-fire,
  You dance in mystic flame,
And over me come stealing
  Thoughts that bear no name.

Then in the early morning,
  Against the perfect blue,
All decked in white and shining,
  I see the perfect you.

The V-Ray

C. R. EDWARDS.

One night about seven-thirty o'clock, as I was hammering away on my typewriter in my office (I had not reached the point where I could afford a stenographer), a messenger boy brought me a note from a friend. This friend was a practicing physician, and a man who also dabbled in electrical experiments. This man was Dr. Charles Randall, now known as the inventor of the V-ray, and my story is about his discovery and the first use he made of it.

This note that I received read: "Come to my labratory at eight o'clock tonight, and do not let anything prevent your coming, as I have something important I wish to show you." It was now seven-forty, so I went to the rack for my coat and hat; for I thought that the earlier I was, the better, as I had

finished my last letter for the night, and had nothing further to do. Then, the laboratory was a good fifteen minutes' walk from my office.

When I went out into the night I was struck with the chilliness of the air, which did not seem to be at all disturbed, nor was it at all damp; but it was, so it seemed to me, very favorable for the actions of static electricity, and this was the branch of electricity in which Dr. Randall made his experiments.

I reached the laboratory about eight o'clock, and Randall met me at the door. He led the way back to the rear of his room, after relieving me of my hat and coat, although the air at first seemed still cool. However I asked no questions as to why he did this, but waited for him to make the explanation. When we reached the rear of the room he handed me a rubber coat, gloves, and a mask for the face made of rubber and mica, saying that I would need them later. He also donned a suit like mine, and then led the way to a little side room in which there was a large machine consisting of various coils and other paraphernalia, and the whole resembled a large X-ray outfit. This machine filled the room, leaving just enough space for Randall and myself to walk around it. I asked what it was, but Randall merely told me to wait and see. He threw a switch and from the bulb or globe of the supposed X-ray there blazed forth a queer light of a peculiar shade of green. No noise accompanied the production of this strange light, as is the case of the production of the X-ray. This light seemed to come from two points in the globe, and these two rays from the separate points converged at a point about three feet from the globe. This peculiar light Randall now informed me was the V-ray, of his own discovery. He explained that one day while experimenting with a large Tesla coil of his own manufacture which gave a voltage of two hundred thousand volts, and a frequency of a million a minute, he threw his current into an X-ray globe in which there was the highest vacuum he was able to make. He also injected some kind of acid, a combination of nitric and some other, to neutralize the corro-

sive effect of the nitric acid on the cathodes. This acid and the high voltage and high frequency of the current caused this peculiar light.

Although I saw the light and partially understood Randall's explanation of its production, I didn't comprehend what its use was, and said so to him. He did not answer at once, but led the way to another little room in which were several small monkeys. He caught one of these and took it back into the room where the V-ray machine was. There he picked up a pistol and shot the little animal. He volunteered no explanation, and I wondered at his seeming cruelty in killing such a harmless animal.

He picked up the dead body of the monkey and placed it where the concentration of the rays took place, and under the head of the monkey he placed a photo film. He then turned on the machine, and the light seemed to go clear through the animal's head, and one could see the shattered brain and nerves which had been destroyed by the revolver shot. He continued the exposure for about three minutes, then cut off the light, threw the body of the monkey in a waste box, and, tying it up, threw it out of the window into the trash receiver in the alley. He then took the film and developed it, printing two copies. The operation took about fifteen minutes, and during the whole time I watched him silently, knowing that his explanation would come later.

He handed over the picture to me. It showed the monkey's brain like the machine had done, but, strange to say, there was also on the picture a likeness of Randall holding the revolver with which he had killed the monkey. This picture was the exact likeness of Randall, much more vividly portrayed than by an ordinary camera. I began to grasp the use of the machine. It was plain that if any person was killed by violent means, the machine would show the agent or agents of his death. I asked Randall for his explanation, as he seemed to be waiting for me to do. And I shall give his explanation in his own words.

"You saw the V-ray machine, but, of course, did not under-

stand anything beyond the fact that it resembled an X-ray machine. You saw me shoot the monkey, and wondered why I chose that animal for the object of my cruelty. You have heard that the monkey ranks righ in intelligence; he closely resembles man in this. So, as I wanted the nearest thing to a man that I could get for this experiment, I chose the monkey. When I was first testing the machine for results similar to the X-ray, I let the light fall on my hand and I could see my nerves act, instead of seeing my hand and the bones like an X-ray shows them. I could not see as clearly as I wished, so I thought I would make an exposure on a photograph plate as they do for good results with the X-ray. I did so and obtained the desired results. Then I had heard, as you also probably have done, of the retentive abilities of the human brain after death. You know of the French doctor who discovered that sometimes the likeness of the murderer of a person could be seen on the retina of the eye with a powerful microscope, and that the brain sometimes preserved the likeness so strongly that it could be seen in this way. So I thought that since my machine would show the action of the nerves, and as the brain is just the nerve center of the body, it could be used to show the murderer in the same way. However, the likeness would be gotten on the photo plate and would be much more useful, and I also thought that the machine would be more certain in its results. Accordingly, I obtained some monkeys for the reasons I gave above, and, as you see, my experiment with them was completely successful. I only hope for the opportunity to be able to test it on a real man. The reason I told you this before I did anyone else was because I feel that since you were my friend and also a lawyer, you would be interested and also keep the secret. If you hear of any chance we may have for testing the machine, you must let me know at once and go with me to test it."

Of course, I was intensely interested in the machine, and, after thanking him for showing it to me and promising him that I would be on the lookout for a chance to test it, and also

promising secrecy, I made my farewell and returned to my home.

A few days after this the chief of police, who had come into my office to pass the time of day, casually mentioned the fact that on the night before a huge Chinaman had been found dead on the courthouse steps. He had been killed with a large dagger, having richly carved pearl handles, and this was lying by the body. There were a few papers on the body and one of these gave the name as Ah Wong, and that he had recently come from the little Chinese settlement at Yorktown. This was great news for me, so I immediately struck out for Randall's office to tell him about the chance that opened up. I found him, and, having gotten permission from the chief to take the body from the morgue to Randall's laboratory, we did so.

Randall placed the body in position, after putting on the mask and suit, and after I had done the same, he turned on the current. After the usual time for exposure, he developed the film, and on the sensitive paper was the clear-cut likeness of another Chinaman with the murderer's dagger in his hand. A striking peculiarity was that the Chinaman had the tip of his little finger blunted, as if it had been crushed under a great weight. When we saw that the machine was a success, Randall and I almost embraced, and we were fitly proud of it.

I gave the photo to the chief of police and told him to tell the detectives to get the Chinaman whose picture this was and he would have the murderer. He did not wish to do it, and wanted to know where I had secured the picture, and why I thought this was the criminal. I persuaded him to order his force of detectives to go to Yorktown and try to get this man, for I thought that he would probably be there.

The detectives accordingly went to this miniature Chinatown, and, after some good work, managed to get this Chinaman. He fought and tried his best to escape, and denied all knowledge of the crime. Even when he saw the body of the dead man he showed no emotion. But when Randall showed him the picture of himself in the act of killing the Chinaman,

he broke down and confessed to the crime. I might go on and tell of his confession, but this is the story of the V-ray, and not of the criminal after he was caught and had confessed.

Friendship

True friendship has a charm that will not die,
A beauty unexcelled by fairest flowers.
Its founts flow deep in the human hearts, nor dry
Nor sooner than majestic streams; its bowers
Are filled with memories dear; its attitudes
Forever true, nor strive for selfish gain.
Itself from golden realms it e'er excludes
And weeps when severed this sacred, golden chain.
How beautiful the life, how sweet the hours,
To those whose passing years are compassed 'round
By numerous friends, fairer, sweeter flowers
Than ever bloomed on Elysium fields, or crowned
The brow of virgin queen. God's gift to man—
A friend, the rarest, richest jewel of his hand.

The Hart Moss History Prize

I avail myself of the kindness of the editors of the JOURNAL to announce to the student body the rules and regulations connected with the contest for the Hart Moss History prize, as the contest is open to all students, but quite a number are not in my classes.

The prize, consisting of twenty dollars in cash, has been awarded for the past six years. The winners and their subjects are published in the college catalogue, where the entire list since the founding of the prize can be ascertained by turning to the department of History and Economics. An essay may be upon any approved historical subject.

The following are the rules of the contest:

1. The essay required of each student in History as a class

exercise will be considered as entered for competition, unless the essay bears a request in writing to the contrary.

2. The competition is open to all students in Wofford College, graduate instructors and assistants excepted.

3. Essays may be written in either pen or machine writing.

4. Essays may be of any length. They should contain enough material to evince considerable knowledge of the subject. From 2,000 to 5,000 words is a good length.

5. Essays must be signed with the name of some historical character. At the time of handing in his essay, the contestant must deposit with the Professor of History a sealed envelope containing his own name and bearing upon the outside the name of the historical character which he has signed to his essay.

6. A bibliography of all books, articles, maps or other authorities used must be appended to the essay.

7. Essays will be judged from three standpoints—thoroughness of research, independent judgment manifested, and literary style.

8. Essays must be handed to the Professor of History not later than May 1. There will be positively no extension of time. The professor will select the five essays which he considers the best and submit them to a committee composed of two professors of history not in Wofford College and one person not a professor in history.

D. D. WALLACE.

Wofford College, Nov. 4, 1910.

Constitution of the College Press Association of South Carolina

CONSTITUTION.

ARTICLE I.

This organization shall be known as the "College Press Association of South Carolina."

ARTICLE II.

Sec. 1. The object of this Association shall be to promote and upbuild the college magazines of this State, to raise the literary standard, to bring the officers of these magazines into closer relationship with one another, and to hold annual meetings at such times and places as shall be decided upon by a vote of all the delegates of the Association present at the annual meeting.

Sec. 2. The annual convention shall be held on the third Thursday and Friday in April of each year.

Sec. 3. For the general improvement of college journalism in South Carolina, there shall be a Press Contest, in which one medal shall be given for the best story, one for the best poem, and one for the best essay. Each of these medals shall not exceed $10 in value. The Secretary shall read before the Association the prize essay, poem and story.

ARTICLE III.

The Association is composed of the literary magazine staffs of the following institutions: College for Women, Columbia College, Converse College, Winthrop College, Clemson College, Charleston College, Greenville Female College, Erskine College, Newberry College, Presbyterian College of South Carolina, University of South Carolina, Wofford College, and other institutions as shall be admitted by a three-fourths vote of all members present at any annual convention.

ARTICLE IV.

Sec. 1. The officers of this Association shall be: President, First Vice-President, Second Vice-President, Recording Secretary, Treasurer, and Corresponding Secretary. These officers shall be elected annually by the staffs of the magazine which they represent.

Sec. 2. The Executive Committee shall be appointed by the President upon the recommendation of the magazine staff of each college.

Sec. 3. The new officers shall hold their offices for one calender year.

Sec. 4. If any office of the Association or the position of Executive Committeeman becomes vacant, the college represented by the vacant officer shall have power to elect his successor.

Sec. 5. The President of the Association shall be elected each year by the college that entertains the Association for that year, and no college shall have the presidency for two successive years.

ARTICLE V.

Sec. 1. It shall be the duty of the President to preside at all meetings; to notify the editors-in-chief as to the time of publication of the Constitution and By-Laws of the Association as provided under Article XIV; to cast the deciding vote in case of a tie in the convention; and he shall have power to call special meetings by the request of three of the colleges represented in the Association.

Sec. 2. The Vice-President, in the absence of the President, shall become active President. He shall act as Chairman of the Executive Committee.

Sec. 3. It shall be the duty of the Recording Secretary to keep an accurate copy of all the amendments of the Constitution and By-Laws which are made by the Association. He shall keep a roll of the delegates according to colleges represented, and shall file the proceedings of the annual convention.

Sec. 4. It shall be the duty of the Corresponding Secretary to notify each college one month before the regular annual convention, and to do such correspondence as may devolve upon him. It shall be his further duty to notify each college one week before the time designated by the Constitution in regard to submitting articles for the contest, calling special attention to such parts of the Constitution that govern said contest.

Sec. 5. It shall be the duty of the Treasurer to collect all

money due the Association, and to make an annual report to the Association of its financial condition.

Sec. 6. The officers of the Association, except that of President, shall rotate alphabetically, in blocks of five, and no college shall have one of the rotary officers two years successively.

ARTICLE VI.

Sec. 1. The Executive Committee shall consist of one member from each college, and shall be appointed by the President as provided in Article IV, Section 2, and shall assemble on the night preceding the annual convention.

Sec. 2. The Executive Committee shall have the power, through the Chairman, to select medals.

Sec. 3. The Executive Committee shall have the power to decide all points under dispute during the convention.

Sec. 4. The Executive Committee shall have power to direct the use of the funds of the Association.

Sec. 5. Each editor-in-chief of the several college magazines shall submit to the Vice-President of the Association, not later than the fifteenth (15th) of February of each year, the name of one man for the Committee on Decisions, who must be eligible under Articl eVII, Section 1, of this Constitution. The Vice-President shall then, in the presence of the magazine staff of his college, draw impartially from this number the names submitted, and submit these to each staff for its approval. If there be no objection to these names, the first three in order drawn shall constitute the Committee on Decisions.

Sec. 6. Provided any one of the first three men shall not be able to serve, the Vice-President shall continue using the names in order drawn.

ARTICLE VII.

Sec. 1. Three persons shall constitute the Committee on Decision. The members of this committee shall not at any time have been connected with the faculty of any contesting institution in South Carolina.

Sec. 2. This committee shall pass judgment upon all es-

says, poems, and stories submitted, and shall consider the following points: Style, Thought, Rhetoric, giving one final grade on each paper.

Sec. 3. Any college of the association shall have the right to object to any member of the Committee on Decision. Such objection shall be sent to the Vice-President six weeks before the annual convention.

Sec. 4. The Corresponding Secretary, one month before the annual convention, shall send a typewritten copy of one essay, one story, and one poem from each college in the Association to each member of the Committee on Decision, who shall grade them and return them to the Corresponding Secretary. Neither the names nor the institutions represented shall be known by any member of the Committee on Decision.

ARTICLE VIII.

Sec. 1. No essay, story, or poem shall contain more than twenty-five hundred words. Essays that have been used in debate or oratorical contests are not eligible. Every article shall be written by the contestants themselves while members of the student body and shall be published during the college year to which each contest applies.

Sec. 2. The staffs submitting the essay, story, and poem shall send three typewritten copies of each to the Corresponding Secretary one month before the annual convention.

ARTICLE IX.

The essays, stories, and poems shall be selected by the several staffs of the magazines in the Association, and no staff shall submit more than one essay, one story, and one poem.

ATRICLE X.

Sec. 1. The annual convention shall consist of the Executive Committee, two delegates of the several colleges, of whom only one shall have been a member of the magazine staff of the preceding year or an officer of the Association.

Sec. 2. The Association shall meet at such time and place as the convention may select. Each college is entitled to two votes. All alumni members present shall have a right to take

part in the deliberations of the convention, and shall have the right to enjoy the privileges of the same.

ARTICLE XI.

Any college of the Association failing to send a delegate to the convention, or failing to pay its annual dues within the time limit without a satisfactory reason to the Executive Committee, shall be fined. Any college failing to comply with these requirements shall be expelled.

ARTICLE XII.

An honor roll shall be kept by the Secretary, the roll to contain the names of Presidents and winners of medals.

ARTICLE XIII.

The Association shall have no official magazine of its own, but each year the various colleges represented shall publish in their October issue the Constitution of the Association and a list of its officers.

ARTICLE XIV.

Parliamentary rules not provided for by this Constitution shall be referred to "Roberts' Rules of Order."

ARTICLE XV.

By a two-thirds vote of all delegates present at any annual convention the Constitution may be amended.

Copies of the Constitution may be obtained from the President of the College Press Association, Clemson College, S. C.

RECOMMENDATIONS.

The Association submits the following recommendations to the editors of the college magazines of the Association:

1. That each college adopt a competitive system of electing the magazine staff, changing any minor details of the system to suit the conditions at each college.

2. That a Circulation Manager, who is to be the third man in the business department, be elected.

3. That the colleges elect their magazine staff before the convention; also, that the new Editor-in-Chief be sent as a delegate to the convention.

Wofford College Journal

Established 1889, Spartanburg, S. C., November, 1910. Whole No. 189

STAFF

HERBERT HUCKS ..... *Editor-in-Chief*

CALHOUN

Exchange Editor ..... C. H. CARLISLE
Literary Editor ..... H. M. SNYDER
Assistant Business Manager ..... R. B. McIVER

CARLISLE

Local Editor ..... M. S. LIVELY
Assistant Literary Editor ..... D. W. GALLOWAY
Circulation Manager ..... M. M. BROOKS

PRESTON

Business Manager ..... W. R. WIGHTMAN
Alumni Editor ..... T. H. CAMPBELL
Assistant Exchange Editor ..... R. L. MERIWETHER

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EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT

Habit and College Life

It is a well known saying that the manner in which a student spends the first days on a college campus determine, to a great extent, his whole college career. There is more in that than the mere saying, it is an all-important truth; for in those first few days habits are formed which are hard to uproot. In fact, the average college student does not break them. A student falls into the habit of careless, make-shift work. The first time his books are neglected he has a sting of conscience, but after he has neglected them for some time, he is scarcely conscious that his duties are not being performed as they should. Any little thing will call the attention from the work in hand; then, from the laws of habit, being accustomed to neglect our duties, our consciousness will not come in at all, and the old path of neglect will be followed, not because we are conscious that we are neglectful, but from the very fact

that we have followed the old channel so often that sensations, not consciousness, have the ruling power. Any habit, if it be indulged, will cut deeper and deeper its channel in the brain until, when that channel is deep and well set, the habit becomes virtually king over our lives.

And a king it is that will be hard to dethrone. No weak, feeble resolutions will serve to break up that channel, or to turn its course. A habit once well set will hardly be broken except by some powerful external influence being brought to bear on the mind so forcibly as to result in the forming of a resolution so strong that, though the old channel in the brain can never be wholly obliterated, so far as that particular habit is concerned, it will be destroyed.

The matter then of supreme importance in a student's life is that he should take these physical and psychical facts over to himself as an aid in his college course, and form, not habits that will mean careless, make-shift work all the way through college, and it might easily be the loss of a diploma, but such habits as will be a strong ally and will make of a college course a complete success.

Medals

In order to encourage the men to devote some time to the writing of poems, essays, and stories for the JOURNAL the staff offers each year three medals; one each for the best poem, open to every man in college; the best short story coming from the Freshman and Sophomore classes, also one for the best story coming from the Junior and Senior classes. Thus is offered an opportunity not only for men to improve themselves along literary lines, but also to win credit for their work. Every man can't win a medal, but every man can do his best, and if each student in college should do that, we doubt that the JOURNAL would be able to publish many interesting stories, essays and poems during the year. Surely every man in college should take some pride in his college magazine and try to help to make it equal to the standard of the college along other lines.

And there are other medals offered which are open to every man in college. The State College Press Association offers a medal worth ten ($10) dollars each for the best essay, story, and poem. This contest is open to almost every college in the State. Wofford has been taking her share of these medals. For two years preceding last year we took the story medal. We must get busy and take one, if no more, of the medals this year. Our representative at Greenwood always ranks high in his composition and generally comes back with the *gold*. It's up to us to keep in line and bring back the *gold* from the association next spring, and now is the time to write your story, poem, or essay.

Examinations

It is reported on the campus that the faculty is about to do away with the Christmas examinations, and to establish the two-period rule. If this is done the first period will be held about the last of January, the second at the end of the school year in June. It is sincerely hoped that this will not be done. We have had expressions from more than one-half the student body and all want the Christmas period retained. They say that, due to the rigidity of our examinations, the strain on the mind and nerves is all that they can well endure with the three terms the year, and many see no hope, should the two-period rule be passed.

When the boys go home Christmas they want to leave the three months' work behind. They are then free to enjoy themselves during the holidays without thinking for a moment of the work behind, or rather ahead; for a great deal of the work done before Christmas will have been forgotten before college reopens in January. The faculty may claim that, the last clause being true, the two-term plan should be adopted. Let them prove that mere facts and figures gotten from books are the main things in a college course, and we will agree with them as to the two-term rule. If this is not true, then we say give us the Christmas examinations and let us go home for a jolly good time and a complete rest of our minds from books.

There may be some colleges where the two rule plan may work very well, but it is a question whether it would be an improvement over the old rule here at Wofford. At present our examinations cover, and cover well, the entire ground gone over in the class-room each term. With a three months' term, so much ground is not covered and the professors are able to give questions touching minor points, thus determining the degree of care and thoroughness with which the student has done his work. No doubt but that these kinds of tests are beneficial. But, if the change is made, the professors cannot get up questions touching minor points. If such questions should be given, to make a passing grade would be no easy task. To fail on those examinations that are purposely to find out how much a student does not know, would be a "cinch." Some members of the faculty now find it necessary to put up ten questions, each of which number *a* and *b*, and sometimes *c*; in reality from twenty to thirty separate and distinct questions, and last year one question actually contained separate heads running down through *j*. If such examinations are necessary *now*, with the three months' term, how many questions would be required with a half-year term in order to cover the ground as carefully? Such examinations could not be given unless two days be allowed to stand them. Should the change be made the examinations must be on a more general order and, consequently, not as beneficial to the students.

The boys all want the three examinations, and the only plea to be made against them in favor of only two is that those few days would be saved for class-room work. Certain it is that this point will not hold; for any one will affirm that a ten days' review after a three months' study will be much more profitable than those ten days spent in the regular recitation work.

EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT

C. H. Carlisle, Editor.
R. L. Meriwether, Assistant Editor.

It is with great pleasure that we see the magazines of our brother and sister colleges begin to collect on our table. So far but few have arrived and the exchange department will, of necessity, be short.

The Newberry Stylus was among the first to reach our table. The opening poem, "October," gives, in fairly good verse, the usual description of coming winter, and ends with the inevitable "But be not melancholy" for "Spring will return again." The magazine has but two stories, "The Broken Botttle" and "James' Bravery." Both are, to say the least, poor. The plots are weak and, worst of all, poorly developed in monotonous successions of short sentences. The paragraphing is bad. The magazine's three essays are all good and show that much thought and time have been given to the subjects. "The Rise of Germany" gives a clear sketch of that empire's phenomenal rise. "The March of Peace" and "The South and Her Scholarship" both deserve special mention.

The Concept is one of the best college magazines that has ever come to our notice. The poems are good, but we think that a larger number would add much to the magazine. "The Woman Hater" and "The Weemen, God Bless 'Em" are exceptionally strong stories, and show clearly the untruth of the statement that "All college literature is 'bum.'" The other stories, however, are below the standard set by the rest of the magazine. The essays are excellent. We wish that every college student could read and take to heart, two of them especially—"Management of the Literary Department" and "The Social Element in College Life." The editorial department of the magazine is very strong indeed. It is always a pleasure to read *The Concept.*

The Erothesian has a novel arrangement of departments. First comes the editorial department, which is exceptionally strong; then the literary department, with two poems, two stories, and three essays—a well arranged but rather short department. The other departments follow in their usual order. As we said before, this is a new arrangement to us, and we like it.

The October number of *The Clemson College Chronicle* reflects credit upon the institution which it represents. It must be said, however, that the poetry of this issue does not come up to its fiction. The poem, "Joan of Arc," is a good historical poem and it is well written. The three short stories—"An Unwilling Understudy," "La Automobele Noir," and "Three Sundays"—come up to the standard, if they do not surpass the general run of stories in our college magazines. All are worked out very logically.

The October number of *The Carolinian* does not appear to be up to the usual standard. The story, "Yamek-Durju," is too dry. The story, "The Greaser's Ghost," was the best part of the journal. It reflects credit upon its author, a Freshman. The poems, "Woodland Night," "The Valley of Rest," and "The Mermaid's Sepulchre," deserve special mention.

CLIPPINGS

FOR YOU.

For you, little ones, with your sweet soft eyes,
  Deep stained with heaven's own blue,
I would give all the gold the whole world can unfold,
  For you, little one, for you.

For you, little one, whose happy smile,
  A gleam of heaven breaks through,

I would give all my life with its joy and its strife,
For you, little one, for you.

—*Converse Concept.*

A gentleman of Arizona once hanged himself to the bedpost by his suspenders. The verdict of the coroner's jury was: "Deceased came to his death by coming home full and mistaking himself for his pants."

ACTOR'S WOES.

If you but knew my miseries,
You'd not so rudely scoff;
My fool friends egged me on the stage,
The audience egged me off.

A CHINESE VERSION.

A lantomobile is a lorse and clarriage with the lorse in the slable. It has four rheumatic wheels, which often swlell up and blust. When this happens, the bloss gets a new set of "shoes" so as he can walk. The dliver is called a "loafer," sometimes he lives at home, but he is usually at the saloon buying gasoline. When he wants the lautomobile to go he blores a hole in the flont and says "Damn!" Some lautomobiles go stlaight ahead and some are lunabouts.

ANOTHER POINT OF VIEW.

Woodman, hew that tree,
Spare not a single limb;
In youth my misery
Came from its switches slim.

A LECTURE ROOM BALLAD.

When Plato taught the ancient Greek
'E 'ad a string of yarns to tell,
'Bout one for every page he'd speak,
The Greek 'e 'eard and laughed like 'ell.

The Greek he knew them yarns was dead,
  And Plato knowed 'e knew, w'at's wuss,
But 'is exam was o'er 'is 'head,
  And so 'e laughed, the same as us.

So when the "Doctor" springs some tale,
  That's kicked about since Gawd knows when,
We do not laugh to show it's stale,
  But laugh like 'ell—the same as then.

Two city boys went shooting in the country. As they passed a ruined house on their way home at dusk, a huge owl flew out. One of the boys raised his gun and fired and with an unearthly shriek the owl fell to the ground. The awed boys peered through the twilight at the great, round face and outspread wings.

"Gosh!" whispered the younger, "gracious knows what's going to happen to us; we've gone and shot a cherubim!"

THE DEMAGOGUE.

(To T. R.)

O smile and bow and lift your hat, and stand without the way,
For a man comes near, devoid of fear, and greater than tongue can say;
He builds a lordly castle where Wren but built a shed,
He has ten thousand proverbs for each word that Plato said;
He wins a splendid victory where Napoleon met defeat,—
The greatest man in all the world is passing through the street.
Then bow anew; such men are few; a Samson is to pass,
Who works a million wonders—with the jaw-bone of an ass.

—*Trinity Archive.*

LOCAL DEPARTMENT

Matthew S. Lively, Editor.

FOUNDERS' DAY.

Founders' Day was formally observed on the nineteenth of October for the first time in several years. United States Senator E. D. Smith, of the class of 1889, was the speaker of the occasion, and chose as a subject for his address, "The Mission of the Christian College." Senator Smith speaks with much force and earnestness, and on the evening of the nineteenth he handled his subject with great eloquence as well.

Formerly on this occasion each of the literary societies were represented with an "Anniversarian." That part of the exercises has been dispensed with and only some speaker of prominence will occupy the stage, who will discuss some phase of college life. It will be the custom at this time also to announce to the public any donations, together with the names of the persons who made them, that shall have come to the college during the previous year. Previous to the presentation of Senator Smith, Dr. Snyder announced that $30,000 is already at hand towards the erection of the prospective dormitory. He added also that this will be one of the most modern and best equipped college homes in the South.

THE BOSTONIA SEXTETTE.

The second number of the Lyceum, "The Bostonia Sextette," appeared on Thursday evening, October 27. This is a company of high-class artists, equal in every way to the most exact demands made upon them. They present a repertoire worthy of the expert critic's consideration, and the music lovers of Spartanburg were treated with a splendid entertainment on the evening they were at the Wofford Chapel. The music was not so popular as to be musically cheap, and not so severely classical as not to be popular. The solo by Mr. Adams deserves special mention. His playing has a charm

and touch that reaches the heart, and in his hands the instrument is almost human. It responds to his moods and caresses with an intelligence and sympathy akin to that of a mother for her child. The company was ably assisted by Miss Melley, soprano. She has a voice of great depth and richness, to which she adds a charm of manner and magnetism that sways her audience.

Professor Gamewell seems to know exactly what class of entertainment the people of Spartanburg want, and never fails to secure one that pleases.

WOFFORD-DAVIDSON DEBATE.

J. C. Wrightson and R. T. Wilson are the speakers chosen to represent Wofford at the Wofford-Davidson debate. This will be had at Charlotte on the fifth of December, and will be the first of a series of three debates between these two colleges—all at Charlotte. That city will furnish an auditorium and present a trophy cup to the winner of the series.

Davidson submitted the query to be debated this year, and Wofford chose the side. The question to be discussed is: "Resolved, That We Should Have a Graduated Federal Income Tax, Constitutionally Granted," of which Wofford will champion the negative side. It falls to Wofford now to submit the names of twelve men in no way connected with either institution, from which Davidson will select six, and return to the former, then from these six three will be invited to act as judges.

ATHLETICS.

Every phase of athletics at Wofford is receiving more attention and enthusiasm this year than ever before. Thanks to the great care and efficiency of Mr. Keaton, gymnasium instructor, the work at the gymnasium is being handled in a systematic manner that tells on every side. New apparatus has been installed since school opened, more lights have been put in, the baths are better kept, and improvements along every line sufficient to merit the thanks of every student on

the campus. There is a fine prospect for a first-class gymnasium team. About forty good athletes are applicants for it, from which twenty will be selected. Mr. Keaton is planning to take the team to Limestone and Winthrop before the Christmas holidays.

The tennis tournament is practically over. With the elimination of a few more entrants, the representatives to the State tournament will be chosen.

It was found necessary to suspend the remaining class baseball games until next spring owing to the appearance of the football season. That means, therefore, that the winner of the trophy cup will not be known till all the games are played off. The results as they stand now are:

	Won	Lost	Tied
Seniors	2 games	1 game	1 game
Juniors	3 "	1 "	
Sophomores	3 "	1 "	
Freshmen		3 "	
Fitting School	1 "	2 "	1 "

WOFFORD CALENDAR.

The 1911 Wofford Calendar is under the management, this year, of G. R. F. Cornish. Three hundred copies will be printed, and they will come from the press about the first of December. Its appearance will show an entirely new design, which will meet the approval of all the students. Pictures representing every phase of the college life will be printed on the calendar as usual—pictures of all the classes, JOURNAL staff, Annual staff, Y. M. C. A. cabinet, college marshalls, faculty, and student body of the Fitting School and faculty.

PERSONALS.

C. R. Moseley, N. W. Edens, D. M. Turbeville, H. I. Ellerbe, J. C. Wrightson, and W. D. Hutto, Jr., went to the Carolina-Clemson football game, which was played at Columbia on Thursday of "Fair Week."

H. Mack Snyder, of the Senior class, who was absent from

his classes for three weeks on account of illness, is out again, much to the gratification of all his classmates.

Charley Jones, of the Freshman class, was injured on the athletic field on the thirty-first of October, and had to be taken to his home at Gaffney. It is the hope of all his friends that his injuries will not prove serious and that he will soon be back in college.

E. K. Epps, of the Senior class, went to his home at Kingstree on the second inst. to be present at the marriage of his sister.

Mrs. Carrie B. Skelton, who graduated at Wofford in 1902, is visiting her mother, Mrs. S. M. Nabors, on Calhoun street. Mrs. Skelton was among the last of the young ladies who were permitted to enter Wofford. Since 1904 none of the gentler sex have been here, though they are still not absolutely debarred, but the conditions under which they must enter are so rigid that they are not willing to accept them.

SOCIETY OFFICERS.

The following gentlemen were elected as officers of their respective societies for the ensuing term:

Calhoun Society—President, W. J. McGarity; Vice-President, P. H. Thompson; First Critic, W. Y. Dillard; Second Critic, B. D. Alexander; Third Critic, Jas. Nelson; First Censor, G. R. F. Cornish; Second Censor, G. M. Crum; Recording Secretary, R. B. McIver; Corresponding Secretary, B. M. Asbil.

Carlisle Society—President, M. M. Brooks; Vice-President, J. O. Wrightson; First Critic, W. D. Hutto; Second Critic, M. S. Lively; Third Critic, P. B. Yarbrough; First Censor, R. F. Darwin, Jr.; Second Censor, W. H. Tiller; Recording Secretary, Barney S. Haynes; Corresponding Secretary, J. O. Green.

Preston Society—President, T. E. Crane; Vice-President, W. P. Meadors, Jr.,; First Critic, C. E. DuPont; Second Critic, W. V. Dibble; First Censor, H. B. Anderson; Second Censor, H. S. Burdette; Third Censor, H. G. Gibson; Record-

ing Secretary, J. B. Kay; Corresponding Secretary, S. A. Genes.

FUNNYGRAMS.

Fresh Grenecher to Fresh Rice: "Rice, where are you from?" Rice: "New Orleans." Grenecher: "Is New Orleans in Orangeburg County?"

Prof. "Clink." to Fresh Shell: "Shell, your voice sounds so near like a June bug under a chip that I have to call your name twice before I can hear you."

Prof. Mooney to William Smith: "Mr. Smith, why are the 'Beatitudes' so called?" Smith: "Why, because they all begin with A, B."

Marshall Smith to Ellerbe: "I'm Senator Smith's son." Ellerbe: "Why, boy, you haven't got a thing on me; I'm ex-Governor Ellerbe's son."

Wanted: To know who granted Professor Gamewell the charter to take the collection among the Converse girls on Sunday morning at Central church.

Kidnapped: D. C. Scott, Jr., by a five-cent cigar nine inches long. When last seen it was speeding down East Main street with him. Description: The most modest man in college.

Y. M. C. A. DEPARTMENT

J. W. Cunningham, Editor.

PROF. HARDIN'S ADDRESS.

On Friday evening, October the 7th, the Association was addressed by Prof. E. K. Hardin. This was the first time in several years that we have had Prof. Hardin with us. His subject was: "Why a College Man Should be a Member of the Y. M. C. A." He treated it from two standpoints; first, of the good the Association would derive; and, second, the good the man himself would receive. Prof. Hardin made a srtong plea to the new men to live up to the Christian resolutions started back at home. The address was full of sound, common-sense advice and was presented in such a way that it went straight to the heart of each man present. Prof. Hardin is a forceful speaker, one who holds his audience from start to finish, and we will guarantee him a full house whenever he again speaks to the Y. M. C. A.

After the address, the report of the membership committee was heard. Mr. Campbell, chairman of this committee, stated that they had been busy in a campaign for new members since the opening of college. Then a chance was given any who had not joined to do so, and the result was that 120 members, through the committee's work and at the meeting, joined.

We feel compelled to remark of the large crowd present. An alumnus of short standing was heard to say that he had never seen so many of the boys at Y. M. C. A. The large crowds continue and are very gratifying to the boys who have the association's welfare so close at heart, and we must believe that it is a sign of a great year for the Wofford Y. M. C. A.

NEW HALL.

For a long time the need of a larger and more commodious Y. M. C. A. hall has been felt. The old hall, being on the third floor, was not easily reached, besides, it was entirely too

small for the needs of the Association. Last year a group of three rooms on the first floor was obtained. Suitable quarters having been obtained the next step was to fix them up as cozy and attractive as possible. So, at a meeting of the cabinet a few weeks ago, it was decided to conduct a whirlwind campaign among the boys for funds to remodel and refurnish these rooms.

To create more interest a contest was begun between two teams. A. L. Humphries was chosen captain of one, and W. V. Dibble captain of the other. "Ump's" team selected red as their color, while Bill's chose blue. At a stated time the contest begun and every member of each side worked for all he was worth. The result of the first evening's work was a subscription of $150. Each team canvassed day and night and at the end of a week had secured an amount far above the fondest hopes of the most optimistic.

In a few days the work of remodeling will begin. A new floor will be put down, the walls calsomined, and tiling laid on the fireplace. The largest room will be the main auditorium and this will be furnished with new folding chairs. The next in size will be a game room, and will contain games of checkers, chess, shuffle-board, and others. Here the boys can spend many a pleasant hour after supper and these will be the means of bringing them closer together, at the same time creating greater interest in the Y. M. C. A. The smallest one will be furnished with rockers and tables. Several good magazines will be placed on these tables. The room will be used as a reading and information room.

The boys are enthusiastic over this work and every one is asking when our hall will be completed.

MISSION STUDY RALLY.

October 14th was mission rally night at the Y. M. C. A. Sunday school Secretary of the South Carolina Conference, Mr. Way, was present and made a strong talk. When he had finished the boys were given a chance to join mission study

classes, and six classes, with an enrollment of about sixty men, were formed.

Two weeks later Professor Rembert spoke in the interest of Bible study. Several live classes will be formed in the near future.

DR. WEATHERFORD'S VISIT.

During the month Dr. Weatherford presented the plans of the Blue Ridge Association to us. This is undoubtedly, as he says, "the greatest single undertaking before the Southern Y. M. C. A. today." He was given our hearty co-operation. Already the boys are looking forward to next summer when they can visit the Y. M. C. A. mountain home.

DELEGATES TO BIBLE CONFERENCE.

Several of our members attended the Bible conference at the University of South Carolina on the 14th-16th. Those attending were Dupont, Barr, Witt, West, W. V. Anderson, Shuler, and several Fitting School boys. All report that Carolina spread herself to give them a good time. No doubt these men received a great deal of inspiration from the conference.

ALUMNI DEPARTMENT

T. H. Campbell, Editor.

Class of 1902.

T. C. Austin, first lieutenant U. S. army, and is stationed at San Francisco, Cal.

B. A. Bennett is the cashier of a bank at Greer, S. C.

B. H. Brown is practicing law at Spartanburg, S. C.

J. S. Calhoun is in the real estate business, Spartanburg, S. C.

H. B. Chapman is assistant cashier Central National Bank, Spartanburg, S. C.

W. H. Chapman is a prominent physician in Spartanburg county.

W. Z. Dantzler—

F. S. DuPre, manager of a large cotton mill at Clio, S. C.

T. C. Easterling is the efficient superintendent of the city schools, Marion, S. C.

H. R. Harris is in business in some western State.

A. T. Holmes was for several years superintendent of the high school, Mullins, S. C., but is now one of the leading business men of that place.

M. Hoke is a progressive planter of Fairfield county, S. C.

F. H. Hudgens is in the cotton mill business, Honea Path, S. C.

S. T. Lanham is Master of Spartanburg county.

Miss Ione Littlejohn is teaching in the high school, Union, S. C.

R. I. Manning, deceased.

T. F. Watkins, a promising lawyer, Anderson, S. C.

E. A. Montgomery, superintendent of public schools at Hartwell, Ga.

D. S. Murph, superintendent of education, Calhoun county, S. C.

Miss Carrie A. Nabors, now Mrs. S. A. Skelton, Hartwell, Ga.

Paul H. Nash is a civil engineer, Spartanburg, S. C.

Norman L. Prince, in real estate business, Banning, Cal.

R. E. Sharp, member of South Carolina Conference.

D. C. Strother, is in business at Walhalla, S. C.

Carroll H. Varner is a member of the Methodist Conference of Mississippi.

Class of 1904.

J. G. Bailie—

W. W. Boyd is a practicing physician, Spartanburg, S. C.

A. McK. Brabham is a large planter, Bamberg, S. C.

F. E. Brabham is teaching.

D. E. Camak, member South Carolina Conference, and is officially connected with the industrial school, Charlotte, N. C.

L. M. Cantrell, prominent attorney, Spartanburg, S. C.

L. Q. Crum is principal of high school, Columbia, S. C.

S. M. Dawkins is building up a large law practice in New York city.

B. F. Dent—

G. B. Dukes, superintendent Bishopville high school, Bishopville, S. C.

J. F. Golightly, a prominent young planter, Spartanburg county, S. C.

W. K. Greene is teaching in Tennessee.

G. W. Grier is in the insurance business, Spartanburg, S. C.

G. C. Hodges, Jr., has a position in a bank, Greenwood, S. C.

T. T. Titner, a large planter of Marion county, S. C.

Miss Mary C. Ligon is now Mrs. Evans, and lives at Anderson, S. C.

D. H. Marchant, Jr., has music store, Orangeburg, S. C.

T. C. Moss, farming in Calhoun county, S. C.

W. C. Owen, member South Carolina Conference.

J. C. Redmon, probate judge, Calhoun county, S. C.

F. C. Rogers, officially connected with First National Bank, Spartanburg, S. C.

W. W. Sloan, has large business interests, Anderson, S. C.

M. B. Stokes is a missionary in Korea.

A. E. Taylor is farming near Greenwood, S. C.

L. D. Thompson is pastor of a large congregation in North Carolina.

W. P. Way, member South Carolina Conference.

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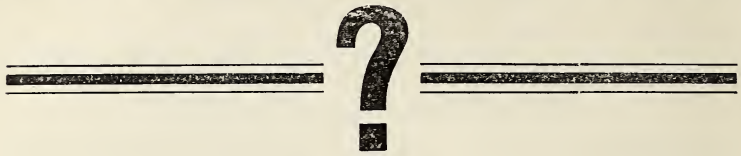

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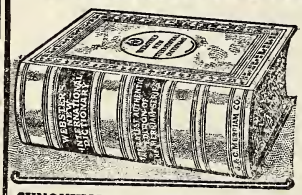

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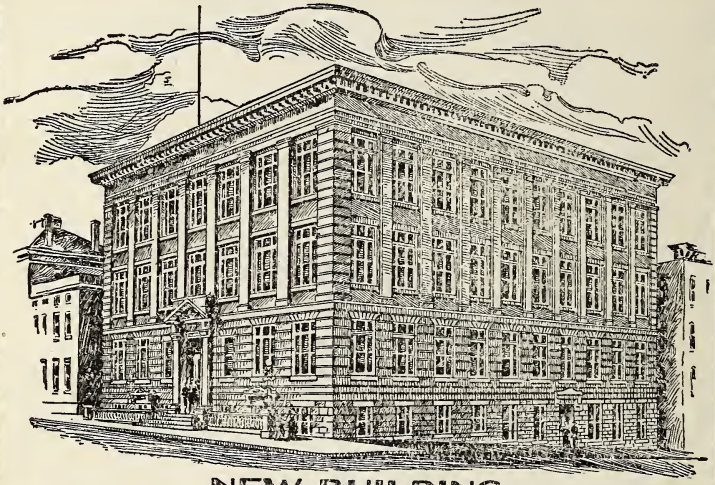

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Wofford College Journal

LITERARY DEPARTMENT

The Christ Child

Far back in the heathen ages,
  When the world had despaired of light,
Some simple shepherds were guarding
  Their flocks on the plains by night.

A light suddenly fell upon them,
  And they fell to the earth in fear;
But their awe soon changed into wonder,
  For an angel of God was there.

"Fear not, I bring you good tidings,"
  And the shepherds grew calm at his word,
"There is born in Bethlehem's manger
  The Christ-Child, the Saviour and Lord."

"Glory to God in the highest,"
  A chorus of angels from heaven
Sang the stirring, beautiful anthem;
  "Peace on earth, good will toward men."

The Pathos of a Broken Leg

The old house had been well kept, and with its long, shaded walk made a good appearance, so that it was quite natural that a young man passing along the street should glance up toward the broad piazza. Probably it was to the pale, thin woman who reclined in the easy chair that this particular young man lifted his hat and bowed so low. There was also some likelihood that it was to the decidedly pretty young lady standing upon the same piazza, who was at that moment trimming up a climbing rose vine. At any rate, she seemed to take it to herself, for she bowed and smiled in return.

"Who is that young man, Margaret?" asked the elder woman.

The girl answered with cheerful readiness: "Weston is his name; he is a lawyer; just moved here a few weeks ago. He seems to be a great friend of that Dr. Stanford, who boards further up the street. Must have some sort of income, for he seems to live pretty well, and I know he can't be getting much practice."

"You seem to have found out all about him," observed her mother, as she resumed her former indifferent attitude.

The girl nodded brightly, though she did not explain that the reason of her inquiry had been the marked interest which the newcomer had shown in her.

Several blocks up the street the person in question had turned in at a house of unpretentious appearance, and a few minutes later entered a room upstairs. Lining the walls of the room were bookshelves of medical works, and the doctor himself sat in the most comfortable chair, appearing to be deeply absorbed in the pages of a dusty volume. He glanced up as the door opened, but immediately returned to his medical lore.

Unabashed at this indifferent reception, Weston sat down in one of the two remaining chairs, carefully placed his feet upon the arm of the other, and apparently lapsed into thought.

"Catch a glimpse of your Miss Eldridge?" casually inquired his friend a little later.

Weston frowned as he nodded. There was little satisfaction in the fact that he had merely seen her. She had looked prettier than ever that afternoon, and he had cursed his luck because the slight acquaintance would not allow a call, and nothing appeared to offer an opportunity of strengthening it.

"Dick!"

It was Weston who now spoke. A grunt answered his address.

"You remember how old Anderson used to run after that little trained nurse, Edith Trenton, and how often she turned him down? Well, after nursing him through a critical spell of pneumonia, she has changed her mind, and is going to marry him."

The doctor remained buried in his book, while Weston continued:

"Somehow that 'patient suffering' and 'pathetic helplessness' idea seems to take their hearts. Wonder if old Anderson didn't take pneumonia on purpose."

Stanford gave a contemptuous grunt at this fancy.

"A fine price he paid and a pretty risk he ran if he did. I hardly think even Anderson was crazy enough for that."

"Yes, it would be, if a fellow had to do it in reality," admitted Weston, and became silent in his turn, as though pondering deeply on the problem.

Miss Eldridge took music lessons twice a week at a residence on a cross street a few blocks from her home. Coming back late in the afternoon, as she turned the corner, she usually saw Weston somewhere along the street, on the way home from his down-town office.

About a week after the occurrences just related, Margaret was on her way home from her lesson. As usual, when she came to the corner she glanced down the street to see if her interesting acquaintance was in sight. And, as usual, there he was, quite close this time, and as she bowed in recognition of his greeting she noticed Stanford about a block behind

him. The street into which she turned was deserted except for the two behind her and another man approaching from the front. She looked uneasily at this tramp, for he seemed half drunk, and his burly form swayed back and forth across most of the sidewalk. Though she quickened her steps, she did not reach the walk which led up to the house in time, and as she started to pass the man he reached out an arm to intercept her.

With a frightened cry she started back, barely escaping him. The man was following, when Weston brushed swiftly by her and landed a blow that in all reason should have felled the insulting tipler to the ground. But he stood unexpectly firm, and Margaret's relief turned to dismay when the man threw his arms around his comparatively slight antagonist before the latter could recover himself. For a breathless moment she watched the pair sway back and forth over the sidewalk, then fall across the curbing into the street with Weston underneath. Before he fell, Weston had wrenched himself partly free, but it had apparently been his undoing, for in falling his foot caught upon the curb, and the whole weight of his opponent's heavy body fell across his leg.

There was a groan as of sudden and intense pain, while the tramp rose to his feet and without a moment's hesitation betook himself back the way he came, but with far more celerity.

Up to this moment Margaret had stood speechless with fright and excitement, but when she saw the tramp running up the street, and Weston trying to sit up, she found her voice with a call for help of startling distinctness, and ran to his side. At the same instant Stanford, breathless with his run, came up, and without a word bent over his friend.

"Leg broken," he announced briefly to the pale young woman who, hardly conscious of what she was doing, held Weston's head as she knelt by him. After that first groan he had been silent, and no sign of pain escaped him.

Several men now came running up, alarmed by Margaret's scream, and while a policeman started out on an already hope-

less hunt for the tramp, the others aided Stanford in carrying the injured man to the house, where Margaret insisted that he be brought. She had now recovered her self-possession in some degree, and she ran at Stanford's bidding when he turned to her and said quickly:

"'Phone 789, tell them to tell Dr. Escott that Jack has broken his leg, and to come here at once with what is needed."

Almost before the bearers had set their burden down in the room, a young man loaded with instrument cases and medical appliances ran up the steps. The other men now took their leave, and while the two doctors worked with their friend, Margaret set herself to answer the numerous questions of her mother, who was now thoroughly aroused from her habitual langour.

It was an exciting evening for the staid old house, but the next morning all seemed as calm as ever. Indeed, to Margaret, as she sat on the piazza in the pleasant sunshine, it seemed as though she had been reading a chapter from some novel. But it was real enough, for in one of the front rooms upstairs, where they had carried him the night before, lay the young man who was the hero of it all. And beside him sat the unprofessional-looking Dr. Escott, whom Stanford had said would act as nurse through the several weeks that must elapse before Weston could possibly get on his feet. Escott, it seemed, was a newly-fledged physician, an old college friend of Weston's, who had recently come to practice for a year with Stanford before starting out for himself. As for Weston's family, his mother, living in a distant city, was the only one who need be notified of the accident, and as she was almost an invalid and would be unable to take the long trip, the only course would be to send constant assurances to her of her son's progress.

That morning Mr. Eldridge, whose mind was always preoccupied with his business, had gone up to see Weston, then hurried off to his office, probably forgetting the fact of the young man's existence inside of an hour. Later Mrs. Eldridge and Margaret had gone up also, that they, too, might

express their gratitude for his unselfish aid and their sorrow for his unfortunate accident. In some way Escott almost immediately engaged Mrs. Eldridge in conversation and Margaret was left to talk with Weston. She found him deeply regretful for the mishap that had so inconvenienced them, and very appreciative of their kindness to him, all the while disclaiming any credit for what he had done. Margaret, of course, tried to cheer him as much as possible, and flattered herself before she left that he seemed not a little consoled in spite of his affliction.

Several days passed. Stanford made frequent visits to his patient, and Escott spent most of his time with him. Margaret, as often as she thought advisable, sat and talked with him, finding him a most interesting and cheerful talker. His table never lacked a vase of flowers, and books and magazines galore were sent up by the old negro woman, "Aunt Nancy."

"Miss Marg'ret say fotch dese to de sick man," was her invariable explanation as she handed them to Escott. And the sick man's appreciation was warmly and unfailingly expressed whenever he next saw "Miss Marg'ret."

Thus a week passed, when another surprise, though one of a milder nature, came to the family. Escott was absent on this night, as he likewise had been the night preceding, for both he and Stanford were urgently needed with another patient. They had been assured that the faithful old negro man of the place, Aunt Nancy's husband, could wait on Weston during the day, and at night sleep in an adjoining room.

Early in the evening, without the slightest warning, Mrs. Eldridge's nephew, Henry Acton, whom they had not seen for several years, came in upon them. Margaret was overjoyed at thus seeing her old playmate and chum, and as he had to leave next morning, she sat up talking with him after her parents had retired.

"Miss Marg'ret."

Aunt Nancy's ebony visage was thrust through the crack

of the sitting-room door. "Is I to sle'p in dat ar room atter dat ghos' been walkin' so speshally las' night?"

Margaret broke into a laugh, but with apparent seriousness Acton said: "Aunt Nancy, I never heard that there was a ghost about here. Tell me about it."

"Marse Henry," the old woman came in and stood before him that she might clearly make her explanation, "you remembers how your's an' Miss Marg'ret's gran'pa uster not be able to sleep, an' how, long 'bout twelve an' one er'clock, he'd walk up an' down dat same hall up dar till he'd be tired ernuf ter sleep? Well, fer three nights straight erlong now I been hear ol' marster's ghos' walkin'. It come slow an' sof' an' reg'lar like right down de hall, stop in front my door, turn 'roun' an' go back."

There was such solemn earnestness of conviction in her tone and manner that neither Margaret nor Henry had the heart to laugh at her, but Acton nevertheless asked:

"Have you seen the ghost, Aunt Nancy?"

"Lawd, no! Marse Henry! When I hear him pass I jes' cover up my head, an' pray to de Lawd to save us from evil."

But by dint of much persuasion, and on Henry's solemn promise to come to her rescue if necessary, the old woman was reluctantly induced to spend the night in her own room.

After some speculation as to the probable cause of Aunt Nancy's fright, the conversation turned again to other subjects, and Margaret told Acton again all about the new guest, how interesting he was, and how much she liked him. Acton was inclined to be skeptical, but in her enthusiasm she would allow none of it. Midnight came almost before they realized it, and a few minutes later the door opened quickly but softly, and Aunt Nancy came hurriedly in. Her appearance gave every evidence of a hasty toilet and her face was a study of superstitious terror as she went up to Acton.

"Marse Henry, I hear dat ghos' walkin' jes' now, and got up an' looked trou' de keyhole. An' 'fore Gawd, I seed ol' marster hisself, wid de sheet what he died on wrapp'd

'roun' 'im, walkin' up an' down, takin' he exercise like he uster do!"

Margaret paled a little in spite of herself at this awesome declaration, but when Acton sprang up, saying that he would go and collar the ghost, she instantly followed him. Aunt Nancy refused to budge, so they slipped out into the hall and closed the door.

"What on earth can be the matter with her?" whispered Margaret, as they went through the dark hall to the back of the house.

"I am sure I don't know," replied Acton with a low laugh, "but something has scared her out of her wits."

Just as they went into the kitchen, they heard the sitting-room door open, then close. They waited a second, knowing that Aunt Nancy had started to follow them, afraid to remain alone. But she did not appear, and Acton whispered:

"She thinks we went up the front stairs, and has gone that way."

Going up the narrow steps which led up from the kitchen, they reached Aunt Nancy's dark little room. The door opposite opened into the long hall which ran from front to back of the upper story. Standing near the closed door, they listened intently for a moment, and plainly to their ears came the sound of soft, measured footsteps just outside. Acton felt Margaret's hand tighten on his arm, and he himself could hardly suppress a thrill of apprehension, but he promptly slipped a reassuring arm around his cousin, and noiselessly opened the door.

The uncertain light of the waning moon was shining through the open door and window of the room opposite, and at that very instant a white figure stepped into its path. At Margaret's sudden gasp the white-robed, ghostly figure turned, and Margaret stared in utter amazement, wondering if she were looking at Weston or his ghost.

But there was no hesitation on the part of the ghost himself, for he wheeled and instantly disappeared in the gloom from which he had emerged. An idea flashed through Acton's

mind, while Margaret half suspected the entire truth, and they at once followed. A muffled sound as of a human collision came from the direction of the stairway, and the next instant Aunt Nancy's terrified shriek rang through the hall. Simultaneously they heard a startled exclamation in a man's voice, followed by an exasperated imprecation, apostrophizing the old woman in no gentle terms. There was a rush down the stairs, and the front door was thrown violently open.

Margaret and Acton ran to the window at the head of the hall and looked out upon the lawn below. Old Aunt Nancy was running across the street as fast as her aged limbs could carry her, while her broken prayers for deliverance sounded shrilly. To their left, in the direction of a certain boarding-house further up the street, a white-robed figure was swiftly disappearing.

Acton's laughter echoed through the hall, and paying no heed for the moment to the stern demand from his uncle below to know what trick he had been playing, he placed his hands on his cousin's shoulders as he said mockingly:

"Oh, Margaret, Margaret, your hero is gone!"

The saving sense of humor was strong in Margaret's character, and her laughter had been as hearty as his, but now in mock gravity she replied:

"I only hope he will send back that counterpane!"

That Once Beloved Hand

C. B. HAYNES.

Ye rolling waves,
Ye ocean waves,
  That break upon the strand,
Can you not tell me whence 'tis gone:
  That once beloved hand?

That hand, which oft
Did hold me up,
  That led me on in life;

Must it forever be denied
  To me within this strife?

And must I here,
Upon the shore,
  Stand lonely by the sea,
And only think of how that hand
  Was once so near to me?

And must through life
My pathway be,
  So lonely and so sad,
For lack of her whom I did love
  With all the love I had?

If so't must be,
Then let me live
  A life that will at last
Bring me to her whom I did love,
  Thus from her ne'er to pass

The American Patriot

D. L. EDWARDS.

Patriotism has been aptly defined as the character of a good citizen, the noblest passion that animates a man in the character of citizenship. A patriot is therefore a person who loves his country, and zealously defends and supports its interests.

An American patriot, as distinguished from patriots in general, is an ardent admirer of his country, and a zealous supporter of its interests. De Thou expresses the sentiment admirably in the statement that, "a maxim which I have received by hereditary tradition, not only from my father, but also from my grandfather and his ancestors that, after what I owe to God, nothing should be more dear or more sacred than the love and respect I owe to my country."

In accordance with this view, American colonization is closely analogous in its portrayal of the many European set-

tlers who came to America at the beginning and during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. These people were impelled by different motives, one of the most important of which was the hope of religious tolerance. In most cases this boon was secured and when, many years later, England sought to oppress them, they rebelled and won their independence during the Revolutionary war.

The States, however, continued for some years to be political subjects of Great Britain. Patience, courage, hope and toil were later rewarded, when the United States were virtually freed from English tutelage.

In view of these struggles and experiences, it naturally follows that war has often moved with its heavy hand through the land. During these crises, patriots have risen on all sides and from different spheres of life. History is replete with names that follow Washington and the sword; Jefferson and the Declaration of Independence are evidences of the power of the pen; while Patrick Henry's "Liberty or Death" has rung downward through the years. From the galaxy of patriotic names some types are resplendent.

George Washington, that Christian gentleman, who distinguished himself during the inter-colonial wars, led the American forces during the Revolutionary period, shared their hardships, sympathized with their wants, and afterward served as first President of the United States, stands forth as a model of a patriot possessed of religious convictions.

History is responsible for the following story: "As a good Quaker who lived near Valley Forge drew near the camp, he saw Washington upon his knees in a retired place. The tears were rolling down his cheeks as he asked God to help him and his countrymen. The old farmer slipped home again and said to his wife, "George Washington will succeed! The Americans will gain their independence!" "What makes thee think so, Isaac?" asked his wife. "I have heard him pray, and the Lord will surely hear his prayer," was the old man's reply. Successes surely followed, as they did the prayers of that beloved Confederate leader, one of whose men was heard

to say words like these: "Hats off, boys; old Jackson is going to pray."

The Americans' prompt response to duty's call is illustrated in the case of Israel Putman, who was plowing when the news of the battle of Lexington reached him. Mounting his horse at once, and keeping the saddle for eighteen hours, he rode over one hundred miles to Boston.

When the British resorted to bribery, during "the times that tried men's souls," Gen. Reed, of Pennsylvania, was offered ten thousand guineas if he would use his influence toward securing peace. The honest patriot replied: "I am not worth purchasing, but such as I am, the king of Great Britain is not rich enough to buy me."

A fine example of the generous patriot is the old man of whom it is related "that he had five sons in the patriot ranks at Bennington. A regular told him that one of them had been unfortunate. 'Has he proved a coward or a traitor?' asked the father. 'Worse than that,' was the reply, 'he has fallen, but while fighting bravely.' 'Ah,' said the father, 'then I am satisfied.' "

The youth of the country should be inspired by the loyal patriot, Nathan Hale, who was once sent by Washington to gain information as to the movements of the British. Upon his return he was recognized by a Tory, arrested, tried, and executed as a spy. No clergyman attended him; a Bible was denied him; his farewell letters to his mother and sister were destroyed. His last words were, "I regret that I have only one life to give to my country."

Whittier, in his poem, "Barbara Frichie," finely characterizes the chivalric patriot in the command that Jackson gave to his men while they were marching into Fredericksburg, when the soldiers prepared to fire upon the flag the old woman had planted upon the housetop.

This order was given:

"Halt," and every man's rifle blade stood fast, "who shoots a hair of yon gray head dies like a dog—move on," he said.

After the Civil War that for years had depleted both sec-

tions of the United States, Lee decided to surrender, realizing that he was merely outnumbered. The Confederate soldiers exhibited as great heroism in returning to their devastated homes as they had exhibited on the battlefield. With tears in their eyes they accepted the decision of that embodiment of moral courage, the patriot, Robert E. Lee, "on whose shoulders," Grady says, "God laid the sword of imperishable knighthood."

If you examine the cross section of a tree, you may determine its relative age by counting the successive rings that represent a year's growth. An examination of the historical section of our national tree will disclose its various stages of progress. Patriotic rings of religious conviction, promptness, loyalty, honesty, generosity, chivalry, and moral courage are prominent. Together with these, other qualities are needed in the character structure that will be necessary in the expansion of the American patriot, in his proper adjustment to the increasing numbers, wealth, and opportunities of this great commonwealth. After the language of Shakespeare, "may the elements be so gently mixed" that the world may stand and say, Here is a nation!

The Power that Governs

R. L. HOLROYD.

Slowly the light of the spring day died. Dusk was creeping softly up the valley and over the hills. Night brooded over the silent sea, which was crooning itself to sleep. A boy and a girl sat beneath a cliff drinking in the fragrance of spring, and watching the "king of light" sink below the sea.

"Robert," said the girl, "isn't this a beautiful sunset?"

"Yes, Annie," he replied. "It is beautiful, and more beautiful still because I am near you."

"Don't say that," she pleaded.

"I can't help it, Annie, for I love you."

"I believe you do, Robert, and I care for you, too; but,

as you well know, our love can't go farther than a friendly love."

"Yes, I know," he said, rising; "but, Annie, although you love your father, you can never love that other. I admit that he is a count, but what can his title do to make your life happy?"

"Robert, please don't talk like that any more. I will have to obey my father; he's the one who has loved and cared for me all my life. I can't, oh! I can't disobey him."

"All right, then, Annie, good-bye; I am going away; I have been offered a position as clerk in the hotel at Palm Beach for the summer. After then, God knows what will become of me. I can never come back here, never. But, my love, my only love, before I bid you good-bye forever"—his voice broke—"wi-will you kiss me for old times sake before I go?" He held out his arms appealingly to her. In a moment more she was in his arms, and lifting her face to his, he imprinted a kiss upon her lips that meant the world to him. Before he knew it she was gone, and he stood in the darkness alone. Sad and lonely, he plodded his weary way homeward.

Robert Graham was the only son of the minister in the small town of Rutherford. His handsome face, erect shoulders, and manly bearing had won for him the respect of every one in his home town. He had just finished college, and was studying law under Judge Grant, one of the wealthiest and most prominent men in his county. Annie was his only daughter, a sweet girl of nineteen, with dark eyes and a graceful figure.

Robert and Annie had known each other from childhood, had grown to love each other as only playmates can. As they grew older their love grew. Both entered school at the same time, and finished the same year, the boy resolving to make a man of himself and become worthy of his sweetheart's love; the other remaining the same lovable girl she always was. But "the rainy days" came, as is "the common fate of all," when the clouds hang low, and the trees seem to hum a funeral song.

Judge Grant was a very proud man, and wanted his name honored still more by the marriage of his daughter to Count Vos Engo, just in from Paris. His dark hair, narrow eyes, and close features showed a scheming man who was only waiting to ruin a noble girl. He has just left the Grant mansion with the permission still ringing in his ears.

* * * * * * * * *

The cool days of spring have gone, and with them their beauty and fragrance. The hot, sultry days of August are now coming and going over the small town of Rutherford. Everyone is planning their summer vacation, Judge Grant among them. He has decided to take Annie down to Palm Beach for a month's holiday. He knows, of course, that Vos Engo will follow.

A wild joy was beating in Annie's breast as they walked into the hotel that sultry afternoon, thinking she might see Robert; but if she wished it so, her hopes were shattered, for he was the night clerk. A pleasant week passed. All were having a good time. Annie had only seen Robert a few times, and had barely spoken to him then.

One afternoon, as Judge Grant, Annie and His Grace were walking along the beach, looking at the bathers as they rode the large waves, Annie wished to don her suit. In a short while they were ready, and the three went down to the beach together. Just as they came to the water they heard a cry for help, and looking out over the waves, they could see a drowning woman beckoning to them. A heroic spirit swelled up into the heart of Annie, and she begged Vos Engo to go out and save her, but he only shook his head and said that he did not care to risk his life for one that he did not even know. "And further, Annie," he argued, "I wouldn't get you, but would have to let you marry that poor minister's son."

She turned on him in scorn and was on the point of going herself when a figure darted past the group and was lost in the waves. A few moments later Robert Graham, weak from the loss of strength, bore the woman to safety.

A great ball was held at the hotel that night, and Annie

was to go with Vos Engo, but she was not there. Instead she was bending over the man she loved, watching him slowly come back to life. And listening very closely you might be able to hear her whispering in his ear: "Robert, dear, they can never take you from me again. Father may love titles, but I love the hero best." He opened his eyes, and bending closer, she imprinted the betrothal kiss upon his lips.

Christmas

Christmas brings us days of gladness,
Howsoe'er those days be spent;
Reminds us, too, that we are moving
In the swiftly flowing current,
Sailing on the flood of years.
Tells again the angel's story,
Making human hearts rejoice;
And Him, the infant Saviour,
Shall the world lift up its voice.

The Early Settlement of South Carolina

W. J. MCGARITY.

In geography we learn that South Carolina is one of the States of the United States, which is a country of North America. When the first white settlers came over to South Carolina from Europe they found the country inhabited by a race of people whom the name of Indian was given. They were called Indians by Columbus because he thought he had reached India, in Asia.

An historian has said, "The rivers and hills are the same as when the country was first settled," but they are not. The Carolina of two centuries ago cannot be compared to the Carolina of today. Time makes many changes, and every year new improvements and inventions are made. If the first settlers could see the rivers and hills of today, would they recognize them as the ones they once roamed about? No

cities and towns were dotted here and there, and very few fields to be seen.

Valasquez de Ayllon, a Spaniard, was the first white man to visit South Carolina. He came in search of gold and slaves. He also made a voyage up the Combahee river. But the first attempt at actual settlement was made by a party of French Huguenots, at Port Royal, in 1562.

The French and Spaniards were the first visitors to our shores, but the English planted the first permanent white settlemen here, in 1670. These emigrants were under the direction of William Sayle. But becoming dissatisfied, they removed up the Ashley river, where they laid out the city of Charleston. Soon afterwards there arose a great dissatisfaction at the location, and they decided to make their settlement on the land called Oyster Point, between the Ashley and Cooper rivers. The town was well laid out, the streets were wide, and ground was reserved for public buildings. The space reserved for a church is now occupied by St. Michael's.

A small colony in 1671 from the Barbadoes came under the auspices of Sir John Yeamans. They introduced the first slaves that were in South Carolina. This colony was strengthened by settlers from the Dutch settlement of Nova Belgia. Every inducement was given to persons to settle in South Carolina.

About the time of the settlement of Charleston, a colony of Dutch from New York planted a colony below this place, but soon left their settlement and joined the other colonists. And in 1683 Lord Cardross, of Scotland, arrived at Port Royal, but he was not welcomed, and became dissatisfied at the treatment he received, and returned to his native land, where he made himself useful.

In the year 1696 South Carolina received a small accession of inhabitants by the arrival of a Congregational church from Dorchester, Mass. They settled near the mouth of the Ashley river, about twenty-two miles from Charleston. The growth of cotton was introduced in the year 1700, and two

years later Governor Landgrave Smith received a small bag of rice out of a vessel from Madagascar, which he distributed among the planters for seed. This highly nutritive grain became the chief crop, and about the year 1748 was added indigo, the manufacture of which was taught by a Miss Lucas.

Orangeburg was settled by the Germans; Williamsburg by the Irish, and the Swiss made their settlement on the northeast bank of the Savannah river. This settlement was called Purysburg. In the month of April, 1764, numbers of Germans and French landed at Charleston. Many also came about this time from England, Scotland and Ireland, and from Virginia and Pennsylvania above a thousand families came to the State.

A massacre of Frenchmen in St. Domingo drove several hundred, in the last years of the eighteenth century, to the shores of South Carolina. Most of them fixed their residence in or near Charleston. These were the last group of settlers the State received from foreign countries.

If comparisons among the different nations which have contributed to the population of South Carolina were proper it might be added that the Scotch and Dutch were the most useful emigrants. To the Scotch we are indebted for much of our early literature. A great portion of our State's physicians, clergymen, lawyers and schoolmasters were from North Britain, at that time. The first settlers, having the first choice of lands, had great advantage.

There has been some dispute as to the origin of the name of Carolina. The name was probably given in honor of King Charles I. of England. The Latin for Charles is Carolun; hence Carolina. It has been contended that the name was given in honor of Charles I. and Charles II. of England, and also of Charles IX. of France, but we have reason to believe Charles I. of England has the first claim.

The Police Inspector's Death

C. H. WITT.

I was in my office early, one morning not long ago, and as I had some important work to do in which I was deeply interested, I did not wish to be annoyed. But one cannot have everything as he wishes it. As my office is on the corner where Broadway and Henry streets cross, it is a favorite place for the newsboys to stand and cry their newspapers. There was a particularly loud-mouthed one on the corner that morning. Being annoyed by his cries, I walked across to the window which I had put up to ventilate the room, and was about to pull it down when I caught the boy's cry. My heart throbbed when I heard it. His words were, "Special! Special! Account of Mr. Monroe's murder!" Was it true that my old friend, the police inspector, had been killed! Yes, it was true. The "speciai" gave a detailed account of how he had been shot as he sat in his study preparing his weekly report which he was to present before the mayor.

Much agitated, I stepped over to the 'phone and called 405, the police headquarters, and asked if my services would be needed in the Monroe case. Mr. Johnson, the police inspector of Ward 2, answered my ring and told me to go immediately to Mr. Monroe's residence and examine everything carefully, and that I could report the result of my investigations to him later.

Upon arriving at Mr. Monroe's house, as might be expected, everything was in a great turmoil. But I set to work to examine everything carefully. The house is the large one on the corner where North Ewing and West Benson streets cross each other. The room in which Mr. Monroe was shot is the large one on the right as you enter from the east front. It has three windows. The large one facing on North Ewing street was the one through which the shot was fired. Before this window was a thin screen, and some few feet from the screen was the chair in which Mr. Monroe was sitting when the shot was fired. Now, the course of the bullet was

clearly indicated by a small hole through the window pane, and also one through the screen. But there was one thing I could not explain. If Mr. Monroe had been sitting erect in the large stationary chair at the time the shot was fired the bullet would have completely missed his body, for the chair was not in line with the course of the missile indicated by the holes left in the screen and window pane. Upon close examination, I found there was only one possible position in which he could have been for the bullet to enter the head as it did. His head must have been leaning very far over the right arm of the chair. This fact interested me, and so I called Mary, the maid, and asked her to relate all the incidents of the night of the murder that she could remember. Her words were about as follows:

"Mr. Monroe came home early. After he had talked awhile on various matters, he told Mrs. Monroe and myself that, although he was not feeling so well, he supposed he would have to work until midnight to make up his report to present before the mayor on the morrow. He then excused himself and went to his study. As Mrs. Monroe retired immediately afterwards, I also decided to retire early, and about twenty minutes afterwards everything was locked and made secure for the night. As usual, I went to Mr. Monroe's study to see if he wanted anything. When I went to the door he was leaning over on his chair as if he had dropped his pencil or something, but I knew that if he wanted anything he would tell me, so I only peeped in and went on. I then went upstairs to my room and read until the clock struck twelve. I was getting ready to retire when I heard the pistol shot.

"I rushed down stairs and found Mr. Monroe fallen over on his chair arm and some blood on the back of his neck where the bullet hit him."

Several things had struck me as she narrated her story. They were namely: first, Mr. Monroe previously had had an attack of heart-failure; secondly, he had been complaining on this night; thirdly, the maid happened to mention that he was leaning over on the arm of his chair, as if he had dropped a

pencil or something; and lastly, that when she came down, upon the report of the shot, which must have been some hours after she had gone upstairs, she found him fallen over on the arm of his chair and a little blood on the back of his neck.

All these things interested me. By this time I had formed the opinion that at the time Mr. Monroe had been shot he was dead. His death I concluded had not been caused by the wound, but he had died of heart-failure. I came to these conclusions because of several reasons. In the first place, he had been seen by the maid at an early hour in the night leaning on the arm of his chair; secondly, he was found in this position after the shot was fired; thirdly, there was little blood on the back of his neck, which might be accounted for by his having been dead some time; lastly, he had to be leaning over in the position in which he was found for the bullet to have taken the course indicated.

Although I concluded that it was as I have stated, I would have liked to have had some corroboration. Happily my conclusion was strengthened by a singular accident. I happened to look over on the table, and there was the report, which had been but barely begun. What better proof did I need? He had evidently been stricken with heart-failure soon after he began the report, as I had supposed.

* * * * * * * * *

Today one week ago I happened to pass by a Salvation Army meeting. Among those gathered around, there was one man with a downcast face who seemed much affected by the preacher's preaching.

In his exhortation for sinners to come and take Christ as their personal Saviour he cried out, "I don't know, there may be a murderer in the crowd before me. Some day he will have to come before God and answer for his deed. There is no better way to get out of coming before Him and answering for destroying a fellow being than to throw yourself at the feet of His blessed Son now and seek forgiveness."

The man with the downcast look broke into tears and cried out, "My God! have mercy on me! I am a murderer!"

I was astounded. The man of the downcast look had not mentioned his victim's name, but as an experiment I walked across to him and told him to consider himself under arrest for the murder of Mr. Monroe. I was not sure, of course, that he was the man, but he gave himself away. He confessed then and there that Monroe had been killed by him. So I handcuffed him and carried him to jail.

* * * * * * * * *

Yesterday court was called, and my man was just about to plead guilty when I asked to speak a few words before the court. I recited all that I have told you, and so convinced was everyone as to the plausibility of what I said that the judge ordered a verdict of "not guilty."

The prisoner rushed over to me and fell on my shoulder and wept like a child, saying I had saved his life, and that he had already decided to change his ways and live right. As for me, I believe I am the happiest man in the city. I virtually saved John Miller's life and I have been promoted to the position of chief detective of the city's force, and I am, I hope, going to spend the happiest Christmas of my life.

On the Beach

G. R. F. CORNISH.

Blow, blow, winds and rage,
  Oh snarling sea,
Betwixt my restless soul and thee
  There lives a bond of sympathy.

Howl, howl, waves and whirl
  On regal crests;
And raging heave thy troubled breast,
  Oh soul, that never tires nor rests.

Two Birds With One Stone

C. C. SHELL, '14.

Johnny sat in his room studying, apparently, but really dreaming of his puppy, loved Beer-Sheba. Suddenly the door opened gently. Johnny reached for his gun and turned in time to level his .22 Colt at a masked face.

"Move, and you're a dead nigger!" spoke up our hero bravely. Of course he was brave, for in the masked robber did he not recognize his sister's beau? "So he thinks he will play a joke," thought Johnny. "Well, well, we'll see." Into his head popped a great idea, and upon it he acted quickly.

"Right-about face, ole Jummy-Joozle, or I'll puncture your adenoids." The joker knew Johnny. He knew to obey. So out the back door they marched in sigle file, our hero keeping up a running fire of abuse and "cuss words" at the bold, bad suitor.

Johnny thought he would take him to the police station and let him spend the night there, when idea number two sprang into his head. It was better than number one. Mr. Jones, who lived next door, thought Johnny a bad boy and did everything in his power to circumvent his schemes. The night was cold. He would kill two birds with one stone!

With the bedraggled suitor-burglar before him at the point of his gatlin gun, he proceeded to Mr. Jones's. When Mr. Jones came out, Johnny explained that he had caught a bold, bad man trying to enter his house. He asked Mr. Jones to hold the man with his pistol while he went to 'phone for the police. Mr. Jones consented, and Johnny left the expostulating prisoner and the dire Mr. Jones on the cold street. Then he went home, finished his lessons, and then 'phoned for the police. Everyone knows the Spartanburg police. So these were the results: Mr. Jones and his prisoner slowly froze on the corner for two hours until the police came. Whereupon Mr. Jones went to his own domicile to thaw out, and the bold suitor to the guard house. In the morning he was identified and released. But meanwhile where was Johnny? At home, snug in bed, sleeping the innocent sleep of youth.

A Reverie

B. M. BADGER, JR.

Some evening as we sit alone and muse
  Upon our by-gone life of toil and care,
Some things come flitting by us, as we think,
  Though we do so much wish they were not there.

Perhaps one of them mars a happy day
  Of kindly acts or many words of cheer;
And yet we cannot look and say, "Well done,"
  Because we know that ugly stain is there.

Perhaps it was a rash or unkind word
  Which at a careless moment we let slip,
But ah, it spoils our pleasures, wrecks our joys,
  And oft we wish it had not passed our lip.

Perhaps 'twas neither words nor deeds, but thoughts,
  That marred the pleasure of *this* happy day.
It may not have been spoken, merely mused,
  And yet it stands, a mountain, in the way.

But whether words or actions, deeds or thoughts,
  We scarcely see beyond them as they stand,
And though we call to view so many days,
  We find them present here, and there, at hand.

So let us learn a lesson from this fact,
  And guard our actions as we go our way,
So that there'll be no sorrow or regret
  When we look backward from some later day.

"Government Control of its Water Resources"

P. H. THOMPSON.

Anything that tends to lessen the manual labor of human society is always listened to with great interest.

Many centuries ago it was that horse power was substituted for manual power. Water power followed horse power and

ran our mills that were fortunate enough to be near a stream. Following this the water was heated and transformed into steam to run our greater manufacturing plants. Finally, it has been shown that with the proper depth and fall of our natural water resources, power can be generated in the form of electricity to run our great manufacturing industries; to heat and light our homes, and to afford us transportation in the form of electric railways.

It has also been shown that this power generated by water can be supplied a great deal cheaper than power generated by steam, which is fast consuming our coal supply. In 1902, 297,157,554 long tons of coal were mined in this country, of which 36,940,710 tons were anthracite. It has been estimated that close to half a billion tons were mined and consumed in the past year. In 1905 manufacturing purposes alone consumed 173,249,666 tons of coal. In 1908, 415,000,000 tons of coal were used just for the generation of steam power, to say nothing of the 200,000,000 tons used by the steam locomotives, and the millions consumed by the steamships, and to heat our homes and office buildings. And, according to the government's geological experts, we waste 200,000,000 tons of coal every year, owing to improper mining methods. From these figures we see that for the past half-century the country's coal consumption has just about doubled in each decade. On the basis of this expectation of demand, the Geological Survey has calculated that the country's coal supply will last about 125 years. But at this it would involve going into the earth to a greater depth with a corresponding increase in cost.

The United States is intersected with innumerable streams which have a relative heavy fall and are not very deep. Why should not the government place a boycott on coal and run its industries by the law of gravitation? They could operate its railways and its industries, light its streets, highways and homes by the conversion of its boundless water power into electric current. Let the rains from the clouds and the snow

from the mountain tops be converted into light, heat, and power.

If the government does not take it upon itself to develop the water resources of this country it will be, as ex-President Roosevelt said in his veto of the James River Dam Bill, "The people of the country are threatened by a monopoly far more powerful, because it is in far closer touch with their domestic and industrial life, than anything known to our experience. A single generation will see the exhaustion of our natural resources of oil and gas and such a rise in the price of coal as will make the prices of electrically transmitted water power a controlling factor in transportation, in manufacturing, and in household lighting and heating."

Operating the railways and industries, lighting the streets, highways, and homes are a part of the State and serve the people just as the army and public schools do. Then this water power which serves for these purposes mentioned above should be developed by the States for all the people.

The buying up of these water resources by the government would involve the erection of great central generating stations upon the leading rivers, which will generate power in bulk for use by the cities and villages. This power would also be used by the government for the electrical equipment of the steam railways, which require over 200,000 horse power. This alone would reduce the operation of the railroads by one-third. From these central generating plants, high tension cables would carry the current to every section of the country. It would be sold in bulk to cities and local communities, as well as to private companies, which would build their own distributing systems and carry the current to the local consumer. The government would only have to distribute the power so that every citizen should have his share.

But it is not industry, it is not the electrical equipment of the railways, it is not the cheapening of the cost of operating the street railways which the cities own; all these are subordinate. The object would be to relieve the lives and the daily toil of the poorest and most obscure peasant of the

countryside. Then, too, the profits made by selling the current to private concerns would probably make it possible to abolish taxes, or at least to pay off the $1,000,000,000 public debt of the United States government.

Is this a dream? No, indeed! In fact, it has already been done in Switzerland. The public authorities there have already carried current into the most obscure villages, to the cottage and to the barn of the poorest farmer. Over ninety per cent of the townships have light and power at their doors, and more than two-thirds of the people have them available for their use. Not only are the cities lighted by electric power, but even the smallest villages and country districts. In some places in Switzerland the country roads are lighted for miles and miles. Grain is being thrashed, milk is being churned, water is being pumped, food is being prepared for the cattle; in fact, the manual laborer is being relieved of his most arduous tasks. Therefore, with this power, and cheap fertilizer of Switzerland, the farm products are kept in reach of the city workingman. "There are no limits to the uses to which electric power may be applied save the amount of power which may be generated and the cheapness with which it may be transmitted."

Dr. Oscar Wettstein, the editor of "*Wasserkraft,*" a journal devoted to the subject of waterpower, estimated that electricity generated by waterpower costs from .0015 cent to .01 cent per kilowatt hour at the station, while electric power generated by steam from coal costs from 2 cents to 2.4 cents per kilowatt hour at the station. On this basis, the generation of electricity from waterpower will cut down the light and fuel bills of the people from fifty to ninety-five per cent, and would place the United States at a tremendous advantage in the struggle for the markets of the world.

Why should we not harness the streams as Switzerland has so well done? We as a government could light the nation and fire our boilers with the waterpower with which nature has endowed us; but the sovereignty of the State and the interest of the people have been abandoned at the behests of the

powerful interests whose demands have been voiced in Congress and the Legislatures of our States by those who were sent there to represent the community."

When the government controls the waterpowers, as it will eventually have to do, then will we have a democracy governed "for the people, of the people and by the people."

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EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT

Christmas

Another year has come and gone, and once more Christmas is at hand. Christmas—how many of us ever pause to consider the meaning of that word? As students we think of it much as of any other holiday, the only difference being, from our viewpoint, that Christmas gives us, not one day, but several, in which we may throw aside our college duties and go home for a good time.

It is quite fitting that we should hail each approaching Christmas with joy, for do we not, with each recurring year, celebrate the beginning of a new era on earth? Not only did the birth of Christ bring to mankind a plan by which the spiritual man might be saved, but it brought also a new teaching which was to revolutionize all conditions of life—moral, social and economic. The conditions social and economic are, or should be, most vitally influenced. Can a religion or a

creed accomplish any lasting good if it does not tend to modify economic conditions in such a way that our streets no longer will be crowded with thousands of poor, miserable human beings who are starving daily and have no place for shelter from the cold? And yet Christmas should mean as much to these people as to the more fortunate in life. Erroneous is that doctrine which teaches saving of the souls of a starving, a dying humanity and leaves them to perish of hunger and cold. The mere tossing of a coin to furnish a Christmas dinner to the needy and destitute, or to remedy the immediate suffering of these people, is not sufficient; the economic conditions causing this suffering must be remedied. When this is done the significance of Christmas will have been realized in part at least.

The Literary Societies

It is an acknowledged fact that the literary societies form a very important part in a college course. When a man finishes college and goes out into the world, he knows not at what time he may be called upon for a speech, or it may be that his services may be required to fight some important issue at a public meeting. Without the training afforded in these societies he will be poorly equipped to respond. A student might go through college, making high grades on every study, and yet if he neglects his society work entirely, be in a poor condition to enter real life with its various problems. The society gives every fellow an excellent opportunity for exercising himself in extemporaneous speaking and debating, and he who neglects those opportunities must surely rue it later in life.

Examinations

"Study to show thyself approved." Those of us who have obeyed this Biblical injunction during the two weeks past will have good cause to say unto ourselves "well done," for those reports that are to go home to us Christmas will bring no ill news, but woe unto him who has idled away this

time. He is apt to receive some unwelcome tidings ere he returns in January. It may be that some few men, after having done their best, will fail on these examinations: some new men may meet with their first defeat. Though a man should meet with failure in this first quarter's work, he should not be discouraged and give up the fight as some few new men may be tempted to do. Upon the failure of today may be built a splendid future. No doubt there are many Freshmen who have come from schools where the training has been poor and insufficient. These men are just now preparing for their real college work, and they may rest assured that, if they have made an honest effort, though the grade they have received should be less than a pass, they have not failed. They should always bear in mind that it is the plodder, not necessarily the brilliant scholar, who finally wins a glorious success.

EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT

C. H. Carlisle, Editor.
R. L. Meriwether, Assistant Editor.

The November *Criterion* is one of the best that has come to our table. We must say, however, that the magazine is lacking in poems and essays. The two poems are fairly good. The one essay, "Stolen Interviews With Browning," though short, is well worth reading. It shows a deep interest in Browning's works and a close study of them. The fiction in this number is most praiseworthy. There are five short stories, all of which are admirably written. These stories are to be praised for the character pictures which they present. They show deep insight into human nature and a sympathetic treatment of what the authors see in the subjects of which they write. We call special attention to "The Lone Rose on the Hillside," a beautiful story of a faithful old slave, Uncle Eph. The editorials are, as usual, good. We call attention to the Exchange Department. This is one of the fullest and best that has come to our notice.

The Palmetto, thought rather short, is an excellent college publication. The poems, "Yesterday and Tomorrow" and "The Masquerade," are both good. We were struck forcibly by the truth expressed in the last two lines of the former:

"So why should I look back and dream?
The future, now, should be my theme."

The essays are both fairly good. The sentences are too short, making the paragraphs halty. We note specially the essay, "Egbert." Here we are shown that the outer turmoil and strife of this life is not all, but there is an inner strife as well. We read with great interest of Egbert's strife with the enemies, Envy, Regret, Sorrow, Discontent and Disappointment, and of his final victory over them all. The short stories are not so good, but show great promise for something

better to come. The editorial departments are the strong part of this magazine.

The Erskinian is a poorly balanced magazine, having but eighteen pages in the literary department and twenty-two in the other departments. What is the trouble, are you making your editors do all the work? Wake up and pour such a volume of poems, essays and stories upon them that their only trouble will be to decide which to publish first. We must say that your editors have done their duty nobly and given us fine departments this month. The trouble is, there is too little to back them up. The essays are well written. The best of them is the first, "America's Mission to the World." We have been unable as yet to discover any short stories, but find three very excellent poems. Let us say again and urge that your school do more to help your editors, for you certainly have a good set of editors, and you owe it to your school if not to them.

In the *Ouachita Ripples* the story entitled "An 'o' and a Girl" is very good indeed. The writer has an excellent plot and it is well written up. We could enjoy several stories like "An 'o' and a Girl." "The Ministry and Football" is a very good essay and shows good thought and preparation. The poem, "Life's Football Game," shows a good contrast between football and real life. The essay, "History of Football," shows extensive research and study. It also gives us some idea of the age of football. *The Ouachita Ripples* is one of the best magazines that come to our tables and we enjoy reading it very much.

The Record for October is a fairly good number. No, there should be more poetry. "Was the Execution of Archie Unjust?" is good, showing study, thought and interest in the subject. "A Cure for Femaleria" is good and is well written. There are many good suggestions in this, too. "A Boy's

First Shave" and "A Second Rip" are both fairly good and well worked up.

CLIPPINGS

SENIOR

Much learning,
Swelled head,
Brain fever—
He's dead.

JUNIOR

False fair one,
Hope fled,
Heart broken—
He's dead.

SOPOMORE

Went skating,
'Tis said,
Ice hit him—
He's dead.

FRESHMAN

Milk famine,
Not fed,
Starvation—
He's dead.

—*Ex.*

"Don't steal another man's good name, even if your own is worn out."

"Why is it that a man's hair turns gray quicker than a woman's?"

"Because a man wears his all the time."

A little puff of powder,
A little dab of paint,
Makes a girl's complexion
Look like what it ain't.

SPEAKING OF CORN.

"The horrible news comes from a corn-growing section of the State that a boy climbed a cornstalk to see how the corn was getting on, and now the stalk is growing up faster than the boy can climb down. The boy is entirely out of sight. Three men have undertaken to cut the stalk with axes and

save the boy from starvation, but it grows so fast that they can't hit twice in the same place. The boy is living on nothing but raw corn, and has already thrown down a bushel of cobs."

Jack—I had proposed and been accepted, when the light suddenly went out.

Dick—What did she do?

Jack—Suggested that we keep it dark.

He, dreamily: "The skies are blue,
And I am too,
What can it be that ails me?"
She, practically: "Your blood, I think,
Is on the blink,
Your liver, darling, fails you."

A cat sedebat on our fence,
As laeta as could be;
Her vox surgebat to the skies,
Canebat merrily.

My clamor was of no avail,
Tho' clare did I cry,
Conspexit me with mild reproof,
And winked her alter eye.

Quite vainly jeci boots, a lamp,
Some bottles and a book;
Ergo, I seized my pistol, et
My aim cum cura took.

I had six shots, dixi, "Ye gods!
May I that felis kill,"
Quamquam I took six of her lives,
The other three sang still.

The felis sang with major vim,
Tho' man's aim was true;

Conatus sum putare quid
In tonitru I'd do.

A scheme advenit to my head,
Scivi 'twould make her wince,—
I sang! Et then the hostis fled,
Non eam vidi since.

—*Tennessee University Magazine.*

The following exchanges came to our table this month: *The Wake Forest Student, The Bessie Tift Journal, The Wesleyan, The William and Mary Literary Magazine, The Tennessee University Magazine, The Mercerian, The Chronicle, The Winthrop College Journal, The Emory and Henry Era, The Carolinian, The Randolph-Macon Monthly, the Davidson College Magazine, The Palmetto, The Orange and Black, The Reinhardt Mountaineer, The St. Mary's Muse, The Oasis, The Ward Sentinel, The Limestone Star, The Blue and Bronze, The Vanderbilt Observer, The Emory Phoenix, The Newberry Stylus, The Southwestern University Magazine, The S. P. U. Journal, The Brenau Journal, The Furman Echo.*

LOCAL DEPARTMENT

Matthew S. Lively, Editor.

DURNO, THE MAGICIAN.

Durno, the magician, and his assistant, Frank Sherman, humorist, appeared on Friday evening, the 2d, as the fourth attraction of the Wofford Lyceum Course. In presenting this talented magician to the faithful lyceum attendants of the student-body and of Spartanburg Prof. Gamewell could not have pleased them better. Durno is one of the most novel, artistic, and marvelous men of mysteries it has been our pleasure to see. He performs the most wonderful feats in pure slight-of-hand, causing the most unthought-of things to appear and disappear with a rapidity that is simply bewildering. New and difficult feats in legerdemain, and this combined with an easy and graceful stage presence, a bright and witty flow of conversation, marks a combination that is more than appreciated by his audience. His entertainment is as diversified as anyone could desire, and nothing is left undone to make it a great, grand, and gorgeous pageant of illusional wonders. It is simply one of dashing, dazzling dexterity, defying description. One can only say with Shakespeare that "if I am deceived, I hope I may know it. But if I know it, I hope I will be able to laugh at the whole affair."

Frank Sherman "made good" his part as a humorist, too. He is a finished mimic and impersonator, and performs some of the most delightful features of the multifold program. He recites dramatic or pathetic or humorous sketches in a manner that is charming. While he is reciting his auditors feel that is his forte. He steps to the piano and that piano becomes a vehicle of humor as well as of harmony. The audience laughs till it is painful over these imitations—because of their untruthfulness. His account of the Nut family was the best of all, due to the mirthful puns that are not likely to be forgotten, such as, "There was one little boy of the family, named Walter Nut, who was called Walnut for short. But

he ran away and joined the army; later became a colonel, but was discharged for trying the shell game, and because he was not what he was cracked up to be."

WOFFORD-DAVIDSON DEBATE.

The first of the series of debates between Wofford and Davidson at Charlotte on Monday evening, the 5th, was won by the North Carolina boys. The Wofford speakers, however, J. O. Wrightson and R. T. Wilson, defended their side of the question with much dignity and credit to both themselves and the institution. Davidson has the hearty congratulation of Wofford for victory in this first debate, for we accept defeat with as good grace as we know how, but at the same time we feel much gratified at the showing our representatives made. The query debated was, "Resolved, That we should have a graduated federal income tax, constitutionally granted." Wofford challenged the negative side.

There will be two more debates of the series, to be held at Charlotte on the 5th of December each year.

WOFFORD'S CALENDAR.

The Wofford calendar for 1911 has come from the press, and presents a very neat appearance. It is printed in an entirely new design compared to previous ones, representing the shape of a football. Wofford does not play intercollegiate football, and this style may not seem appropriate, but this is intended as an appeal in that direction more than anything else. Pictures representing every phase of the college life are shown with the calendar. The cover page has *"Wofford Calendar"* printed in old gold upon it, with a background of a color similar to that of a football. It is under the management of G. R. F. Cornish.

GLEE CLUB.

The Musical Association promises a better glee club this year than ever. More voices will appear than previously, with abundant variety, and with the additional advantage of having

a majority of the men again who sang with the club last year. The glee club is one of the most representative phases of our college life, and nothing has added more prestige to Wofford, in the way of student organizations, than this club has for the past two years. Mrs. A. G. Rembert is directress this year, and coupled with her superior efficiency, she is also a very popular trainer. The officers of the association are: Prof. D. A. DuPre, president; H. M. Snyder, vice-president; R. E. Moody, secretary and treasurer. R. B. McIver is manager of the glee club, and G. M. Crum is assistant manager. The following are the names of the men who compose the club, though still subject to some revision:

First Tenors—Moody, R. E., Monroe, Rice, L. M., Rice, C. S., Mosely, Biers, Keller, Felder, and Sprott. Second Tenors—Hill, Folk, Liles, and Layton.

First Bass—McIver, Snyder, Humphries, Badger, Wilkinson, and Thompson. Second Bass—Crum, Carlisle, Abernathy, Sanders, and Morris.

Either Nickels or Ouzts, D. T., will accept the reader's part.

While the program is almost complete and several new songs have been learned and are being practiced, no out-of-town concerts will likely be given before the middle of March.

ATHLETICS.

Mr. R. L. Keaton, director of the gymnasium, reports that something good may be expected of this year's "gym." team. He states that the men composing the team have already been chosen, and that constant and effective practice has been kept up for six weeks. The list below includes the names of the men on the team, and those of us who know the boys know also that some good athletes are to be found among them:

R. L. Holroyd, Jr., captain; Ayers, Anderson, W. N., Carson, Cauthen, Heinitsh, Herlong, Hutto, Geo., Johnson, Mann, Moore, W. M., Montgomery, Nelson, Sims, R., Sims, S., Sprott, S., Sprott, J., Thompson, Weber, and Wharton.

TENNIS TOURNAMENT.

The State inter-collegiate tennis tournament was held this year at Clinton, the Presbyterian College of South Carolina entertaining the several representatives. The tournament continued through the 15th, 16th, 17th and 18th of November. Wofford was represented by F. C. Beach in the singles and Beach and B. M. Asbill in the doubles. Beach won from Irving, of Clemson, in the semi-finals, but later was so courteous as to let Fulton, of the Presbyterians, be the winner before the singles were all played off. Fulton took the cup for the singles, Beach and Asbill defeated the representatives from both Clemson and Furman in the doubles, and consequently were in the finals with Waring and Waring, of Carolina. This college won out in the doubles.

Thus it is seen that while our representatives took neither of the cups, they made a very creditable showing. The situation is very encouraging indeed. Wofford will be the host of the tournament next year, and all are confident that Beach and Asbill will take at least one of the cups, if not both.

LITERARY SOCIETY OFFICERS.

The following is a list of the society officers for the next term:

Preston—President, C. E. DuPont; Vice-President, D. M. Turbeville; First Critic, L. G. Gage; Second Critic, A. L. Humphries; First Censor, J. M. Barr; Second Censor, C. H. Witt; Third Censor, J. C. Harmon; Recording Secretary, H. N. Folk; Corresponding Secretary, J. T. Monroe.

Calhoun—President, W. Y. Dillard; Vice-President, B. D. Alexander; First Critic, P. H. Thompson; Second Critic, R. H. Whitlock; Third Critic, L. M. Rice; First Censor, Vernon Shell; Second Censor, R. R. Nickels; Recording Secretary, L. C. Wannamaker; Corresponding Secretary, L. J. Stillwell.

Carlisle—President, H. Hucks; Vice-President, W. D. Hutto, Jr.; First Critic, N. R. Smith; Second Critic, D. P. Wannamaker; Third Critic, D. W. Galloway; First Censor, J. M. Cudd; Second Censor, R. H. Coleman; Recording Secre-

tary, P. B. Yarborough; Corresponding Secretary, G. H. Hodges.

PERSONALS.

Among the boys who spent Thanksgiving at home were Stillwell, Harmon, Hardin, Darwin, Whitlock brothers, Stalworth, Mosely, Wood, Kay, Hill, Anderson, H. B., Walker, W. A., and Walker, J. R.

Prof. E. K. Hardin spent Thanksgiving at his home at Clover also.

W. M. Turbeville, of Clemson, came over to Wofford to spend his day of thanks with his brother, D. M. Turbeville, of the Senior class.

J. M. Barr, of the same class, has a brother from Clemson, also, to pass the holidays with him.

Charley Jones, of the Freshman class, who was injured some time ago on the athletic field, is rapidly improving, and will soon be back in college.

R. L. Cox, of the Junior class, who, on account of typhoid fever, could not enter in September, came in the first of December. Friends and classmates of Cox are glad to see him back on the campus.

Prof. M. "Mase" Crum, '09 class, and principal of the Fort Mill High School, spent Thanksgiving with his brother, G. M. Crum, of the Junior class. "Mase" will always receive a royal welcome from his scores of friends at Wofford.

Dr. Snyder and Prof. Hardin represented the college at the South Carolina Methodist Conference which met at Charleston this year.

L. G. Gage, of the Senior class, with his little brother, George, spent Thanksgiving at Greenville with relatives.

Y. M. C. A. DEPARTMENT

J. W. Cunningham, Editor.

Mr. Hounshell, student volunteer secretary, was with the Y. M. C. A. on the 6th and 7th of November. He addressed the student body in the chapel on the 7th, and a large number of the boys heard him again that night in the association hall. His talks were great, and added much to the mission spirit on the campus. Mr. Hounshell appealed to the boys for more thorough study of missions, and emphasized especially the great need of college men, filled with the spirit of God, to go to those fields which are ripe and waiting to be conquered for Jesus Christ. Mr. Hounshell endeared himself to Wofford boys during his short stay on the campus.

Mr. W. B. Abbott, secretary of the city association, addressed the Wofford Y. M. C. A. on Friday night, November 25th. Mr. Abbott, as is always the case when he is announced to speak, had a large crowd out to hear him. Mr. Abbott always speaks on some subject that a young man is interested in, and presents it in such a way that it does not sound like advice.

On Friday evening, December 2d, the Student Volunteer Band conducted the weekly meeting. Addresses were made by several members of the band. Mr. Hodges spoke on the great need of evangelical workers in the foreign fields. Mr. McDowell presented the educational side and made a strong plea for more of our most talented men to enter this work. Mr. West gave us his reasons for volunteering, and Mr. Dibble explained the declaration card.

Carpenters began the work of remodeling our hall last week, and the work will be pushed rapidly. Already there is quite a difference in the appearance. Just as soon as the carpenters can finish their work new seats will be placed in the main auditorium and the furnishings for the other two rooms will be put in. The cabinet and committees hope to have the hall finished by the end of the Christmas holidays.

ALUMNI DEPARTMENT

T. H. Campbell, Editor.

CLASS 1904.

Of this class, E. L. All is a lawyer in Birmingham, Alabama. Mr. All took his law course at the University of Virginia and graduated with first honor in a class of two hundred members.

W. Coke Ariail is superintendent of the Liberty Graded School, and has made a decided success as a teacher. In college, Coke was the champion whistler, and quite recently had a flattering offer from a New York gentleman to go to the metropolis and perfect himself in the art of whistling.

Power W. Bethea is superintendent of the Allendale Graded School. Mr. Bethea was one of the most scholarly men of his class, and is now engaged in writing an algebra. In this, we understand he will have the assistance of Prof. J. G. Clinkscales.

W. D. Burnett is a commission merchant in Spartanburg. As a business man "Jerry" is no less popular than he was as a student.

L. E. Cannon is a mail carrier in "The City of Success."

S. F. Cannon is a broker in Spartanburg. In the business world, "Simp's" energy is proverbial. To his college friends that is no surprise.

T. L. Cely is at the head of a large mercantile enterprise at Anderson, S. C. Loyd is as handsome as ever, we are told, and quite as popular with the ladies.

Miss Olive Chapman, now Mrs. Setzler, is the mistress of a happy home at Whitney, S. C.

O. M. Chapman, after teaching two years very successfully at Johnsonville, Williamsburg county, turned his attention to the study of medicine and is now a successful practicing physician.

N. T. Clark gave up teaching after three years, and is now

numbered among the successful farmers of Spartanburg county.

I E. Curry has been a member of the Lander College faculty since he left college. We are told Prof. Curry is now in very bad health.

A. C. Daniel, Jr., is at the head of the Honea Path school. "Chalmers" was the gymnast of his class, and was in charge of Wofford's gymnasium three years after he graduated.

W. M. Fair was until recently cashier of the Elloree Bank. On account of failing health, he resigned that position and is now farming.

C. B. Goodlet is in the U. S. mail service. When in college, "Claud" knew every train by number, and not infrequently could give you the number of its engine. When the train failed to show up on time, he generally went down to investigate. Tradition has it that he more than once cut his class for that purpose.

Edward King Hardin, one of the two preachers furnished by this class, is now professor of psychology and the Bible at Wofford. Mr. Hardin was the largest man of his class, stands today six feet two in his socks, and tips the scales at 260.

W. C. Herbert is in charge of the school at Timmonsville. He is considered one of the best school men in the State.

J. P. Lane is superintendent of education for Dillon county.

T. O. Lawton is farming in Hampton county. "Tommie" is said to be as good looking and as charming of manner as ever.

E. C. McWhirter is a successful merchant at Jonesville, S. C.

C. L. Smith is a missionary in Brazil. "Claud" was the tall man and artist of his class. Those who knew him best expected nothing but the best reports of his work in South America. They have not been disappointed.

Miss M. V. Tarboux, the daughter of Dr. Tarboux, of the Brazil mission, came back to her father's alma mater for her education. After graduation, she returned to her home beneath the Southern cross.

On November 23d, Charlie B. Burnett died at the home of his father, near Cross Anchor, Spartanburg county. No member of the class of 1900 was more popular than "Home-run" Burnett, as he was known, not only on the campus, but throughout the State. He was a first-class student, a great ball player, and withal a gentleman. Genial, kind, sympathetic and irrepressible in spirit, he is respected and even loved by college boys that never had the pleasure of seeing him face to face.

Rembert K. Hayes left college with the class of 1901. Returning to his father's home in Marion county, Rembert took charge of the entire plantation, and in a few years was recognized as the most progressive agriculturalist in that section of the commonwealth. Rembert was a leader in every movement looking to civic improvement and a leader in the church as well. On September 30th he died of typhoid fever. Wofford's faculty and Wofford's men who knew him mourn the death of one of the institution's noblest sons.

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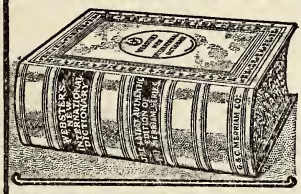

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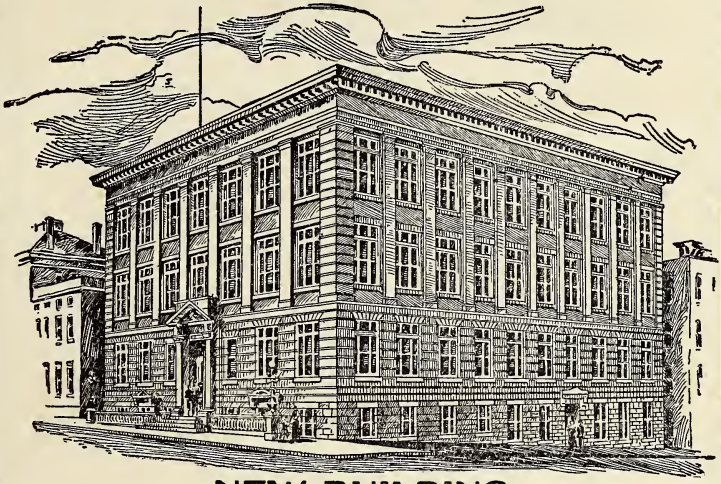

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Wofford College Journal

LITERARY DEPARTMENT

H. M. Snyder, Editor.
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The Mysteries of Solemn Thought

G. R. F. CORNISH.

No word can shape, no language form
The mystery of a solemn thought:
Swift on its arrowy flight 'tis borne
Unlooked for and unsought.
The abysmal gulf that lies between
The soul and dim eternity
Is leapt across in sudden flash
That breaks its calm serenity.
One moment doth the soul feel free,
Unfettered by these earthly ties;
One moment heaven's gorgeous way
Is open to the dazzled eyes:
Then all is bleak and dark and drear,
And grovelling still we move,
And seek, like beasts, the loathsome mire,
While doubts the vision soon disprove.

An Adventure in the Mountains

Late in October, while tramping through the mountains on a hunting trip, my friend and I got separated while chasing a wildcat. The day was damp and a mist of rain had been falling since we left camp at six o'clock in the morning. Darkness was fast approaching, and I had soon to find a place to spend the night which gave signs of a downpour of rain and intense cold. Crossing the ravine up which I had come, I ascended the top of the hill. Away toward the west, about a mile, I saw a cabin, and from the chimney the smoke rose above the surrounding hills and thick pines. I immediately fixed the direction in my mind, and determined to go at once in search of a shelter. A little after dark the gleam of a dim light through the cracks of the rudely constructed cabin of logs told me I had been successful in my search. Approaching the cabin, which was deeply surrounded by small pines, with a background of tall, bare oaks, I reached to rap on the door after stepping upon a large stone used as a step. In answer to my knock a middle-aged woman, who wore a calico dress, and whose face was almost hidden by an old-fashioned bonnet, opened the door. I told her that I had lost my way in the deep forest, and the weather did not permit my sleeping in the open. In reply, she said that her husband was not at home, but would be back in a short while—in the meantime I might come in and warm.

The house had but two rooms. The one in which I was seated was furnished with three chairs, a bed and a few dingy prints from the newspapers hung on the wall. Over the door was a long shotgun, and below hung the powder horn and shot pouch. In one corner lay several hides, but I was not able to ascertain from what animals they had been taken. By this time I was satisfied that I was in the home of a hunter, a child of nature, and whatever else, I was yet to learn from the husband of the home, who had now entered the door.

I rose to my feet while his wife explained the nature of my visit. All the while the man had carefully looked me over

from head to foot, and must have concluded that, at least, I was a harmless man. Consequently, he said that they were poor people and never had much company, but they would try to keep me for the night, adding that it was not safe for any honest man to be alone in the mountains on such a night.

After sitting some little time before the open fire, I soon saw that neither man nor wife were given to much talk, and I said little, except to speak of the weather. It was now a little after nine o'clock, and without formality or ceremony I was shown into the adjoining room, where I was to sleep. The one little brass lamp was given to me until I had retired. One bed, a table on which were the dishes, and a chair without any back to it were the furnishings of my chamber.

Soon I was in bed and felt that I might enjoy a good night's rest. The rain was falling heavily on the outside, and I soon found myself dozing. The next minute I was wide awake. Had I been dreaming! I had heard distinctly a very peculiar noise in the next room, and one that I did not fancy in the least. I was not sure of its nature, but it made my blood run cold and a chill creep up my spinal column. Rising to a sitting position in my bed, I discovered streams of light coming through the crevice in the door, which was made of planks set upright and nailed together. After creeping to the door and drawing close to the opening through which the light came, I could see almost all of the other room. Near the center two men were seated on the floor. Between them was the remnant of a grind rock. Each held in his hand a long knife, which he was briskly sharpening, and at the same time talking in a low tone. Occasionally one would lean close to the other, and while speaking would feel the edge of his blade. Well, I cursed myself for not bringing my rifle. Instantly the thought came to me that I had used the last cartridgt of my Colts at the fleeing feline. I stood for some time watching the movements of the two men.

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I was at the mercy of my circumstances. Before I had pitied my partner alone is the forest, but now I would gladly have exchanged places with him, because I had already seen that to try to escape would be in vain. At last, forgetting the cold, I threw myself across the bed. Thoughts rushed into my brain thick and fast—thoughts of home, mother and father, brother and sister, and of all my foolish notions of adventure. Then came the happy thought of two weeks before, when I stood on the porch at the home of the dear little girl, when she laughed at my hunting trip and my many wild and varied experiences of two weeks in the mountains. I never realized before how much life meant to me—it was really worth living after all.

I had almost forgotten the seriousness of the situation. Soon, however, I was again at the door. The weapons were now ready. The grind rock had been removed. The fire now lighted the room. The two men with long beards, coarse features, and heavy shoes, had taken chairs, still holding their knives as if waiting the signal for execution. I determined to dress myself and face the situation as best I could. When dressed I decided not to leave the door, but stand close and watch the two men. Finally they got up, walked to the rear of the room, and began to take up the planks of the floor. I counted one, two, three, were taken up and pushed under the bed. Then the two men got down on their knees and each put his hands into the open place. After some little time I saw them lift a big black hog from the place of concealment.

The Recent Political Disturbance in Portugal

C. H. WITT.

It is strange how soon we forget our geography. Until recently probably very few of us knew anything definite concerning Portugal. But when we noticed in the newspapers the accounts of the political disturbance going on there some of us took the trouble to hunt up our maps and histories and find out something as to the size, situation and history of the little wine-producing country to the west of Spain.

Portugal is a very small country, having an area of only about 36,000 square miles, and, although nearly half of it is barren, supports a population of five and a half million people. The history of Portugal is romantic. Probably no country in the world ever gained its independence in such a manner as she gained hers. In the year 1140 a band of Portugese and a band of Castilians met in a tournament. If the former overcame the latter in the tournament, Portugal was to be allowed peacefully to withdraw from the union with Castile, but if the Castilians proved themselves superior Portugal was to remain united with Castile. The Portugese won in every contest, and thus Portugal gained her independence.

During the early years of Portugal's history she was continually fighting the Moors. But by the year 1266 the Moors were confined to the kingdom of Granada. From that date until the beginning of the fifteenth century there was a period of comparative quiet. In the early years of this century, however, under the leadership of the beloved Prince Henry, the Navigator, she came to the forefront. Her navigators became the most famous sailors in the world. Among these sailors must be mentioned Bartholomew Diaz, who in 1486 reached the Cape of Good Hope, and Vasco de Gama, who in 1498 completed the work of reaching India. Among others, Columbus and Magellan, although they sailed under the Spanish flag, were by birth Portuguese. Not only in discoveries in the New World, but also in commerce with the Old World, Portugal took the forefront. Her sailors knew every sea and every land. Even Japan, the hermit land, opened her ports to them.

By these activities Portugal became exceedingly rich. But misfortunes were at her door. In 1580 there were no indisputable heirs to the throne. So Philip of Spain made sure of his claim by invading and conquering the country with thirty-five thousand soldiers. His rule was very tyrranous. He established monastery after monastery and burdened the people with taxes for their maintenance. Portugal, under Spanish rule, lost all her trade to Holland and sank to a very low posi-

tion among the nations of the world. In 1640, however, under John the Restorer, she won her independence of Spain, and since then has continued in close alliance with England.

A little after the French revolution Brazil and Portugal became jealous of each other and Brazil withdrew herself from Portugal and became an empire. Portugal, like Brazil, is largely a Catholic nation. She long continued under the influence of that Church; but about 1841 the Portuguese people became disgusted with the extravagance connected with the monasteries and with the flagrant immorality of their inmates and over eight hundred were dis-established.

During the last few years the debt of Portugal has been increasing and, despite the fact that the country is poor and has a population of only five and a half million people, the debt now amounts to $800,000,000. Lately disaffection has become so widespread that only a few days ago the revolutionary party gained the upper hand and dis-established the monarchy and established a republic.

Senhor Theophile Braza, the well known savant, poet and authority on Portuguese folklore, was chosen president. The order of the new government has been good. Among the first acts of the new administration was the announcement that the laws of 1759, 1767 and 1834 against the Jesuits would be enforced. With the aid of the fleet, troops and armed citizens of Lisbon, it is hoped the new government will be able to preserve order.

There is certainly need for something to be done. The fact that King Emanuel and the Queen Mother Amalia have fled and have neither been recognized by any European power nor have themselves attempted to regain their lost kingdom is evidence that the idea of re-establishing the monarchy is out of the question. How well the party in power will succeed depends on their ability. Theirs is a hard task. They will have many enemies to contend with. In the first place, there is danger of a split among the divisions of the Republican party, and in the next place the people at large have so long been

held down by both government and church that, with their taste of freedom, it will be no easy matter to govern them, and in the last place they have evinced the mob spirit which was so characteristic of the days of the French Revolution. The destiny of poor, oppressed Portugal is in the hands of a few well-meaning, but probably little experienced men. All depends on their wisdom.

Converse's Little Hat

(A Parody.)

R. E. M., '12.

"Converse had a little hat
  Added to her apparell?"
"Little hat!" Oh, hully gee!
  It's bigger than a barrel!

Converse had a little hat—
  It cost a little porchun (fortune);
And men who saw it said it was
  A damnable aborchun.

If Converse had a little hat,
  The chances are that she
Has a lot of peroxide hair
  She wants the men to see.

Converse may have had
  A little hat, but still
I'll bet that there was nothing
  Very little to the bill.

Converse had a little hat—
  But there! I'm really grieved—
There's no use finishing the poem;
  It will not be believed.

But we can make a little guess,
  And come within a mile;

When Converse had that little hat
Big ones were not in style.

Or maybe this thought will explain
About that "little hat"—
It only seemed small when compared
With the "Verse's" nifty "rat."

In Great Tribulation

(The following story was related by an old time negro in the Great Pee Dee bottom lands at time of the high water in August of 1908):

"Well, boss, you see dis heah is de way it wuz. Right dere back of my house is de riber an' it kep' right on risin' day an' night, yes suh. But den dere wuz a dam 'tween my house an' de riber dat had always hold de watah in hits banks; so me an' Dinah—dat's my old 'oman—jus' stayed on in de house 'pending on de dam ter do hits dues.

"But Lawdy! did hit keep dat watah out? No, suh. Hit kep' right on risin' till all at once hit busted 'bout fifty foot outen de dam right agin my house. Lawd, chile, dat wuz a time. Why, suh, in no time de watah wuz wase deep to me an' de old 'oman in de house. Well, I seed dat want goin' ter do; so I jus' told Dinah we bettah git from dere, 'cause de han' of de Lawd wuz 'pon us. But bless yo' soul, when I looked for my boat whar hit wus tied at de do' hit wus busted loose and gone too. Well, what wuz we ter do?

"All kinds of idees 'gin to whirl 'round in my head. I looked out and seed a little high place in de dam dat want covered wid watah and me and Dinah jus' scrambled over dere de very bes' way we uns could. And dere we uns stayed, too, boss, yes suh, we sho did. But de watah, hit kep' right on risin', day an' night, day an' night. Scared, you say? Yes suh, we uns sho' wuz scared in a mannah to death, dat we wuz. And we hold prayer meetin' mighty regular too. Git hungry? We uns never put one bite ob rations in our heads in three days and three nights; no suh, we sho never.

"By en by, Sadday evenin' come and de watah wuz still risin'. Sez I, 'Dinah, our time is come. De cold, chilly watahs of Jordon am creepin' up on our foots. De deep, chilly watahs of Jordan am goin' to cover us up. But den, Dinah, you 'member how de Lawd sent Moses wid de ark to carry de Israelites over de Red Sea. So He can—stop dere, old 'oman,' sez I, 'what dat I see comin' 'round de bend? Why hit's Cap'em Carragen comin' wid de big ferry boat to carry his po' niggers over to de big house. Ah! ha, ha, ha.' "

The Deserts of the "Annaniasses"

CHARLTON SHELL, '14.

"Man, she's a beaut. Her equal has never been found. She knocked me clean at first sight. She can draw my payroll all right, all right. Got a date for tonight, too, um-m-m. Wouldn't you fellows love to meet her? I reckon not, nix; not by me."

The other two fellows glanced up disinterestedly. They didn't care. Willie was always crazy about some girl or other. Let him go.

Willie came back that night flushed and troubled. He couldn't call again for a week. Previous dates. Oh, fie! But the next day Jack came home elated. He had met the prettiest girl in the world. Willie's goddess! She wasn't in it with his queen. But, singularly enough, he came back hollow-eyed and troubled. He couldn't call for a week on his girl.

The next day Charlie met a certain girl. Guns, but she was pretty! And although he went out that night, he didn't tell the other fellows. He came back moody and troubled. And he couldn't call for a week. Then suddenly an idea seemed to loom up in the distance. He knew that they were all crazy about one girl. The other fellows didn't know it. He had the best chance.

As the weeks went by, each became confident. Jack and Willie manifested their good spirits. Charlie kept mum. Jack and Willie made bets of twenty dollars. Jack bet he would

win his girl, because she was "clean wild" about him, he knew. Willie knew his girl. She would follow in his train. Moreover, he would bet Jack didn't win his girl. Jack bet the same on Willie's girl. Altogether there were forty dollars up. Charlie didn't even gobble.

None of them had yet proposed. Jack declared that he would propose on his next call. Willie declared the same in a confident tone. Charlie secretly made up his mind to do the same.

That night Jack told Miss Kathleen how a friend of his had bet on the heart of the girl he loved as if on a card. Such a thing would never tempt him. He reverenced the woman he loved above all things. How Willie could have done this he didn't know. But would she be "his'n?"

Miss Kitty had been undecided as to whom to accept, Jack or Willie. For Charlie had never even intimated that he cared for her except as a friend. She was disgusted with Willie. She accepted Charlie.

The next night Willie told a tale of his reverence for the girl he loved, and his disappointment in finding out that a friend of his, Jack So-and-So, had bet on the girl he loved. Kitty saw that both Jack and Willie were lying. But she determined to get even. So she accepted Willie also.

When Charlie called the next evening and proposed, he told her nothing but that he loved her. He had decided that that was the best plan. Kitty saw that he told the whole truth. She accepted him for good.

Meanwhile the "old man" had been getting "sore." He thought that too many young men were coming too often to see Kitty. He told them one by one to stay away. Each begged her by the "scented page of prose" to elope with him. After consideration, she determined to elope. A day or so later Jack received this note:

"Dear Jack: Do not fail to be at the foot of the east veranda at 10:30 tonight. You will have to wear girls' clothes over your suit. Do your best to look like a girl. At ten-thirty

walk around to the front steps, not before, for a second. Follow these instructions implicitly for my sake. Goodbye till tonight. "Kitty."

Through the same mail Willie got a letter to the same effect, only he was to be at the foot of the west veranda at the same time.

Charlie got a note asking him to be at the back door at ten o'clock sharp, without any disguise.

Willie and Jack went to different places during the day getting the necessary "stuff" to make them appear as ladies. Charlie did nothing but sit at home. That night at ten he knocked quietly at the back door. Kitty led him in.

"We're not going to elope," she informed him; "I've a plan."

The "old man," by the way, was a great joker. If you tickled him he would do anything for you. Kitty and Charlie knocked at his door. He glared wrathfully at Charlie but said nothing. Then Kitty told him the whole affair and the joke she was playing on the lying suitors. As the "old man" ceased laughing Charlie "axed." The "pater" consented on one condition—that he be allowed to see the fun. Without undue consideration, his request was granted.

At ten-twenty-five two people, women apparently, sneaked into the lawn from different directions. At ten-thirty both stealthily made their way to the front steps. Just across the walk each saw the idol of his affections. "O, Kitty darling," each cried, as he took her in his arms, each trying to cover the other's face with kisses. They were suddenly attracted by a roar from above. There in the window, with Kitty and Charlie just behind him, stood the "old man," howling with laughter. Then each realized.

As suddenly as they embraced, so suddenly they parted. They sure did "go some!" To the "old man's" disappointment, they got away too soon. When they got home they admitted certain things to one another. Bets had cancelled—but the girl had gone to Charlie.

A History of Dorchester

W. JAY MCGARITY.

Some one has said that "history is a methodical record of important events which concern a community of men; a learning by inquiry; a knowledge of events, so obtained." In the December number of THE JOURNAL we gave the result of a hurried search of the facts about the "Early Settlement of South Carolina." We do not claim to know anything about the history of our State save that which others have handed down to us. Ours is "a learning by inquiry; a knowledge of events, so obtained." It is appalling to know how little our people know about the history of their State. Why is such the case? We shall not attempt to answer this question now.

In this article we shall present to you, though not very "methodically," some facts that have been gathered here and there about old Dorchester. How many of us know just where it is? The ruins of the old fort are on the banks of the Ashley river, about twenty-two miles from Charleston. The ruins of the fort and the crumbling tower of St. George's Church and a few tombstones are all that can be seen of the once flourishing town of Dorchester. As we view the spot now we can hardly realize that one hundred and fifty years ago there lived here nearly two thousand people. No one can now define the exact limits of the town. Its site is an open field. We are told that there were two principal streets, "one running north and south and terminating at the fort; the other running east and west and having St. George's Church at its eastern extremity."

The town of Dorchester owed its existence to a small colony from Dorchester, Massachusetts, who came to Carolina in 1695, about twenty-five years after the first English settlement under Governor Sayle. This colony, under the leadership of Rev. Joseph Lord, set sail from Boston in December, 1695, and arrived at Charlestown the same month. Early in 1696 they selected the present site, in a horse-shoe bend of the Ashley river. As was the rule or custom with most early

settlers, "one of their first cares was to build a place of worship; but their first communion service was held under the boughs of a spreading oak." There were other settlers scattered here and there in this part of the county, and a still larger number between this point and Charlestown. The colonists purchased a large tract of land, which amounted to about four thousand acres, and it stretched as far as the present city of Summerville.

The little town grew and flourished very rapidly, and in less than twenty years it had nearly two thousand inhabitants. In the town there was a free school and a circulating library. In 1719 the Episcopalians built St. George's Church. The present ruins of the graceful Gothic tower indicates the spot where stood the little meeting house.

Dorchester soon proved to be unhealthy, and the settlers moved away. In 1752 or 1753 about half of their number, with their pastor, Rev. John Osgood, who was a native of Dorchester, went to Georgia. The town existed about fifty years longer, and then passed out of existence.

Of the ruins the old fort is the most conspicuous. At a distance it resembles stone, but it is built of "tabby," which is a mixture of lime and oyster shells. Just how long the fort has stood there no man knows. There is no known record of its construction. Some say that "it was built by the Spaniards before the English occupied the country; others, that it was constructed by the early English settlers as an outpost against the Indians."

Fort Dorchester has its history to boast of. Both Marion and Moultrie at one time commanded the fort, and from Moultrie's memories we find the following:

No., 1775.—"Information having been received that the Scaffol Lights were coming down from the back country in great force to carry off the ammunition and public records that were lodged at Dorchester, I received orders to send reenforcements immediatly to that place."

He was mindful of the "public records"; they must be pre-

served. Then in 1779 Gen. Moultrie wrote to Gen. Lincoln: "I have halted troops at Dorchester, where I intend to form my camp, ready to support you."

William Gilmore Simms in his "Partisan" says: "Dorchester is a name—a shadow. The people are gone; the site is distinguished by its ruins only. The owl hoots through the long night from the old church tower, and the ancient woods and the quiet waters of the river gave back, in melancholy echoes, his unnoted cries. The Carolinian looks on the spot with a saddened spirit. The trees crowd upon the ancient thoroughfare; the brown viper hisses from the venerable tomb, and the cattle graze among the clustering bricks that distinguish the ancient chimney-places. It is now one of those prospects that kindle poetry in the most insensible observer. It is one of the visible dwelling places of Time, and the ruins that still mock, to a certain extent, his destructive progress, have in themselves a painful chronicle of capricious change and various affliction. They speak for the dead that lie beneath them in no stinted number; they record the leading features of a long history, crowded with vicissitudes."

"Sweet flow thy waters, Ashley, and pleasant on thy banks
The mossy oak and mossy pine stand forth in solemn ranks;
They fringe thee in a fitting guise, since with a gentle play,
Through bending groves and circling dells thou tak'st thy mazy way,
Thine is the summer's loveliness, save when September storms
Arouse thee to the angry mood that all thy face deforms;
And thine the recollection old which makes thee proudly shine,
When happy thousands saw thee rove, and Dorchester was thine."

My Journal

C. B. H., '12.

On an evening dark and dreary,
As the rain did gently fall,
As the wind did slowly murmur
Through the oaks and pine trees tall;

I was pondering o'er my journal
In the firelight's gentle glow,
Thinking of that lovely maiden,
Whom of all I best did know.

As my thoughts did slowly wander
O'er the days recorded there,
To my mind there came a vision
Of that maid so bright and fair.

Once again I stood beside her,
As in days now gone, now passed;
Once again I felt the presence
Of that lovely country lass.

O'er the hills and over streamlets,
Through the meadows bright and gay,
We again did run together,
As in days now passed away.

Once again we found the partridge
With her little brood of young;
Once again we stopped and listened
To the songs the wild birds sung,

Picked again those hidden flowers
In the cool and mossy dell,
Gave the *four* unto the other
Which unbounded love did tell.

But alas! those hills did vanish,
Vanished meadows bright and gay,

Birds and flowers, and gurgling streamlets,
From my eyes did pass away.

Are those days fore'er departed
From those hills so far away?
Will we ne'er again together
O'er those hills and meadows play?

Yea! again with her I'll wander,
When the summer sun doth shine,
O'er those hills and o'er those meadows,
Once again she'll all be mine.

Vivienne

"As I look back on it now, I remember that I saw her standing there at the end of the wharf, when I rounded the black-and-red buoy. She wore a military cape of a dark blue material, and I noted how well her dark hair matched the vivid red lining. I was casually interested, for it was not a common sight, that of a girl on a wharf on a bleak November day. Imagine my surprise when I mounted the steps leading up to the pier to meet her standing at the top.

"Do you take passengers?" she asked. I was about to say "no," but there was something so striking in her manner that I replied:

"Yes, ma'am, sometimes."

"Well, I would like you to take me for a little trip around the fort."

"All right, ma'am; but I have a little business to attend to up the street, so we'll not be able to start before five-thirty."

At five-thirty sharp I was back on the wharf, but she hadn't come. Fifteen minutes passed, and I had about come to the conclusion that the mysterious lady was failing me, when she appeared at the top of the steps with a maid and two suitcases.

"I am awfully sorry if I have kept you waiting, but I couldn't get here any sooner."

At half-past six we passed the fort and I was about to turn around and go back when I felt her hand at my arm. She anticipated my question. "Take me somewhere, anywhere, away from the city, away from the world," she pleaded; "and don't ask any questions. I know I appear unreasonable to you, a perfect stranger, but if you have any human sympathy, any pity, do what I say."

Her face was deathly pale, and her thin, and for the moment, colorless lips were quivering. But her eyes!—beautiful violet orbs—pleaded more than words, for in their depths were all the pathos and suffering of a wounded fawn.

I was amazed. What did she mean? Who was she? These thoughts and many more rushed through my brain. My whole soul seemed to respond to her pathetic entreaties. I knew of no place except my own where she would be free from harm. But what would Marion think of my bringing this total stranger home with me? Marion was my aunt, although only a few years older than I. She had taken care of me from my infancy. But I couldn't resist the stranger's pleading. How girlish she seemed, standing there searching the very depths of my soul with those tender eyes. I merely trusted to Marion's big warm heart and said:

"All right, I think I know of a place where you will be safe."

Her thanks were scarcely audible. She sank down exhausted on the cabin seat and resumed the silence which she had formerly observed.

At ten we turned into the creek leading to Kiawah, the little island surrounded by marsh and the sea, on which my bungalow was situated. Up to this time I thought continually of the mysterious lady, wondering who she really was, and what had driven her to this desperation. Now as I was nearing home, for the first time the full force of what I had done struck me all at once. Was I treating Marion right? Marion, to whom I owed more than to anyone else in the world? Yet I couldn't resist helping this beautiful stranger. I nerved

myself to the highest pitch and determined to face it out. The appeal in her violet eyes was too strong for me.

Soon we were at the wharf and on our way to the house. Marion met us at the door.

"Let me introduce Miss—Miss"—

"Smith," the lady added.

"Miss Smith to my aunt, Miss Fenweld."

Marion shook hands cordially but glanced inquiringly at me. It was just for a moment, but in that short space I reproached myself a thousand times for bringing this girl home with me. Miss Smith was shown immediately to her room and did not come down again that evening.

After supper, while I was enjoying my cigar before the huge Dutch chimney in the study, Marion slipped in and sat on a low stool beside me. I looked at her rather guiltily, for I knew that, at first, she was displeased. She looked at me a long, long time, then said:

"Do you love her, Bobs?"

"You foolish thing; you know I don't."

"That's all very well, but Marion thinks different. Anyhow she's a perfect dear, and so soft and pretty. You ought to have heard her tell me about the trip. The poor child wouldn't say anything at first, but I put my arm around her and she began to cry. Then I knew she was all right. She said that she thought you were just an ordinary boatman, because of your oil-skins, or she never would have come with you. She was very much surprised to learn that you are Mr. Roberts Fenweld, author of 'Carmen,' etc."

"Oh! do cut that out! What did you tell her that for?"

"Well, I told her anyhow, and she seemed greatly impressed. I am sure we will get on all right, but isn't it strange, Bobs, the whole thing?"

She kissed me and stole off to bed.

I was sincerely glad that Marion had taken to the lady. What Marion said about my being in love stuck by me—I couldn't get over it. I in love! Never! Maybe I hadn't

met the right girl yet, but I had met so many that I thought were the right ones and who turned out to be the wrong ones that I was dubious of ever meeting my affinity and felt myself ordained to be a bachelor. Why should I want to marry anyhow? Wasn't I happy in my own home on my own beautiful island, with an income sufficient for my meagre wants? Of course I was happy. I hadn't always been happy. Every time I think of those first long years of struggle when my "Carmen" was turned down and I was practically starving it makes me shudder. Ah! I appreciate this wealth that has come. But the girl—what about her? How long would she stay, and why, in the first place, did she wish to come? Then I thought of the tender hold which this frail girl had wound about me. It was in the wee small hours when I finally retired.

The next morning, when I returned from my visit to the duck-ponds, I found her sitting in my study absorbed in Browning's "Pippa Passes." She did not hear me when I entered.

"Good morning. You're up early."

"Oh, do excuse me; I did not mean to trespass, but I noticed this beautiful copy of 'Pippa Passes' and I couldn't resist the temptation to glance over it. It is so true to Italian life." Here she stopped abruptly and colored, then continued, "You see Browning is my favorite poet."

"Do not consider yourself trespassing; we shall get on famously, I'm sure. I am, too, a great admirer of Browning, and we shall strike up a friendship on that score, if on nothing else." And so our conversation continued.

As the days rolled by this girl was always with me. She became a part of my life. We spent many pleasant hours on the beach and in the study. I found her almost indispensable as a critic, for she had such a splendid insight into human nature. I was puzzled, and the more I puzzled, the more tangled I got about her past. I knew this much. I loved her and proposed to tell her so shortly. Every now and then a

spell would come over her, and she would grow listless and dull. Then I knew she was thinking of her past, and it maddened me to think that I knew so little of her. I was certain that whatever trouble she was in now was not her fault.

One night Marion, the "lady," as I called her, and myself were sitting in the study before the fire. Suddenly the light went out and Marion left for some reason—intuition, I suppose, I have never found out. I looked at the lady; she was gazing intently into the red coals. The room was filled with a subdued mellow light, which made her look bewitching. Her violet eyes, with their jet-black fringes, seemed the picture of all that is lovable. I felt a thrill speed through me, and almost impulsively I sprang from my chair and stood before her in a second. Without hesitation I took hold of her hand and said: "I don't know who you are, and don't care, but I do know that I love you and want you to love me."

She gazed at me a second and drew her hand away, then sobbed. "Oh, don't; I can't, I can't; no, I can't." And with that flew out of the room.

I was hurt, deeply hurt. What did she mean by "No, I can't; I can't." I could not help feeling that she loved me, for I seemed to read it in her every action. I felt that it was some horrible thing of her past life that kept her from returning my love. I felt as if I were trying to move a mountain—the thing was always present with her and tormented her day and night, and now it began to torment me, too. I resolved right then that I would get to the root of the matter and fight it out. She had never revealed her identity and had made me promise not to ask her any questions. I hadn't, but I determined to find out something, but just how I didn't know.

The next morning she did not come down for breakfast, and Marion said she wasn't feeling well. This troubled me greatly, for I hated to be away from her even for a day. I went over to the neighboring island on business, and was just returning into the mouth of the creek when I noticed a launch slowly creeping up ahead of me, as if feeling her way. I was

soon alongside and hailed her, but could get no response from the man at the wheel, who seemed absorbed in steering. I didn't recognize the boat. I waited at the wharf for her to come up, for I knew she was going to land there, as mine was the only wharf on the creek. Presently she came up, and a dark-haired man of a powerful build came up the ladder, followed by two men of the sailor type.

"Mr. Fenweld, I believe; my name is Florio."

"Pleased to meet you, Mr. Florio. Won't you come up to the house."

"Thank you, sir."

On the way he told me that he had been on Bailey's Island hunting, and had stopped in to see if I could let him have some gasoline. I told him I would be pleased to, and sent one of the men back to fill his tank.

We went into the study, and I offered him a cigar. Our conversation drifted along hunting lines, when suddenly he stopped short and handed me a legal paper. It was a warrant for the arrest of Vivienne Florio, wife of Count Florio. I asked him what on earth did I have to do with that. He laughed and said:

"Oh, just give her up. She has been over here long enough," and with a wicked gleam added, "And don't try to make any trouble either; look behind you."

I turned to face two guns pointing at me. Florio stood in front of me in a leisurely, half-amused manner, and drawled out:

"You search the house; I'll take care of Mr. Fenweld."

He had me covered. I was trapped, but I blurted out:.

"You cur! You won't find her here; she left this morning." I was bluffing, of course.

"Oh, that won't go with me, signor; I know she is here; I have known it for a week. Quite a clever trick of Vivienne's."

Just at this moment Vivienne came into the room. She was as pale as a ghost, but said in a firm tone:

"It's no use, Roberts, Dominic has caught me. Leave him alone; I'll go with you."

The count wheeled around, and as he did I caught him under the jaw with my left fist. Then everything turned red.

The first thing I remembered when I awoke was Marion's anxious face peering over me. Yes, I was in my own room, with the large window looking out to sea. I was all bandaged up, and at first I couldn't account for it, then all at once I remembered. It seemed a terrible nightmare—the count, Vivienne's drawn face. Oh, it was horrible. But how was Vivienne? Did he get her? I asked Marion a thousand questions, but she wouldn't answer any of them. She plead with me with tears in her eyes not to ask her, for the doctor said that if I was excited it might bring on a relapse. I promised her that if she told me how Vivienne was I would not trouble her any more.

Day by day I grew stronger. I thought continually of Vivienne and made Marion promise over and over that she was really safe. One night I was restless and lay with my eyes half closed. I suddenly became conscious that someone was bending over me. It was Vivienne. I reached out, but she vanished. Was it a dream? In my dream I would see her, now mocking and now calling me.

The next morning I told Marion all about it, and demanded to see her or I would get up and hunt for her. She promised that I should see Vivienne the next day. Then she told all about the affair, which was substantially this.

When the count turned around I struck him, and the pistol discharged in his breast, but the bullet went through and lodged in my neck, for it was at very close range. He was dead and Vivienne was free. She was the daughter of an American banker of international repute. He was anxious for her to make a foreign marriage and had almost forced her to marry the handsome Count Florio. He turned out to be a brute, and she planned to leave him. In the meantime

her father died and left all of his money to her. She wouldn't let him have any, and managed to escape to New York on a launch in which were some of her American friends. From New York she came to Mobile. There she thought that she would be safe, but he tracked her there, for he wanted her money. She had planned to drown herself, but when she saw me coming up in the launch she thought that she might induce me to take her home with me and let her stay with my family, for she took me to be a light-house keeper. The warrant was a fake one, and I would have no trouble in proving that he came to his death by his own hands. The two men with him were overpowered by some of the negroes on the place and sent to Mobile.

That night I purposely lay with my eyes barely closed. About ten I heard Marion go out and some one came in. It was Vivienne. She was looking down into the fire and the red glow added a mystic charm that words cannot describe.

"Vivienne!" I cried. She started.

"Vivienne, don't go; please don't go again. I've seen you often and you always leave me. Don't let this be another dream."

She came and knelt beside me. I placed my free arm around her neck and drew those tender lips to mine. This was no dream.

For Her Sake

W. O. TATUM, JR., '11.

Those who knew Frank Legare best have often wondered why he pardoned Joe Kennedy, thus destroying all hope of further political success. All of us agree that this came at a very opportune time for the opposition, but few realize the cause or respect the feeling of N—'s one time most popular governor. It is in justice to him that I make public the reason, as near as possible in the words it was told me.

As in all mysteries, there was a "woman in the case." It was during Frank's sophomore year at the college at M— that

he met Maud Linwood, a student at the fashionable female institution in the same place. He fell in love with her at first sight, and during the remainder of his college course was a constant visitor at her college. But Joe Kennedy, a classmate of Frank's and a rival for all college honors, had fallen in love with Maud also. From the first her preference had been for Frank, and when he left in June to accept a government position in the west it was with her words: "I love you—I love you," and her promise to marry him when she had finished college ringing in his ears.

Joe Kennedy had received an offer to teach in his college town, and thinking it would give him an opportunity of being near Maud, he accepted. For two years he taught there, and every one noticed his constant attentions to the fashionable Miss Linwood and her growing love for him. At the same time she wrote every week to Frank, who was winning favor with the people out west, and whose every thought was of "her" who some day would be his wife. During these two years she never mentioned Joe's name in her letters to him, always leading him to believe that she would some day live with him. Having no idea that he would accept, she sent him an invitation to the commencement exercises of her senior year.

But Frank had remained away long enough, and thinking to surprise her, he went back East and was on the front row in the great auditorium the night she was to receive her degree. At the reception that night he tried to find Maud, but heard that she had gone off with Prof. Kennedy. Just as he started to leave a note was handed him which read:

"Dear Frank: I am going to be married to Joe. Guess I should have told you of this sooner, but had no idea you were going to return. Please pardon me if I have treated you wrongly. Sincerely, Maud Linwood."

"P. S.—Will you call on me tomorrow at 10? M. L."

Hardly believing what he had read, Frank returned to his hotel, thinking it all a cruel mistake, and believing that on

the morrow when he called on her all would be explained. But when he called the next day she told him that she did not love him, and that in the course of a few weeks she would be the wife of Joe. Frank's last words to her were: "I release you, in obedience to your request, but the time will come when you will be sorry. I have known Joe Kennedy longer than you have, and I tell you now that you will regret the day you promised to be his wife. And, though he seems to have it all his way now, the time will come when Joe Kennedy will bow to me and I will be a cruel but a just judge."

Frank Legare returned to the west, and after twelve years of hard work he had been elected governor of N—. The event of which I spoke in the beginning happened near the close of his second term as governor, and just at the time when the people were talking of sending him to the United States Senate.

It was late in the day when Governor Legare received a note signed "Maud," asking him to come to No. 812 Lumber street, as she was in trouble. It was from her lips that he learned the pitiful story of her life after marrying Joe Kennedy, and of the trouble he had been through. Joe was now in prison serving a sentence for manslaughter. She was in need; there was no one to look after her. Would he pardon Joe? When he saw the need and misery of the home he could not stand it, and going back to his office, he signed the paper, thus pardoning the one whom he hated, setting free the one whose downfall he would have enjoyed, thus casting away all political ambitions for the sake of the one woman that he loved.

Dreaming

Once I sat in the dim twilight,
  Bringing visions back to light,
Of past memories long forgotten,
  Till sweet sleep obscured my sight.

Then I enter into dreamland,
  And my visions clearer shine,

For I think I'm in the highland,
  With my sweetheart's hand in mine.

Then the same old country mansion,
  With its lawn so fresh and wide;
Facing this the apple orchard,
  With a forest on each side.

Through this forest we are strolling,
  Till in weariness we rest
Near a babbling brook that's rolling
  O'er the stones that break its crest.

Again I think of my confession,
  Wonder how I am to start,
Agitated, frightened, trembling,
  With a wildly beating heart.

Yet I start, but become speechless,
  And her face all blushes red,
For she reads in my confession
  Everything I would have said.

Slow I gained my self-composure,
  And eagerly toward her bend,
Ask in tones of slowest accent
  If her silence means consent.

"Yes," she answers, rather coyly,
  "If silence can a question ask,
Silence then, of course, can answer
  Everything that silence asks."

Then I was so very happy
  That my eyes would not stay closed,
So I straightway stopped my napping
  And found I'd into dreamland dozed.

Ralph Waldo Emerson

A. W. AYERS, '12.

For seven generations the fathers of Ralph Waldo Emerson were ministers, and he, too, was naturally expected to become a preacher. Although his father died when he was eight years old, Waldo's education was kept up with the hereditary end in view. At the age of fifteen, in 1817, Emerson entered Harvard, where he worked his way through. While there he was considered as one with a little less than the average ability. He did not devote much time to his college work, but rather pursued an irregular course of reading. He mingled little with the boys, and was inclined to hold aloof; however, he regreted his social defects.

In 1829 he began preaching, but the creed being too narrow, he drew out of the ministry in 1832. In this year his first wife died. After traveling some in Europe, he married again three years later and settled in Concord, Mass. The remainder of his active life was spent lecturing in American and abroad.

Emerson expressed himself in three ways: lecturing, essays and poetry. As a lecturer, he was calm and easy, his manner very dignified and deliberate; he had no humor. His audiences were always small; those who heard him said they could remember nothing definite of what he said, but that they felt exhilarated and there was a buoyancy in their very spirits from seeing and hearing him.

What is the value of his essays? Who has read his "Nature" and has not felt that after all there was a great inspiration in nature? His essays do not possess that fiery spirit of controversy as if he wanted to prove what he said. There was, it is true, opposition to his ideas, but he disregarded all this and wrote what he believed to be true. As he himself said: "Seeing whatever I can, and telling what I see." We admire the firmness with which he holds his ideas; he does not say, "It might be this," but he deliberately says, "It *is* this." When a man expresses himself in such a definite way, we cannot but choose to believe there is much truth in it. It

is also true that many of his ideas were not original, but were copies of the Greeks; yet he as an American gave them to us as Americans.

Let us consider for a moment his poetry. Few of us can appreciate:

"Held the old Oracles
Ponder my spells;
Song wakes in my pinnacles
When the wind swells."

Few can appreciate it, because few have stopped to ponder the spells of nature. How many really believed Emerson when he said that nature recites

"Of Fate and Will, of Want and Right,
Of man to come of human life,
Of Death and Fortune, Growth and Strife?"

We cannot see all this in nature, because nature is too deep and we are not willing to apply ourselves to discover these truths. We think that if we walk in the fields occasionally and are not inspired, there is nothing in nature. Walk every day, ponder, think, contemplate, compare—that is the way Emerson lived his life so high and ideal.

But Emerson's life, what does it teach us? "What an incentive is a pure life!" That is its value; it is an incentive to seek the higher and nobler. Mathew Arnold said of Emerson that he was "the friend and aider of those who would live in the spirit." Emerson lived close to nature, and, therefore, close to God; his life was without the taint of wordliness. Indeed, he knew little of conducting business. We cannot live a life like his, but we can walk with him beside Walden Pond and see nature through his eyes and study God with his mind. Yes, he still lives in his essays and poems; we can see that solitary figure standing in the night himself, yet pointing upward to something bright and saying to the ambitious: "Hitch your wagon to a star."

A Promise that Was Broken

It was far past the midnight hour when Dr. Mayfield was aroused from his reverie. He had been sitting in his room for several hours, gazing into the fire that was burning low. He had been out all the afternoon in the driving snow and sleet, and when he found himself by the fire again he was overcome by drowsiness. He had not slept, for his mind had wandered back twenty years ago, when he was in early manhood. Then it was he knew the only girl he had ever loved and who had meant so much to him in life. He had loved and had been true to her, and he thought she returned his love with the same sincerity; but at last she had found another, and all his hopes and plans of happiness were ended.

It was during his four years as a student of medicine that Mabel Stansell has ceased to love Jack Mayfield. They had been lovers for several years, especially his last years while finishing his A. B. at ———— College. He had gone away to the university with a light heart, ever trusting in Mabel's love. He could not believe that she would ever be untrue to him, and, as he kissed her good-bye before leaving, she promised him when he returned she would be waiting for him, while he, as he gently pressed her to his heart, whispered, "God bless you, my child!"

Jack had studied hard at the university, and at times he felt despondent, but he would brighten up when he remembered it was all for "her" sake.

He finished at the end of his four years and left for his Southern home. But all his hopes were banished when he reached home and found that Mabel did not care for him any longer. It was then that the young doctor decided to leave his beloved home to seek his fortune in the Western States. He was very careful not to let any of his friends know the cause of his departure, but deep down in his heart he realized that he must leave his home and go somewhere, where he could bear his sorrow alone.

The young doctor's heart was broken—all his plans for the

future were blighted, but he resolved, whatever befell him in life, he would make a man of himself. He settled down to the practice of medicine in the far-away city of Los Angeles, California.

He was young and inexperienced at first, but soon overcame these difficulties. There was one thing he could never do again—he could not put confidence in another woman. He had been deceived in love, and now all affection for woman was dead. Only one pleasure was left him, that of sitting alone by his fireside and thinking of a girl that he once loved twenty long years ago.

So it is we find Dr. Mayfield sitting by his lonely fireside, thinking of the days gone by. He is not young now—the hand of time has placed her print upon his brow, and his once black hair is stained with streaks of grey.

The doctor was aroused from his reverie by the ring of the telephone. He was called to 139 North Washington street to see a patient. He buttoned on his heavy overcoat and started out on his errand through the falling snow and sleet. It was not far, so he decided not to worry with harnessing his horse, but to walk. He had no trouble in finding the desired number, and soon found himself in a room of one of the city hotels. Before him, on a bed in one corner of the room, lay a sick woman, now past middle age. He saw at a glance that life with her was only for a short time. As he came closer he recognized in the face that lay back on the pillow the girl that he once had loved. She at the same time recognized him. He turned as if to leave the room, but duty called him back. Giving what aid he could by easing her suffering, he sat down on the edge of the bed and gently placed one of her hands in his. His heart seemed to beat faster at the touch of her hand again. Soon she began to tell him of her past life—how her husband had been untrue to her, and of his death a short while before that time. At last her voice grew weaker, and the doctor saw that life was fast ebbing. A few moments longer and she was gone. As she drew her last breath, she

looked up at him with a smile and he bent low his head, while a tear trickled down his careworn face, and placed a farewell kiss upon the cold, frozen lips.

She was gone—but he had done his duty. Readily would he have changed places with her, for he still loved her, but it was too late now, and his sorrow was only deepened.

Walter Brooks Abbott

The following is a clipping, taken from the Spartanburg Herald, containing an account of the meeting of the student body at Wofford on hearing of the death of Mr. Abbott, and also a copy of the resolutions drawn up by them deploring his untimely death:

"To show their gratitude and appreciation of the interest and friendship with which Mr. Abbott always met them as student on every occasion, the student body of Wofford assembled at the chapel yesterday afternoon at two o'clock and contributed liberally for a floral offering as an expression of the high esteem in which the deceased was held by them. In connection with this also, a motion was made and carried that a committee be appointed by the president to draw up suitable resolutions, expressing gratefulness for the very pleasant relations which always existed between Mr. Abbott and Wofford since he came to Spartanburg, deploring his loss to the community and extending to the bereaved family their deep sympathies. Included in the motion, too, was that a copy of these resolutions be sent to the family, and that one be published in both the WOFFORD JOURNAL and Spartanburg Herald.

The committee appointed to draft the resolutions and also to select a design for the floral offering were M. S. Lively, chairman; J. L. Glenn and L. J. Stillwell. C. E. DuPont, chairman; T. C. Crane and W. V. Dibble were appointed as a committee to take charge of the floral offering after it was prepared.

"The committee drew up the following resolutions:

"Because: God, in His infinite wisdom, has seen fit to take

from our midst into His eternal reward one of our best and most sympathetic friends, Walter Brooks Abbott, and,

"Because: The deceased was always so kind and generous to us, one and all, on every occasion, both public and private, responded to our calls with such cheerfulness, and met us always with his characteristic cordiality, his happy, sunny smile; therefore, be it

"Resolved, First, That we have sustained a great loss in the wholly unexpected death of one possessing such never ending optimism, which could not fail to inspire us to better things and cause us to determine to face our duties with more cheer and faithfulness;

"Second, That we deeply deplore the sudden passing of a man so influential for everything good in the community of Wofford and Spartanburg;

"Third, That we extend to the bereaved wife and family our deepest and most heartfelt sympathy in this their sad bereavement;

"Fourth, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the sorrowing loved ones and that one be published in both the WOFFORD COLLEGE JOURNAL and Spartanburg Daily Herald.

M. S. LIVELY, Chairman,
J. L. GLENN,
L. J. STILLWELL,
For the Student Body."

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EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT

The Old Year and the New

Old year, you have gone from us. We would be ungrateful for the many days of joy and gladness, of success when it was unmerited, should we not pause to say farewell. You have brought your hopes and aspirations. You brought, too, fanciful visions, which, like the mist of an early morning, faded quickly away and returned into the realms of unreality from which they came. With you came many sorrows and disappointments. These were bitter, but no doubt have left us stronger men and women. And so, old year, we bid you a long farewell.

New Year, we greet you. We are glad to bid you welcome. Yet it is with a feeling of awe that we attempt a surmise at what you may have in store. We are now surrounded by friends and happy companions; no harm seems near. But, no doubt, you, too, have your days of darkness; almost certain

it is that ere you shall have grown to old age and passed away, you will have brought to us hours when the cold waters of despair will almost overwhelm us. We will remember, though, New Year, that you will respond to our treatment of you and will be largely what we make you. And we now resolve to make you the very best year of our lives.

The Annual

Some time ago the student body decided to get out an Annual this year. There is every promise that this will be one of the best ever gotten out at Wofford. Last year's Annual was a success in every way, but the Annual of 1911 will excell that of 1910, if the Annual spirit among the boys counts for anything.

The Annual has behind it an able staff. They are enthusiastic over the outlook. Work has been going on for some time, and things are in splendid shape. The present aim is to have the Annual come from the press earlier than it has formerly done. Already subscriptions have been taken and the pictures are now being made.

This publication is by far the most popular gotten out by the college. No student can afford not to stand by his college annual or to refuse to subscribe to it. To make this Annual the best possible success, the entire student body must give it their support. They must give, not only their subscriptions, but they must write for it, draw for it and boost it, always boost it. We are confident that the staff will give us something very creditable, and we wish them pleasure and success in their work.

College Students as a Privileged Class

As college students, we are given to regarding ourselves as a privileged class. In a sense, this point of view is correct. Not that we are privileged in that we are, or should think of ourselves as better than those less fortunate ones who cannot attend college, but privileged in

that we have the great, broad vista of opportunity, with all its fertile and inviting fields thrown open to us. In the good old days, when children in school, we were one with, and thought ourselves no better than our classmates; and, though a smiling Providence has made it possible that we may drink deeper at the Fountain of Knowledge and catch a broader, grander vision of the world and of life, we are no better today than they, save in that we are, or at least should be, better prepared to fight life's battles. The man with a college training should have a telling influence in whatever community he may be thrown, but his education is in vain if he fails to use his influence for the benefit of all his fellowmen.

W. B. Abbott

Yesterday, January the ninth, the Wofford boys lost one of their best friends. Sitting at his desk in the city Y. M. C. A. building, attending to his duties one moment, the next he was ushered into eternity by the discharge of a pistol in his own hands. It seems cruel. Why this genial, noble man should have been taken from us and from the town is and must remain one of those mysteries which only eternity can reveal. To experience but once that warm hand grasp we boys knew so well, was to love him forever. He loved Wofford, and Wofford loved him as she loved perhaps no other man who was not connected with her.

Some one has said that "behind the darkest cloud there is always a silver lining." While this, our dear friend, is gone from us, still his influence cannot die. We may never again see his smiling face, never grasp his hand, nor hear again that rich, manly voice speaking to us, but we Wofford boys shall always remember him as a great and good man, a great man who thought us worthy of his personal notice and love. Surely the confidence and love of such a man should be an inspiration to every man who possessed it.

EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT

C. H. Carlisle, Editor.
R. L. Meriwether, Assistant Editor.

During the Christmas holidays many exchanges have come to our table. Our only regret is that we have neither time nor space in which to review them all. For they are all excellent magazines. It is always a good plan to have something extra for a special number, but it is also true that some of our exchanges should try to improve those numbers which come out every month. The great need is for more material, rather than for better, for as a rule the material in college magazines is good. But by no means should the quality be neglected.

The College of Charleston Magazine for December is an excellent issue, containing four good stories and two poems. The stories all deserve special mention. The opening poem, "Pessimistic," is well in keeping with its title. "A Narative of Facts" is a well written and interesting story of a trip into the forests and of happenings on the trip. "Captain Kilpatric of the Fourteenth" holds our attention from start to finish. We are charmed by his heroic endeavors to recapture the lost fortress. We are just at the height of our admiration for the brave leader when the writer ends his story with an item from the recorder's court announcing that Michael Kilpatric was tried for leading a band of strikers against a factory. "A Ray of Hope" is not very good, but gives us a ray of hope that the author may do better next time. "The Craziness of Smith" is a good story and illustrates the proper way for a spirited freshman to take part in game of hazing. The best story in the magazine is "Was I Sane or Not?" It is the story, told by himself, of the actions of the man after being crazed by injuries in a football game. The story is almost worthy to have come from the pen of a Poe.

The Limestone Star is a neat little magazine and contains some very good reading matter. "A Christmas Melody" is a beautiful story and well told. We see how a bright and loving baby girl brought back to the heart of a lonely man the joy and gladness which it had lost and gave to him a new interest in life. "The Origin of Christmas Celebrations" is an interesting sketch of the customs and festivals from which we get our method of celebrating that festival. The article shows much thought and study of the subject, as does also "The Madonna in Art." "The Sad Lady" and "A Christmas Exchange" are both excellent stories. The poems in this magazine are both below the average set in college magazinse, but show promise for better in the future. The editorial department is very good indeed.

The Furman Echo is among the best magazines that has ever come to our table. We read it not only with a sense of duty but at the same time with a feeling of pleasure. The magazine shows that students at Furman are interested in *The Echo* and give it their best efforts. The magazine contains three fine poems and two essays, both of which show interest and much study of the subject. The five stories are all far above the average story found in college magazines. Furman should be proud of her story writers. We wish to mention specially "The Secret." This is one of the best short stories we have seen in any magazine anywhere. The editorial departments, too, are very strong.

The Winthrop College Journal is another magazine that shows the interest of the student body. The December issue reflects great credit on the institution which it represents, and deserves much praise. It contains two good poems and several very readable stories. But in it, like in most of our December exchanges, the essays are conspicuous by their absence. The editorials in this magazine are not up to the standard.

The Ward Sentinel is an excellent little magazine. Although it contains but eighteen pages of literary matter, every line of it is well worth reading and a credit to the college from which it comes. However, we miss the poems and essays. The editorials are good.

The following are the exchanges that have come to our table during December: *The S. P. U. Journal, The Randolph-Macon Monthly, The Erothesian, The William and Mary Literary Magazine, The Davidson College Magazine, Chimes of Shorter, The Palmetto, The Reinhardt Mountaineer, The Mercerian, The Criterion, The Georgian, The Aurora, The High School Student, The Emory and Henry Era, The Ocksheperida, The Lenoirian, The Erskinian, The Pine and Thistle, The Chronicle, The Newberry Stylus, The Carolinian, The Trinity Archive, The Wesleyan, The Bessie Tift Journal, The Kodak.*

CLIPPINGS

A MATCHLESS DISCOVERY.

I thought I saw a rosebud pure and sweet,
With Eden's blush and heaven's breath for me;
I stooped to pluck the flower at my feet,
And found therein a honey-sipping bee;
I saw the virture of its angel-wing,
I felt the viieness of its demon sting.

—*Southwestern University Magazine.*

Professor—How dare you swear before me?

Student—How in thunder was I to know you wanted to swear?

Intrepid Traveler—Yes, sir; I shot the leopard on the spot.

"Which spot?"

CHUMS.

Said the boy, "I wonder whether
You and I could have some fun."
So they both went off together,
The boy and the loaded gun.

INSULT UPON INJURY.

"And to make matters worse," complained the employee who had been blown up by a premature explosion in a rock quarry, "when I claimed damages, the foreman called me a blasted fool!"

A Freshman stood on the burning deck,
And as far as we could learn
He stood in perfect safety,
For he was far too green to burn.

"Hear about young Staylate?"

"No, what about him?"

"Well, he went calling the other night and stayed too long. The girl tried the usual method, looking at the clock, but it was no use, so finally she rang the bell, and her mother sent in a plate of breakfast food."

As a countryman was sowing his ground, two smart young fellows came riding that way, and one of them called to him with an insolent air:

"Well, honest fellow," said he, "'tis your business to sow, but we are to reap the fruits of your labor."

To which the countryman replied: "'Tis very like you may, for I am sowing hemp."

TO MY BEST GIRL.

"This life is a burden, and weary the day
When you are not near me to brighten the way;
I never am happy unless you are nigh,
But please keep your hatpin from out of my eye."

Fresh.—Where are the bath rooms to be in the new dormitory?

Soph.—It's a Freshman house, and there won't be any bathrooms; they are going to put in vacuum cleaners.

"Why don't you go to the dance tonight, Harold; haven't you any flame?"

"Yes, dad," said the Harvard student, "a flame, but no fuel."

THE CALL OF THE DEEP.

Oh, to be on the face of the boundless deep,
With the wind and the waves and the ceaseless sweep
Of the water that leaps and flows and whirls,
With a surge phosphorescent and glitter of pearls;
To be far away from the sordid shore,
To be far away from the deafening roar
Of the city that lives in its sin and its guilt:
In its sins of hate, of greed and of gain,
In its sins of inflicting needless pain,
In its sins of pride, of pomp and of power,
In its sins and guilt that stain each hour—
But let me be on the trackless deep,
Where God and His angels their watches keep,
Where God in His truth and purity
Shall reign for all eternity;
And in the end there let me sleep,
Within the bosom of the deep.

—*Davidson College Magazine.*

LOCAL DEPARTMENT

Matthew S. Lively, Editor.

CHRISTMAS EXAMINATIONS.

The "Grade Barometer" registered lower during the recent fall term exams than it has in several years—certainly lower than any student now in college had experienced before. There were more flunks and fewer good grades made than is altogether creditable. Boys failed in studies in which they felt confident of making a good mark before their papers were graded, and some made only a "pass" on studies in which they felt jubilantly sure of a first grade. Some of the results are distressing, and many of the boys in every class are seriously seeking where the trouble is. During the entire fall term it was a common fact known among the boys that better and more effective study was being done in each class than had been noticed, at least, since the entrance of the present senior class. For that reason they are all the more disappointed over the average showing made. What is most gratifying to every one, too, was the high principle and fine manhood which characterized the actions of every man through this examination period.

But why could not better grades have been made? The examinations in every department were all reasonable, and only a few of the questions could have been considered ambiguous. We believe the trouble was this: A great many of the boys were so sure of being correct in their answers—so confident of their knowledge of the question under discussion—that they did not answer it as fully and as accurately as they otherwise would have done. They took it for granted that the knowledge of some part (probably important part) of the answer would be understood by the instructor in charge. If such is the case, the fault is all ours. It is constantly "rubbed in" to us that we must be accurate—nothing must be taken for granted,

"One of the prime purposes of a college training," we are told from week to week, "is accuracy."

We shall TRY to remember that when the March period of exams comes. After March comes June and commencement, and we trust by the time the "finals" are over the faculty shall have entirely forgotten this December record.

CAMBRIAN NATIONAL GLEE SINGERS.

A large and appreciative audience was present at the Wofford chapel on Thursday evening, the 5th, to hear the Cambrian National Glee Singers. This club came as the fifth number of our Lyceum cource, and measured up to the high standard which has characterized every number that has appeared from time to time. Prof. Gamewell knows what will please and instruct the Wofford students; has studied the Spartanburg audience thoroughly, and never fails to secure an attraction that is more than satisfactory to all.

No better or more enjoyable entertainment has been given here than that furnished by the Cambrian Glee Singers. It was "some thing different" from anything we have had yet, and was a real musical as well as artistic treat. The singing was delightful and the long programme was doubled with encores. The repertoire included monologues, humorous songs, impersonations and dramatic recitals—suitable for all classes of people and for any occasion. The club possesses excellent individual voices, well trained in ensemble work, and the entire entertainment was given with artistic finish and expression. Mr. Alf. Thomas, the humorist of the company, was simply great, one of the best, indeed, we have ever seen, and his imprsonations contributed much to the enjoyment of the evening.

PERSONALS.

Due to the fact that much of Prof. Hardin's time is employed with his church work at Rock Hill, Dr. Wallace is now teaching Sociology, and after the first of February Prof. Rem-

bert will have charge of the Psychology. Prof. Hardin will remain in charge of the Bible classes.

Capt. H. N. Snyder, after being absent on a two months' visit with relatives at Memphis and Nashville, is again at home. "Grandpa" possesses a most genial, happy disposition, and his many friends among the boys are only too glad to see him back on the campus.

At the request of Bennett, business manager of the Annual, the members of the senior class will all have their pictures made at Bernhardt's studio by the twentieth of this month. The class historian and prophet and the literary editor of the Annual are also preparing their work for the Annual. The staff are striving to make this the best one ever published at Wofford.

M. M. Brooks, W. V. Dibble and C. E. DuPont, ministerial students of the senior class, have assumed regular church work in connection with their college duties. Brooks is showing his "parsonality" on the Williamston circuit. Dibble is frightening the chickens down on the Greenwood circuit, and DuPont promises to combine both of these characteristics up about Waynesville, N. C.

P. M. Hamer, of the junior class, has returned to college, after being out several weeks with typhoid fever. Hamer ranks first among his classmates, and his friends are glad to see him back.

Prof. J. B. Peebles spent the Christmas holidays with his homefolk in Virginia.

Prof. and Mrs. Gamewell spent Christmas with their daughter at Meridian, Miss. Mrs. Gamewell has not yet returned.

Charley Jones, of the freshman class, who has been out of college since the early fall, due to an injury received on the athletic field, has resumed his school duties.

Much to the regret of his many friends and classmates, T.

C. Easterling, of the junior class, has withdrawn from college. Tom is a fine fellow, and we hope to see him back on the campus next year.

Junior Ellerbe to Soph. Keller: "Keller, what is the meaning of the word 'Terpisichorean'?" Keller: "It's a polite term for college."

Editor of the local department to Junior Rice: "Rice, give me a joke for the JOURNAL." Rice: "Put your picture in."

Extracts from Senior Turbeville's expense account during his freshman year: " Sept. 18th, to rail rode fair, $4.99; Sept. 18th, to matrokalation fie, $10.00; Sept. 20th, to appules, .05; Sept. 26th, to furniter for room, $3.10; Sept. 26th, to Gem shoes, .75."

Y. M. C. A. DEPARTMENT

J. W. Cunningham, Editor.

CHRISTMAS SERVICE.

On Friday evening, December the 16th, there was held a Christmas service. Mr. Dupnt read that beautiful passage in St. Luke's gospel telling of the birth of the Christ child. Then Prof. E. K. Hardin gave us one of his timely and helpful talks, exhorting us to be true to our trust, overcoming the many temptations that come to us during the examinations. After a prayer, the boys joined hands and formed in a ring while they sang "Blest be the Tie That Binds." Our fellows were in the midst of examinations, so there was only a few present, but those who were so fortunate felt bountifully repaid for the time they lost from their work.

BUSINESS MEETING.

The first Friday night service after the Christmas holidays was in the form of a business meeting. Reports from the different committees were heard, and from the reports the association is in fine working order. The chairman of missions, Mr. Hodges, reported the mission study classes in a flourishing condition. Mr. Campbell reported the addition of several new members. The reports were on the whole very encouraging.

SPRING PROGRAM.

Mr. Crane, vice-president of the association and chairman of the devotional work, has prepared an interesting program for the spring term. He is planning to give the Y. M. C. A. quite a treat in the form of a series of lectures. The first lecture will be on "Truth"; then one on "Impurity." The subject of the next will be "Service," which will be followed by the fourth and last on "Freedom." He has not announced the speakers for the various subjects, but they will be the best that can be had.

Following the lectures and as an opening of the new hall, the association will give its annual spring reception. This is quite a "swell" affair, and is looked forward to with a great deal of pleasure by the boys. There is always a large number of charming ladies present, and for the maiden-shy fellow, refreshments are served.

The Wofford Y. M. C. A. is planning to send a large delegation to the South Carolina Volunteer Union Convention which meets at Winthrop, February 17-19. The State secretary says "the different speakers secured make promise of a very strong program." All those who can possibly attend should do so, for Winthrop will entertain royally and great good will be derived from the gathering of volunteers from the different colleges of the State to exchange ideas.

As is the custom each year, a series of revival services will be held in the near future. Our association should begin to pray more especially for this meeting and that the spirit of God might move and shake the very foundations of the spiritual life of this college. For we are told that He is "able to do exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think."

A few other spring numbers are "clean sports day" and a debate on a live subject by Y. M. C. A. members. We will have to congratulate the Y. M. C. A. on having such a fine program in view, and we feel sure that it will add a great deal of interest to the association's work.

ALUMNI DEPARTMENT

T. H. Campbell, Editor.

CLASS OF 1905.

The first name on this class roll is D. C. Anderson. "Claud," when in college, was a ladies' man of no small pretensions and no mean accomplishments. Rather delicate, he sought outdoor employment, and when last heard from he was working for the Southern Power Company.

J. M. Ariail—Prof. Ariail now—is superintendent of the Lancaster Graded School. "Milton" parted his hair in the middle with deathless tenacity, hated mathematics, but in the language departments took every medal in sight. He taught at Bishopvile one year, and there found a wife.

A. D. Betts, the *dynamo* of the class, spent three years in Northern universities after leaving college, taking the M. A. degree at Princeton. "Albert" was never still, never tired, never unemployed while in college. At the last session of the South Carolina Conference the Rev. A. D. Betts was assigned to Conway station. Presiding over that parsonage home at Conway is a bright New Jersey woman.

J. W. Boyd is a barrister in the city of Spartanburg. "Jess'" popularity is attested by the fact that he is one of Spartanburg's representatives in the Legislature now in session.

M. W. Brabham was short of stature but a live wire. "Billy" was a great ball player, a general favorite with the boys and with the girls, and is today a successful merchant at Bamberg, S. C.

J. B. Cantey is farming near Summerton. "Ben" can indulge his fondness for horse flesh to the full. He drives a blooded horse or nothing, and has recently taken unto himself a wife.

H. B. Carnes, the persistent man of the class, studied law, but has not yet begun the practice of his profession. He is a successful teacher and has the loyal support of a faithful wife.

Vanoy Cleveland, sometimes called "Vanooski," was the historian of his class. He was quiet, modest, but thoughtful, and is engaged in cotton manufacturing.

M. A. Connolly is the leading dentist at the bustling town of Woodruff. "Bish" had the reputation of being the strong man of his class. Testifying in the mayor's court one morning as to how he knocked down an obstreperous coon the evening before, he said in all seriousness: "Your hinor, I could have done it much neater if the scantling had been eighteen inches shorter."

L. A. Duncan, "Sorrel-top," was the tall man of his class. He was genial and popular, and is succeeding in the business world.

E. C. Dye, the short-cut heavyweight of the class, is like Connolly, pulling teeth. Dye married before he became a doctor.

W. L. Glaze, Jr., is in a bank in Orangeburg, S. C. "Bill' loved ball next only to his sweetheart, and was one of the greatest fielders Wofford ever had.

J. H. Hamel is in the newspaper business at Kershaw. "Jim" was brought up in a printing office and is true to his taste and training.

James Kilgo is practicing law at Darlington. That he will succeed as a lawyer his friends have no doubt.

R. O. Lawton, "Bobby," is a Methodist preacher. The first year after graduation he assisted Dr. Snyder in the English department. Wofford has had few more popular instructors.

L. A. Manning is an insurance man and lawyer at Latta,

S. C. Albert has been to Europe since he graduated, not to study, but just to see the folk and—things. And he saw 'em.

Morris K. Meadors is teaching in North Carolina. Morris was as modest as a girl and could blush on short notice, but, we are told, he makes a most excellent school man.

R. C. Oliver was the first man of his class to get married. When last heard from "Rob" was going toward the Gulf. He had stopped to teach a while in Alabama or Mississippi.

C. C. Robbins and H. W. Robbins, brothers, are engaged in the livery business in Gaffney, S. C.

H. C. Robertson is now doing some research work at Johns Hopkins University. "Clarence" graduated at the age of seventeen, and enjoys the distinction of having won his Ph. D. degree at Hopkins by the time he was twenty-one. Certainly the youngest Wofford man that ever took the doctor's degree anywhere.

J. A. Roland, the blushing man of the class, after trying one year in the field of pedagogy, turned his attention to business and is successful in Laurens, his home town.

W. D. Roberts is one of the very successful teachers of the State. He is now at the head of the Clio High School.

W. H. Smith was his name, but to the boys he will ever be "Buck Swamp." As a banker at Latta, his home, "Buck Swamp" is a success, and his college friends are not surprised. They expected it.

J. G. Stabler is a leading lawyer at St. Matthews. "Jake" is honest, honorable, and a man of native dignity. He will succeed; has succeeded.

J. P. Stockman is the largest farmer in Greenwood county. He read law, but not to practice it—he has no time for so

small a thing. His planting interests and manufacturing interests demand all his time, and more.

F. P. Tatum was a member of Dr. A. B. Cooke's last European party, and nobody enjoyed that trip more than Frank did. Frank is one of the leading business men of McColl, S. C., and is still a bachelor.

L. P. Walker, Jr., is a broker in Spartanburg.

C. P. Wofford is a practicing attorney in "The City of Success." Charlie recently married, and looks much happier than the average barrister.

L. Q. Crum was not a member of this class, but received the A. M. degree at their commencement. Mr. Crum is a lawyer, but finds it hard to break away from the schoolroom. He is principal of one of the Columbia schools, and is considered one of the strongest school men in the State.

J. E. Edwards, of 1900, also took the A. M. degree with Mr. Crum. Mr. Edwards took his medical course at the Chicago University and is today among the leading physicians of Spartanburg.

Three Wofford men have recently received appointments of signal honor: J. P. Smith, '84, has been commissioned by an English company, at a compensation of $1,000 a month, to investigate their oil field holdings in Russia. Dr. Smith is a Ph. D. of Gottingen and professor of Palacontology in Leland Stanford University, California. He is an authority in his special field of research, and when this English company needed an expert they had to come to him. Giles L. Wilson, '88, performed his duties as State bank examiner so efficiently that the United States government has called him into its service as a national bank examiner. The press of the State has borne testimony to the fact that, though the government has gained, the State has lost an exceedingly intelligent, satisfactory public servant. Dr. S. Marion Tucker, '96, (Ph. D., Co-

lumbia University) has been called from the chair of English in the Florida State College for Women to a similar position in Adelphi College, Brooklyn. Three books have been recently published, the products of Dr. Tucker's scholarship—Selections from the Poetry of Byron, Macaulay's Essay on Warren Hastings, and Hale's A Man Without a Country.—*Southern Christian Advocate.*

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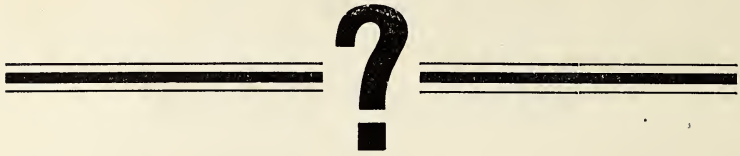

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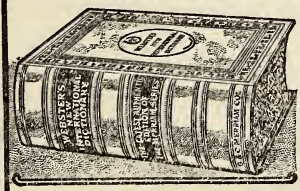

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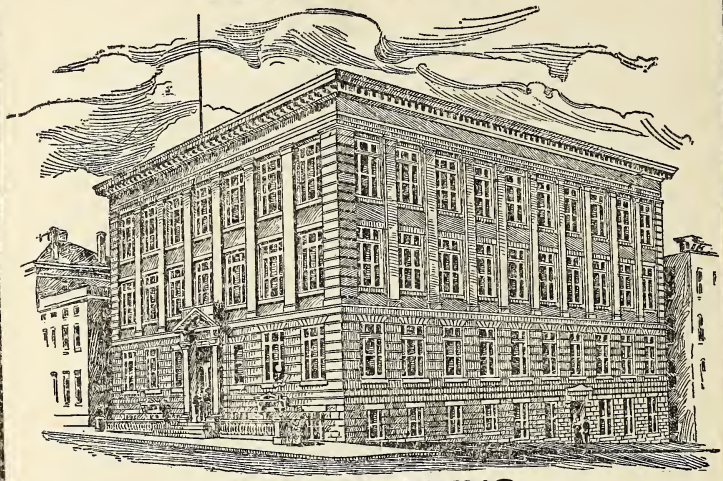

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Wofford College Journal

LITERARY DEPARTMENT

H. M. Snyder, Editor.
D. W. Galloway, Assistant Editor.

Oh! What is Life?

Oh! what is life—this ceaseless beat
  I feel within this frame,
And whither goes this inward soul
  When death shall claim the same?

Is it that it, too, must pass
  Into that silent grave,
To wither, fade, and never rise
  From out that phantom cave?

Or will that life beyond the grave
  From sorrow and care be free,
Or shall the troubles of this life
  Bear record there for me?

Oh! that I but only knew
  How this fleeting life should end,
I might change this present course,
  A new one to begin.

Clarice

After their graduation from a small eastern college, they had gone to a state in the far West, where, by hard work and brains, they had made money in the real estate business.

From boyhood they were playmates and friends; during their college course they roomed together, yet were they altogether different in temperament.

Harold Markham was of so quiet and mild a disposition that his friends at college said of him that he would some day be a bishop. John Seymour was as a boy and young man, wild, always getting into trouble with his professors, and looked on by his associates as the "dare devil" of the college; although his fun was not always innocent, every one liked him; even the faculty overlooked many of his pranks which, if they had been done by any one but himself, would have quickly brought expulsion.

Four years of the West had made very few changes in either. Harold Markham was the same quiet, easy-going man; John the same fiery, impulsive boy. Every one who came in contact with John liked him at first sight. To his wonderful personality was partly due the success of their business enterprises.

One night in early December they were seated at a table in the Occidental cafe. They had just come from the theatre and were discussing the merits of the play, when a gray-haired old gentleman of about sixty and a beautiful girl of twenty, or thereabouts, entered and seated themselves at an opposite table. The girl had removed her cloak in the warm room. She wore a soft, cream colored gown that showed to perfection the lines of her exqisitely moulded body; her cheeks and baby blue eyes showed all the freshness of youth that had not yet been dulled by the cares of life. She sat there, removing her gloves and idly scanning the menu card, unconscious of the looks of admiration that were being bestowed upon her by the two at the table opposite.

"Holy Scots! Harold. I thought fairies no longer visited this old earth, but I see one, or else I am dreaming."

"It's no dream, John. I see her myself. She has not yet melted into thin air. I wonder if the old man is her father?"

"Can't say; but I know him to be a fine old chap. You've heard me speak of Weatherly, have you not? By the way, he is the same old chap off whom we made that nice little pile in that timber land deal. I'll wager he is a little sore over that. He is said to be the richest man in town."

"The deuce take the old man. I haven't the slightest interest in him. I believe that is his wife. Look, how fond he is of her. Well, if she is—"

"Go easy, Harold. Of course she is not his wife. So don't speak of Weatherly in those terms. That is his daughter, or I miss my guess."

By this time the object of their admiration and her companion had risen. A waiter had just helped Weatherly into his coat, when he turned and at the same time caught sight of the two. Smiling with a nod of recognition, he motioned for John. The girl did not glance toward him, or show in any way that she was aware of his approach. Weatherly met him with a hearty handshake. "Let me congratulate you, my boy, on the way you trimmed me of that cool ten thousand."

"Why, sir, what do you mean?"

"Oh, I see your modesty has caused you to forget, but have you really forgotten our deal? That was a clever trick for a boy of your age; you clearly outdid me once, but take warning. By the way, allow me to present my daughter. Clarice, this is Mr. Seymour, of whom you have heard me speak."

"Clarice? What a name!"

"Yes, Mr. Seymour, I have heard papa speak of you more than once. You wounded his vanity. He prides himself that, in spite of his age, no young man can get ahead of him when it comes to a business proposition; but you bested him, and I am glad of it."

"Oh, but I deserve no praise whatever. We knew beforehand, by an option from the corporation, what we were doing. It was a matter of certainty on our part all the way through."

"But you did it."

"Ungrateful child! Seymour, she has been tickled over this ever since it happened. There is no telling when I shall hear the last of it."

During this conversation Harold lounged restlessly in his chair. Weatherly noticed him, and turned to John.

"That is Markham at your table, is it not? I should be glad to know him. Ask him over. I am sure Clarice will not object."

"Why, of course not, papa."

So Harold was presented to the beautiful Clarice Weatherly. He found her an intellectual as well as charming young woman, quite different from most of his girl acquaintances.

Soon after the Weatherlys left the Occidental, Harold called a carriage and was driven home, leaving his friend with a party of hilarious young men who had just entered.

That night at a late hour, when John arrived at their apartments, he found Harold sitting before the fire, enveloped in blue tobacco smoke.

"A bad sign, my boy. You seem to be hard hit; but cheer up. Why take it out in smoke and serious thought? Time enough for that later on. I mean the smoking. She is a 'corker,' but no use sitting up till this time of night thinking about her, when you should be getting your sleep. But, seriously, Harold, I believe I shall fall in love with her myself. You know what that will mean."

"Oh, I have just been reading a little, and thought I would wait for your return."

"Something unusual. Been enjoying pipe dreams also?"

"Yes."

"Miss Weatherly?"

"I didn't say it."

"But I guessed it, did I? Say, I shall certainly make use of that charming invitation and call at opportunity number one. Well, good night!"

Six months passed rapidly. Clarice was given the "rush" by both John and Harold. It was a puzzle to tell which she cared most for.

One evening in June, after a trying day of office work, Harold sat before the desk in his room. He had just laid aside the evening paper, when an idea seemed to strike him; for he picked up a pen and began to write. From his looks and a glance at his stationery, one would not suppose his letter to pertain to everyday business affairs. He wrote for several minutes; then paused to listen to John's step on the stairs. Something seemed to amuse him, for he smiled. John had just returned from Vicona, a small town about thirty miles distant, where for the past two days he had been inspecting timber lands. He was to have returned the day before, but found it impossible. Harold suspected that the impossibility lay in the fact that Clarice was at that time visiting relatives at Vicona.

The door opened and John entered with beaming face and a look almost of triumph. "I win; she has promised to be my wife, and I am the happiest man in town tonight."

"So that is what you have been doing at Vicona? I thought so."

"Well, aren't you going to congratulate me?"

"I suppose I shall have to. Yes, John, I congratulate you. You have won a woman much too good for you. Marry her and do your best to make her happy. John, you must know that I love her also; yes, I love her more than you are ever capable of loving. It is not your nature to love as I do."

"I never dreamed—"

"Yet you win. In this letter I was telling her of my love and asking her to marry me. Clarice does not know it, and need never know. Just as soon as we can arrange, I shall go back East. You will tell her good-bye for me. It would make things harder if I were to see her again."

"But what will she think?"

"Tell her I felt the home call."

"Harold, I never dreamed that you loved Clarice so. But why must you leave? You have been more than a brother to me. Think what we have meant to each other in the past, and do not go. We spoke of the wedding, and I told her you would be best man."

"That is as impossible as asking a man to be pallbearer at his own funeral. God knows I hate to go, but I know it is best."

On the following Sunday Harold Markham boarded an eastbound train. How dreary the future seemed! He was leaving the best friend he had ever had and the woman he loved. Could the odds be greater against any man? As the train pulled out, he could see the tall, broad-shouldered figure of John as he stood there, unconscious it seemed of the heavy downpour of rain. With a quivering of the lips, he sank into a seat. He had promised to return if he could forget.

After Harold's leaving, John had plenty to keep him busy. His was not a nature to mope over anything. A few days, and things were running as smoothly as ever; yet he missed his friend. To him Harold had become almost an indispensable part of life. Then there were many questions to be answered, especially to Clarice, who was much surprised and grieved at Harold's sudden departure. The good things she said about him would have made any lover but John jealous.

The day set for the wedding dawned—a beautiful, sunny day in December. Only the intimate friends of the couple were present. After the ceremony, bride and groom boarded a train, amid showers of rice, and were off for their honeymoon.

Twenty years had passed since Harold's return East. Time had left his impress but lightly on that manly figure. Patches of gray about the temples were the only rough marks time had left him.

After leaving his western home with a heart thought broken, he had spent a year in travel, and then settled down as a banker. His whole mind focused on the one thing—making money. This clash with other men helped to divert his mind.

Yesterday he had written John, saying that he would be in X——— in a few days; but as the train was nearing the town in which, twenty years ago, he had torn his heart from all he loved, he doubted if he should have returned at all. He

had told himself that he had forgotten, but now mistrust filled his heart. Would Clarice look as she did when he had last seen her, twenty years ago? It seemed an impossibility that time should change her. He even recalled the soft, filmy gown she wore on their last evening together.

Here his meditations were cut short by the porter—"X———!"

As the train came to a standstill, Harold drew on a coat and made his way to the front of the coach. It was December, and the yard was filled with gay Christmas shoppers. He found John ready to welcome him with outstretched hand. More than one passer-by paused to witness the greeting of these two. Up to this time Harold had failed to notice the slender, girlish figure at John's side; a grip on the arm, and he stood facing her.

"My daughter, Clarice, Harold."

Harold's brain whirled, his mind flew back to the Clarice of years ago; the same voice spoke to him in words of greeting and welcome. With a start, he recovered his self-control.

A fortnight he had spent in the Seymour home. He had met many old friends, who were glad to welcome him back again. But tonight the fever that burned in his breast years ago was as intense as ever. But now it burned for another, for Clarice, the daughter of the woman he had loved so dearly years ago. He paused in his walk about the room, and, with a snap of his fingers, murmured aloud:

"I'll do it, take it as she may!"

"Climb in quick, Uncle Hal, or we won't have time for the trip I had planned and the theatre, too."

The big car flew over the hard, smooth road; conversation was impossible until Clarice shut off the high speed. With a laughing face, she turned to Markham.

"How was that for a joy ride, Uncle Hal? Now, wasn't it glorious? This will probably be our last ride together, if you insist on that foolish idea of leaving so soon."

"Clarice, do you really want me to stay?"

"What a silly question! Of course, I want you to stay. Why shouldn't I? We have had such jolly good times together."

"Clarice, I am going to tell you a little story, but one that has affected my whole life. As you know, John and I came West together. Fate dealt me a cruel blow. We fell in love with the same woman. She is your mother. I do not wonder at your surprise, even she never knew of my love. I was writing a letter, telling of my love and asking her to marry me, when John entered the room and said she had just promised to be his wife. I went back East until I thought I had conquered this love, then came back and found you."

The machine came to a dead halt.

"You remember how I started when I first saw you—the very image of your mother as she used to look. In you, Clarice, I find all that for which I had so madly loved your mother. I love you, Clarice. I am almost as old as your father, but heaven only knows how much I love you!"

He paused and looked deep into her brimming eyes. Then, taking both her hands, continued in a caressing voice:

"Clarice, if you could find it in your heart to love an old man. Darling, don't you care for me? Haven't I aroused something in your young heart that seeks mine as its mate?"

He paused. With a sob, the girl gently disengaged her hands. Then, with a half sob and a laugh, she threw her arms around his neck and kissed him.

As most lovers do, they drove slowly on their way home. There they were advised to hurry, or all would be late for the theatre.

"To the Occidental afterwards; Clarice and I have a little secret to tell," Harold whispered to John as they were hurrying out.

24.

"The Fishers"

The sunset glowed on western sea;
  The fishers were homeward bound;
Darkness covered the distant lea
  And fell in shadows o'er the sound.

I wandered to the water's edge,
  And mingled with the throng,
And took my place on a rocky ledge,
  And listened to the fishers' song.

Their voices mingled with the lusty gale,
  As they chanted thanks to God,
Who gave the wind that blew the sail
  And filled their nets with cod.

Hark! ye landsmen, ye've much to learn
  From these simple men of the sea:
By honest toil their bread they earn,
  And are sturdy, strong and free.

Every day new danger brings,
  Which they meet with manly pride:
They put their faith in the King of Kings
  As they boldly breast the tide.

William Wordsworth

W. O. TATUM, JR.

William Wordsworth, born in Cumberland County, England, was of noble birth, and boasted of a long line of distinguished ancestors. He graduated at Cambridge, but did not distinguish himself while in school there. He began writing poetry with a definite aim, which was to "destroy poetic diction," and to set up a simple and truer manner in its stead. He has defined poetry as "the spontaneous overflow of powerful feelings." His wife and sister, both being endowed with true poetic gift, were of great help to him in his work. He was a member of that famous "Lake school," which had

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so much to do in breaking away from the poetry of Pope and Dryden and in establishing a better system. He has a sense of brotherhood touched with pathos. In his poetry on child life, he feels their grief and gladness, shares their joys and sorrows, realizes their openness to lingering memories of terror and ecstacy. He has the secret of putting, what in other hands would have remained sordid and speechless, into the noblest tragedy. In the "Lyrical Ballads" he raises the standard of open revolt against the standard of Pope.

His works, from 1793-97, bear the stamp of the mental conflict which he passed through during the later years of the French revolution, and gives us the key to the achievements of the ten years of his poetic prime. His "Lines Under a Yew Tree" and "The Borderers" are full of a sense of mystery in nature, which forms the groundwork of later poetry; and they ring with an indignant pity for "what man has made of man." Compare these with the poems written after his visit to Germany, and we see the same austerity of thought and imagination, but the crudeness of the earlier poems has vanished; and there is a dainty grace of language and a rythmical movement which is a new thing in the poetry of Wordsworth.

Nowhere has he grasped the idea of peasant life more closely than in the poem entitled "Michael." His poems of nature show his true self; and in no other part of his work is the correspondence between form and substance more spontaneous and absolute. He opened for man a new bodily and spiritual sense; and through these two channels of thought brought himself nearer to nature than any poet has ever done, before or since. It is the "deep power of joy" which he found in nature that marks the secret of his success and of his strength. He knew that joy is at once the mainspring and crown of all human effort; and that nothing can keep the heart of man so open to visitations of joy as communion with nature. Hence, there is literal truth in the assertion

"One impulse from a vernal wood
May teach you more of man,

Of moral evil and of God,
Than all the sages can."

Wordsworth sang well of nothing except what he himself had lived. He threw his heart and soul into his work, and his poetry is truly a "reflection of himself." His poetry may be divided into two groups—poetry of peasant life, and poetry of nature. But his sonnets, inspired by the struggle of Napoleon, stand alone. They open with "The Extinction of the Venetian Republic," "Once did she hold the gorgeous East in fee—" and close with the "Subjugation of Switzerland"—"Two voices are there—"

To take the "common things that round us lie," and show the beauty which the "thinking heart" can find is his mission. Certainly to him poetry was the "breath and finer spirit of all science."

"The Queen of Eldorado"

"Shucks, he had the wrong idea altogether! That man's too gloomy for me."

Thus mused Tom Walsh, as he lazily rose from his chair before the fire and stretched his stalwart, athletic frame to its full height. Across the table from him sat a young man of about the same age as himself—twenty-three or four—who seemed deeply absorbed in his book. The room was situated in one of the Harvard dormitories, and the bleak March night outside made the roaring fire very comfortable indeed.

As Tom leaned against the mantel and mumbled some poetical phrases, his companion, Jack Lee, whose manner and speech suggested his Southern birth, looked up from his book, glanced across the table at the book just discarded by Tom, and looked up inquiringly at his roommate.

"Well, what's the matter with old Poe? Has he disagreed with you again?"

Tom hesitated a while before answering, and then suddenly rousing himself, he turned to his companion with an outburst of criticism.

"Yes; he's gone and placed that brooding disposition of his into another poem, and I think he's altogether wrong."

"Well," replied his companion, in a good-natured way, as he returned to his book, "you know you can't expect everybody to be as smart as the great Thomas Walsh."

"Perhaps he didn't think of it just as I did," Tom went on, unheeding the interruption, "but I don't think he ought to take everything so seriously. In his poem, "The Land of Eldorado," he thinks it is

'O'er the mountains
Of the moon,
Down the Valley of the Shadow—'

and I must say, I don't."

"Where is it, then, may I humbly ask?" broke in his companion.

"You see," Tom went on, as if not hearing him, "I have an idea that this 'Land' is totally different from the one he is thinking of. As you know, Jack, I am no sentimentalist, and don't bother with the girls around here like you do, but—O well, maybe I have never met the right one. You see," he went on, "the girls around here are not exactly the sort I like. Of course, they are all right as far as they go, but they all lack something. I have lived all my life over in New York with that kind; but not yet have I found one whom I could call an ideal. You know, Jack, I believe that the girls from your sunny South are the best, after all. I have thought many times that when I meet my 'intended' it will be under Southern skies."

"That's the country, all right," spoke up Jack, enthusiastically. "If there's anything a fellow wants to make him happy, he'll find it there. Don't forget your promise to come down in June, and then if we don't find you a girl, you're a hopeless case. By the way, old man, what kind shall she be, blonde or brunette?"

"Well," Tom stated, dreamily, "she must have dark brown hair, and those deep, big, brown eyes, with—"

"Oh, a brownie!" said Jack, interrupting him. "We have dozens of those down in Charleston for you to pick from."

"You see," Tom began again, "the right one is all I want. I have a good job offered me, and a chance to rise, so when the class of '56 says 'Good-bye' to these old halls, we'll hie to the 'Land of Eldorado' and hunt for its 'Queen.'"

* * * * * * * *

It is an ideal Indian summer afternoon in the quaint old city of Charleston, South Carolina, before the war. A small crowd of people are wending their way to the wharf. As one approaches the wharf, the object of this crowd is plainly in view. A vessel is slowly making her way into the harbor, and after a short space of time comes to anchor some distance away. If one should inquire why she is not docked and unloaded, he would at once be told that this is never done on a holiday, and this was Governor's Day; and everything was looking forward to the masquerade ball, with which the exercises of the day would be terminated.

A boat pulled off from the ship with a few passengers, who came ashore to join in the festivities of the evening. As the small boat touched the dock, a young man was the first to leap out, and was warmly greeted by another young man whom we will readily recognize as Tom and Jack.

"I certainly am glad to see you, old man; seems a year since May!" Jack exclaimed effusively. "Right this way to the carriage. Jake will get your bag."

He led the way to a carriage, drawn by two white horses, with the coat-of-arms of the Lee family emblazoned on the side. They entered, and were soon on their way through the shaded avenues of the beautiful city.

"We are not going home right now," Jack explained, as they drove along. "You know, we live on our island, up on the Stono river, and we wouldn't get back for the ball tonight. We'll drive around until supper; and then we will go up to my aunt's and stay until time for the ball. We'll have everything to ourselves, as everybody is preparing for the ball. I have a fine costume for you—a courtier of the fif-

teenth century." Thus Jack rattled on until they turned into the driveway of a beautiful mansion on the western side of the city.

As Tom and Jack drove up to the hall, the soft strains of the first dance had just died away; and couples, fantastically arrayed as the Queen of Hearts, flit by with a Spanish cavalier. room. Tom, in his courtier costume, attracted much attention by the manner and ease with which he carried himself. At first, Tom felt a trifle strange, until he saw a young lady, arrayed as the Queen of Hearts, flt by with a Spanish cavalier. She glanced back, and a faint smile played around the corners of her mouth.

Tom immediately decided to look her up, and when her escort left her for the next dance, Tom was at hand. He danced the next dance with her and the next; and at last, when he surrendered her to a Jack of Diamonds, Tom was hopelessly in love.

"Good-bye, my courtier!" she gaily flung back at him, as she tripped away.

Tom sought the open air to think it over. Here, he had fallen madly in love with the first girl he had met, without even finding out her name. Likely as not, he argued, she didn't remember him at all. He'd find out from Jack later her name, he assured himself.

There Jack found him, and took him back into the hall. He danced mechanically the next few dances, and was only too glad when the music ceased and the couples, one by one, departed. He longed for some place where he could think of The Girl, who had flitted in and out of his life as a dream.

On the way home he scarcely heard the chattering of Jack, who was also enthusiastic about one of his "dreams." They drove through the silent city, over the long bridge and through the long wastes of field and forest, with the lapping of the peaceful river in their ears.

At last they arrived. Entering by a rear door, they made their way up the winding stairs to Tom's room. Tom slowly retired, and lay for a long time, thinking of the Queen of

Hearts at the ball. At last, from sheer exhaustion, he fell asleep; but, even in his dreams, he seemed to see that smiling mouth and dimpled chin, smiling to him from afar.

Although having retired late, he arose early and slipped quietly down the steps of the old house, his footfalls making no sound upon the thick carpet. As Tom opened the front door and stepped out upon the broad piazza, he thought that he had never seen a grander sight in his life. The Stono river sparkling in the morning sunshine, the green lawn with its stately trees, the moss hanging artistically from their limbs, and the birds carolling their songs in their shrubbery and foliage, all seemed to unite in such rich harmony that the Northern lad seemed transfixed with wonder and admiration.

He could see through a hedge on the farther side of the placed what seemed to be a flower garden. As he slowly strolled down the graveled path to the flowers, drinking in all the wonderful beauties of nature, he seemed to remember the March night in his room at college, and thought to himself, "*This* is the Eldorado."

His soliloquy was suddenly broken by a soft and cherry "Good morning," behind him. Tom wheeled about and stared. There standing before him was a young girl of about nineteen, with the prettiest brown hair and eyes Tom swore he had ever seen. She was clad in a dress of soft, clinging white, which caused her, Tom thought, to look like a wood nymph just sprung from the oak by his side.

"I am Jack's sister, Marjory," continued the young lady, noting Tom's embarrassment, and flushing slightly under Tom's admiring gaze. "So you are Mr. Walsh, whom Jack is always talking about. We all feel as if we know you already, and want to make you have a pleasant stay. I expect you will find it dull here, though, after the city life."

"I don't see how any one could get lonely here," Tom gallantly replied. "I think it is all just wonderful."

The repaired to a rustic bench which overlooked the river, and there, Tom thought, he spent the happiest half-hour of

his life. Here she was, The Girl of his dream, his Queen of Hearts, in real life beside him.

Tom said but little, sitting there enchanted by the sweet tones of her voice. At last some one called to her from the house, and she arose and tripped down the path, calling back as she went, "Don't forget our ride after breakfast, Mr. Courtier!"

Once more Tom was left to his reflections. He stood with his chin in his hand, looking out across the vast stretch of marsh over the river. Then, as a heron rose from its morning meal and flapped lazily away, Tom turned toward the house, saying as he turned, with a faraway look in his eyes, "My Queen of Eldorado." '13.

To——————

Three years ago, just three, how long
  It seems since life did blossom out!
The blooming flowers, the budding leaves, the song
  Of birds—all, all grew sweet to me.

I met a friend when the shades of night
  Were gathering slow, one fair, spring day;
My soul awoke; life's cares grew light;
  A still, calm peace filled the fleeting hours.

A little while, so early gone, we two
  Were faithful each to each. No charm
Of earth, nor vision fair, nor heaven's own blue,
  Were dear beside that one dear friend.

That time has sped, but memory stays;
  Life charms no more, but each returning spring,
Beautiful, budding spring, the days
  Of song, awake old memories sweet.

Up the Hudson

BARNEY HAYNES.

The evening had been quite a pleasant one—judge for yourself. The play was "The Spendthrift," its complications, though often laughable, made one thrill with emotions seldom gathered from a cast of its kind. Good scenery, costly costumes, clever acting—every one was pleased.

We were lingering over the cigars and coffee at the "Savoir" when Gilham turned to Blakeley and said suddenly:

"Arthur, you haven't told us about your unexpected leaving and sudden return to New York. We are mighty glad to have you back, but what we can't understand is, and of course know nothing of, where you went or the happenings of the past month."

"Well," laughed Arthur, "there is nothing mysterious about it. Come over to the hotel."

After every one was comfortable, and the decanter and glasses in easy reach, he began:

"The happenings have been rather queer, though some would say just merely an accident that might happen to any one. Let that be as it may, you will see.

"The night of June 26th, 19—, was oppressive, breathlessly still, too, not without a certain attraction; the hurrying noise of the day's heavy traffic had quieted; a lax stillness hovered over the city. Sleep seemed to have forsaken me, and I walked through the park quite a bit, enough to grow tired and rest on one of the rustic seats near the fountain. Here my story begins. I was idly watching the fountain and slowly sinking moon, musing on a thousand different things. I must have dozed, for I was recalled to a consciousness of my surroundings by a hand on my arm.

"I started. A thrillingly sweet voice whispered excitedly: 'Herr Blakeley, will you help me? I must have some one to deliver this packet for me tonight—now. I saw you enter the park, but could not throw my followers off.'

"She was exquisitely gowned, and the moonbeams filtering

through the leaves revealed a face, though white and fear-stricken, wonderfully beautiful; large, wide blue eyes beneath an alabaster brow, crowned with a profusion of light golden hair. I was fascinated with her nearness and beauty. The innocence of her eyes made me answer:

" 'You may trust me,' and added rashly, 'I will do anything for you.'

"She turned away. 'I cannot—it is asking too much. You do not know what you are saying,' came the stammering reply.

"This was puzzling. 'Come, you are wasting time. I will feel hurt if you do not trust me.'

"Drawing herself together resolutely and facing me, 'I will trust you. Take this packet; here is the street number. We may meet again.' Pressing the packet into my hand, she was gone.

"The suddenness of the interview, with the appealing look in her eyes, made resistance impossible. But how did she come to know me? Who was she? Why had she selected me for her midnight messenger? Next, what the deuce could the packet contain? For it was unusually heavy for its size—about four inches long, two inches thick and weighed not less than nine or ten pounds. How was I interested in her affairs? I had never seen her before, and chances were that this first would be the last. It all did arouse a certain amount of curiosity.

Once in my room, a look at the package's exterior was not enough to allay my growing interest. The thing contained an egg-shaped cylinder, two or two and one-half inches long and an inch and one-half, or such a matter, in diameter, very carefully packed. It was polished until it shone like a huge diamond. I was confident it contained something—but what? I scratched its polished surface and examined the place with a powerful glass. What seemed to be a joint appeared. Of course, I had to unscrew it, if possible. The cones parted without any extra effort. When they separated, I dropped contents and all, and both hands instinctively sought my eyes.

"I was aware, though blinded, that the room swam with an incandescent glow, second to nothing. Rushing into the next room, I tried to ease my aching eyes. How were the cones ever to be gotten together? Radium is not easily handled, especially when in such enormous quantities as the cones contained. Some minutes elapsed before attempting the feat. After seeming ages, I managed to replace the cones and start on my queer mission.

* * * * * * * *

"The house was not a large building, standing well back from the street, surounded by well kept grounds and tall oaks.

"The bell was answered by a man of rather small stature, bearded and dark-skinned, whose steely gray eyes seemed trying to divine my innermost thoughts, as he said graciously:

" 'Enter, Herr Blakely. I expected you earlier. I am Professor Olendoref.'

"I handed him the packet with a feeling of relief. 'Professor, I am pleased to meet you, though the circumstances are strange.'

"He took the packet, but did not answer; instead, gave me a searching glance. Following him down the hall, I tried to collect myself, but the phrase 'I expected you earlier' still rang in my ears. What did he mean, and, too, how did he know me so well? Had the girl communicated with him? That was easy, but had they stolen the radium? Next, what did they want with it? Where did I come in, and what did he want with me? I was not long to be kept in suspense.

" 'Pray be seated, Herr Blakeley; the hour is late and I will be brief. How I know you, that you are the noted aviator, is irrevelant. I have a proposition to make, which, if you agree to, the pay is twenty thousand for one month. If you refuse, nothing is to be said of tonight's happenings.' Seemingly satisfied at my nod, he continued, with an exclamation of *'sehr gut.'*

" 'I selected you because of your daring courage and, too, you own an aeroplane. You are to fly me out of New York tonight to a place unknown to yourself, and remain there a

month at least; if longer, with the pay stated before. You are to ask no questions. Do you agree?'

" 'I do,' was my brief rejoinder.

" 'Good! Can we leave in an hour? Wait, can your machine carry three?'

"Three? What did he mean? Who was the third member of the party?

" 'I see Herr Blakeley is puzzled.' He smiled. 'My daughter, you and myself will compose the party.'

" 'Yes, the machine will carry three with safety,' I hastened to accent.

"His daughter proved to be the girl of the park.

"In an hour we were flying north from New York.

" 'Herr Blakeley, keep over the river,' was Olendoref's direction.

"No other word was spoken until the Catskills loomed up in the early dawn.

" 'When we have passed that first chain of cliffs, Herr Blakeley, circle to the left. Now, lower. That is the place; the barn will house the machine,' came in even tones from Olendoref.

"The place was several hundred yards from the Hudson, sheltered on three sides by frowning cliffs, and I noticed could scarcely be seen from the river. Why had he come to this dreary place of all places? What did he want with a flying machine? Why couldn't he have come up by water, the delay would have been small? The only thing to do seemed to be to wait.

"I found the house, a two-story wooden structure, though old, kept in excellent condition. There were only two servants, an old negro butler and a Chinese cook.

" 'Herr Blakeley, you may amuse yourself as best suits your fancy, but do not leave the place, and the machine must be kept in readiness for sudden flight. Here are books, there is a tennis court to the right of the house. My daughter you will find not a bad player. Let me warn you not to leave the place or be seen by any one.' Olendoref bowed and left the room.

"A vague, uncertain suspicion planted itself in my mind, which, try as I might, could not be shaken off.

"To say the professor was a crank and harmless is absurd. His high forehead and piercing, steady eyes disproved this. Why had he given me such an enormous price? He, as I said a moment ago, could have come by water. No, he wanted to leave New York at once. Who was he? It was evident he had committed some crime, or was going to. If so, what? Could it be that he was already wanted?

"Everything went smoothly for a week. The professor was working or pretended to be in a laboratory in the basement. The night of July 5th he came into the library, where I was reading.

"'Herr Blakely, you are to fly me to Albany tonght. Can it be done?'

"'Yes. When shall we start?' I asked.

"'Now,' Olendoref said, shortly. 'And I must be back by two o'clock.'

"The moon shone enough to keep flying from being difficult. We descended in a field on the outskirts of the city at Olendoref's command.

"I shadowed him successfully that night and learned facts of quite a startling nature. I found myself dealing with the cunningest set of brains it has ever been my fortune, or misfortune, to encounter.

"We were back at 1:45 o'clock. I housed the machine, and loosened a coupling that had grown hot. Instead of entering the house by the front way, I went to the rear, as the professor had gone to the laboratory. I was too late, only in time to see a figure skirt the tennis court and disappear in the shrubbery of the cliff. Making sure that Olendoref was alone, I went to bed with a determination to examine the laboratory.

"All efforts proved vain; it was three days before an opportunity presented itself. That night the professor did not work as usual, but read a while and retired early. I had it now.

"About eleven o'clock I entered the laboratory with a skele-

ton key. On the left of the room was a powerfully constructed machine, driven by a completely muffled gasoline engine. Numerous electrical machines were scattered about the place. On the right a cabinet contained a number of uncut diamonds. The combination of the safe held my attention for an hour before opening. This contained uncut stones also, but no papers of any kind. An inner drawer contained the radium. A thorough search revealed nothing further except some few acids and small tools, wholly unknown to myself.

"An examination of the machines proved of no better advantage. They were all a puzzle to me. I went to bed disappointed.

"During lunch, for the professor never breakfasted with his daughter and me, he seemed a little nervous and observed me searchingly several times. Beyond this, nothing happened for another week.

"I could arrive at no conclusion—his laboratory was as great a puzzle as if I had not seen it. He was making something or running a bluff, which I had no way of telling. True, I had found uncut stones, but what of that? He might be manufacturing stones, but if so, where did the radium come in? The machines had certainly not been used for some days, for they were dusty and the oil had gummed.

"The snatches of conversation heard in Albany between Olendoref and his companion certainly had nothing to do with diamonds. For this man was a German diplomat.

"I heard him tell Olendoref this: 'You are the only man who knows the secret. I will not force you to carry it through, but if you do not, your life may pay—. O fancy the rest.' Then followed something of international importance.

"Olendoref had given me ten thousand before leaving New York. Was this his money, or did it belong to Germany? I had a notion of making him tell me. But I thought better, for that would spoil the whole thing. Then, after all, there was a glimmer of a chance that he was not a crook. But this last thought stuck to me, and the more I thought about it, the

more confident I became he was a crook. I would have to wait.

"It ended sooner than I expected, and quite differently.

"I had worked almost all afternoon (July 24th) on the monoplane. At dinner Olendoref said I was to take him to Albany at eleven that evening. By 10:45 the machine was ready. Olendoref came to the barn and said he would not go to Albany.

"Disappointed and tired, I went to bed. About dawn I became conscious of some one in the room. Just as I awoke the door slammed.

"Jumping out of bed, I found my papers scattered about the room. Olendoref, of course. Then he knew I was a secret service man.

"Putting on my shoes and trousers, I rushed down stairs and gained the yard in time to see the machine circle once and start east—Olendoref driving. As he started over the river, the engine missed fire. It had been flooded—he had lost control. The wings crumpled and the machine turned turtle. A glistening object shot through the early sunlight and disappeared in the water. A moment later Olendoerf and the machine struck the river, lingered an instant, then the water closed over him and his secret, radium and all."

Every one was silent for a while, then Sheftol asked:

"The girl—"

"She," said Arthur, "is to be Mrs. Blakeley."

The New Style

CLAUDE CARMICHAEL, 14.

A tall, slender girl came slowly from a two-storied house on Oakland avenue, a street of grand appearance, with its stately oaks and wealth of large homes before which lay beautiful lawns.

Virginia Hale's progress was very slow as she came down the steps and on to the sidewalk. When she gained the latter, she turned and looked up the hill. The street car had started; so Virginia hastened her steps, as much as possible, to reach

the corner. Being just in time, she, with extreme effort, got on board. Very soon the car stopped at another corner, and Mary Flinn came in. After exchanging hearty greetings with Virginia, her chum, they sat down together and began a lively conversation on the latest styles.

"But, Virginia, just look at my new bouquet of violets! I got them down at Heyden's. It was the prettiest bunch they had. How do you like it?"

"It looks awfully nice on your gray coat, Mary. I think I shall have to get me one, as they are such a 'fad' now. Violets would look 'stunning' on my new suit, wouldn't they? By the way, how do you like the new styled skirt?"

"Why, I like it fine, Virginia. It looks 'swell.'"

So the conversation continued until they reached their destination, where Mary easily stepped out. But poor Virginia was not so fortunate. Being encumbered by her new styled skirt, she took an awkward step and fell, measuring her length upon the ground. Mary hastened to her side and inquired what could have possibly been the trouble.

Virginia answered, "My skirt," between her sobs, and advised May not to persecute herself with the new style, the "hobbled" skirt, as this had been the cause of her misfortune.

Faith in Myself

R. T. W., '12.

Weary of myself, tired of waiting
  To see whether I shall land,
At this vessel's prow I'm kneeling,
  Trusting it shall safely stand.

And a look of despair and woe
  To the stars and star-lit sea I send,
Beckoning them to calm and guide me,
  And gently bear me to the end.

I gaze at the stars! They are shining,
  And behold themselves in the sea.

Ah! that I could see mine image
  Reflecting in mankind such purity.

Weary of myself, tired of waiting
  To see whether I shall land,
At this vessel's prow I'm doubting—
  Doubting that it shall ever strand.

My days are in the prime of youth,
  The wind, the storm, is sure to stay—
But I shall hoist the banner *faith,*
  And meet the tide in bold array.

Faith in myself, all is well—
  A beacon light is on the shore—
A twig of success is floating near,
  To guide my pathway evermore.

The Bequeathed Ideal

C. H. W., 12.

One chilly night in November, in the lower part of the State, a family sat around their hearth. If one had been looking for happy faces he would not have sought longer. There was a serene happiness in the faces of the father and the mother, and cheerful smiles played over the countenances of their children.

The eldest, Elsie, a young lady of just twenty, sat gazing into the fire. It seemed that she was listening—not to the voices, however, of father and mother and of her little brother and sister—but for the knock at the door which she was momentarily expecting. At last, above the noise of the mingled voices, it came to her ear. She looked up, and softly called to her little brother Bennie and told him that she thought she had heard some one, and asked him to go to the door.

In a few seconds he returned and ushered into the room George Benton, the person whose knock she had been expecting. The young man was hardly seated before Bennie was in

his lap and little Marie had drawn her "rocker" up to his side. There was a strange fascination about Benton that drew everybody to him. These children had been drawn merely by this power, and it was not because the young man, being in love with their sister, had petted them or treated them with especial kindness. It was the same power which attracted these children that had made him so popular with those at home, at college and with everybody with whom he came in contact.

Some time has elapsed since the visitor's arrival, and after conversing on various topics attention has turned to conversation of a reminiscent character, and the young man is speaking.

"Elsie," said he to the young lady, "do you remember when we used to go to school to old Professor Massey? I used to think he was the best old man I knew. I can still remember the words of advice he gave us in his little moral lectures. He told us that we were in the world for service, and to serve for no other motive except the love in our hearts for our fellow beings, and I have always believed that one would never have reason to be unhappy if he followed such counsel."

Little did he think that any other person besides Elsie was listening to these words. But there was. Little Bennie had been giving strict attention, and from his seat on the young man's lap his small voice broke in: "George," said he, "I believe you've done just like 'Fessor Massey wanted you to do. I know you'se always been kind to me and I know it's not 'cause Elsie's your sweetheart, neither; for you are kind to everybody."

"And Bennie has got it right, too, 'cause look how red Elsie's face is getting," chimed in the voice of Bennie's little sister.

By this time the faces of the couple were deeply flushed. The father, however, relieved the situation. Calling to the two young children, he told them that they had been naughty and must go to bed. But inwardly the parent was pleased. It amused him to see how his daughter and the young man

took the remarks. He knew that these two would make a happy pair, and he rejoiced in his expectation of their coming marriage.

Soon after their children had retired, the parents themselves withdrew. But they did not sleep. With great satisfaction they looked forward to the union of the two lovers, and they talked for a long while on the brilliant career which they confidently expected of the young man.

"He is so young yet," said they. "And he has already had such brilliant success that who knows but that he may become governor of the State."

In the sitting room a different conversation was going on. George and Elsie were in the happiest of moods. They talked as if they were going to live always. Elsie was proud of her George, and George of his Elsie. And yet there was not a bit of egotism in either; for each had an eye that saw goodness or greatness only in others. Overflowing with happiness, they spoke of their wedding, which was soon to come off; of their honeymoon, and of the life to follow afterward.

It was growing late. The rest of the house had become silent in sleep, and only their voices disturbed the quiet of the night. In the grate the fire burned low. The young man reached for the poker to stir the embers, and as he did so a revolver, which he had bought that day at the request of his widowed mother, dropped to the floor. A flash, a report and George Benton fell, pierced to the heart, and the terrified scream of Elsie rung out on the cold, still night air. One look at her lover told her he was dying, and she fell prostrated with grief.

Long years ago that accident happened, and now an elderly lady visits the sick and destitute of that neighborhood, and by her sweet disposition cheers the unfortunate.

Little children sometimes ask their parents why "Miss Elsie" always looks so sad, and they are told the story of that November night. And the parent never fails to dwell long on the youth's noble character, and longs for his children to be like him. George is the Bequeathed Ideal of all that section.

The Eclipse of the Sun

D. L. EDWARDS, '13.

Our family, consisting of father, mother and six children, was gathered around a cheerful fire of blazing logs one wintry night in December. A light snow had been falling all the afternoon, and at dark the earth was covered with fleecy whiteness. It was a night when one could appreciate a comfortable home, and a look of satisfaction beamed upon the face of each one of us. The wind occasionally whistled around the house, and the windows gave a jarring noise when an especially strong gust of wind attacked the house.

"'Tis a bad night on the outside," said father, breaking the silence. His remark seemed a signal for a conversation, in which we all took part. This was interrupted by a sound of muffled steps on the outside, and there came a knock at the door. I answered it, and found Uncle Eben, an old slave, seventy years of age, who lived upon our place. After saluting us, he made his way to the broad fireplace, and kicked the snow from his shoes, complaining in the meantime of how cold it was, and how hard it was for a "pore ole nigger" to bear. He had come for a few plugs of tobacco, or "baccy," as he called it, small quantities of which we kept, together with rice, flour, coffee, and so on. When he had been provided with tobacco, he was prevailed upon to take a seat in the chimney corner until he should "thaw out." When he had sat down, one of the younger children called upon him for a story, a large stock of which he usually had on hand. After filling his old clay pipe and scratching his head for a moment, he said he would tell of the "'clipse ob de sun." I arose from my chair and replenished the fire, after which we all made ready to give Uncle Eben our closest attention.

"Well," he began, "de 'clipse ob de sun which I'se gwine ter tell you 'bout tonight 'curred 'way back in de seventies. It wus soon after de blamed Yankees had whupt us, an' us pore kullud fokes wus set free. De night afore de 'clipse passed off like it allers does. I recollect it wus a moon-shiney night.

It wus a cold night de nex' mornin', shore's you're born to die!

"Well, 'bout haff after nine er'clock dat day it 'gan ter git dark an' hazy like, an'—would you b'lieve it?—when de clock struck ten it wus dark as pitch! At fuss I thought 'twas juss a cloud passin' through, atween de sun an' de earth. Howsomever, when it kept on gittin' darker an' darker, an' still darker, 'till it wus dark as night, I'll permit dat I wus wun mo' scared nigger! But, 'fore de Lawd, I wa'n't de only wun. No, thanks de Lawd! It sholy wus dark! Dey say dat God can see all things, even a black ant on a black rock in de dark! Ain't 'sponsible fer dat—but I does know dat no man, livin' er dead, could 'ave seen his hand afore him. My time, it wus dark! 'Bout quarter after ten de roosters commenced crowin' agin, juss like it wus early in de mornin', an' I don't blame 'em, nother. De dogs barked, de pigs squealed, de cats looked scared, de mule brayed, de cow lowed, an' things went wrong in gineral.

"I didn't have nuffin speshal to do dat day, an' juss knocked 'roun' 'but de house. I wus allers glad I wusn't caught off fum home in such a dark as dat, 'cause Mirandy an' de chilluns would 'ave been scared haff to death, an', bress yinner's heart, I would too! We wus scared enuff, as it wus!

"Howsomever, we wa'n't de only scared niggers dat day, nor white fokes nother, for de matter ob dat. Dat is wun comsolashun, thank de Lawd. Dere wus more prayin' done dat day dan dere wus in a whole month afore den. It 'pears like de air it got light, so's we could hear anything mighty plain. We could hear fokes prayin' what wus a mile off, I reckon, er more'n dat. It'd make anybody laff if 'twusn't such a serious and solemn 'casion, to 'ave heard de prayin' an' goin's on dat night. Everybody wus in earness, too, an' prayin' juss like dey wus under deep conviction.

"Ole Ras Peppergrass," said Uncle Eben, refilling his pipe, "wus de worst nigger in de whole settlement, an' he wus prayin' like a good feller. He lived haff a mile off, but I could hear him as inaudibly as if he'd been right nex' to me! Jim Nolan

had jest married Katie Sawdust, an' he thought dat wus a punishment. Dr. Bunyan had sole some medicine dat day to his naber, Van Weeds, at a gain ob eighteen cents, an' I heard him say, 'Oh, good Lord in heaben, take away dis dark, an' I'll give back eve'y cent to Van. I don't want it, nowhow.' Ree Black thought dat he wus punished fer not givin' anything fer misshuns on de Sunday afore, an' he said he'd give a dollar de very nex' Sunday—an' he did, too, as Im a livin' man! Many people wus cryin' like chilluns, makin' all kines ob 'tishuns of God; some took it quiet kine ob, while others shouted, sung or wep', as de case mought 'ave bin. Ole Brer Hassley mus' 'ave bin thinkin' no danger wus at han', 'cause when he heard fokes off'rin' money to God if He'd let day come, he spoke out loud: 'O God, let it stay dark juss a little while longer.' 'Bout eberybody thought judgment day 'ad come, an' was expectin' to hear Gabriel blow his trumpet at any time. As fer me, I got all my fambly into de room 'roun' de fire an' lit de lamp, an' read a passage frum de Scriptchers an' den had prayer.

"But 'bout 'leven er'clock it 'gin to clear up, an' look brighter. Den I thought it must 'ave bin a 'clipse ob de sun, what I had heard ob, an' went to insult my almanick, an', sho' nuff, it pledicted a 'clipse ob de sun fum ten to 'leven er'clock! It wus now 'most day another 'gin, an' I got a piece ob black smoked glass an' looked to'ards de sun. De moon was atwixt the sun an' de earth, an' de moon looked right black, while de rim ob de sun looked like a piece ob blood. My, but dat wus wun mo' sight! I neber will fo'git it in all de days ob my life, so he'p me God!

"When it 'ad grown quite clear an' bright," said Uncle Eben, taking his pipe from his mouth and knocking the ashes out, "an' was day ag'in, 'bout everybody went visitin', an' spent de time in thanksgivin' an' rejoicin' when all danger 'peared like it wus past. 'Most all ob dem fokes fo'got dem promises dey had made in time ob tribulation. I does honestly b'lieve dat 'clispe ob de sun dun good, though, 'cause fer 'bout a month people wus better in my mecinity. Mirandy

didn't have no eggs stole fer 'bout a f'tnight. We had a big pertracted meetin' right soon atterward, an' Brer Hassley preached us some mighty fine an' stirrin' sermonths, too. Everybody, big an' little, ole an' young, went to chu'ch till de scare had kine er wore off. I wus purty good myself, prepared to what I 'ah bin. Fer 'bout six weeks, den, we had no chicken on Sunday, 'cause Mirandy didn't wish to kill hern, an' 'cause I wus scared to visit anybody elsen's fowl house fer a long time atterward.

"Well," said Uncle Eben, rising from his chair and standing on the hearth in front of the fire, "ebery wun of you little chilluns is wide erwake, an' I thought you'd all be fass asleep afore I finished my rigamarole." Then, stretching himself and heaving a long-drawn sigh, he said: "I must be gwine now, er Mirandy'll be hoppin' mad when I git to de cabin. Dis wus a true story dis time, but nex' time I'll tell you de story 'bout de fox an' de rabbit."

Then, drawing his well worn clothing about his lithe body, Uncle Eben bade us a hearty "Good night," and began his walk, over snow and ice, to his little "shanty," leaving us the happier for his visit.

The Reward

P. B. Y.

We wander through this world of sin
As if this life may never end,
But we do know that life is brief
And death will come as a thief.

Then we should ne'er procrastinate
To do our best before too late;
For God will judge us in the end,
And damn all who have lived in sin.

For great will be the sad reward
Of those who have displeased the Lord,
When He assigns to them their lot,
"Depart from me, I know you not!"

Then do your best while yet 'tis day,
That you may hear the Master say,
"Well done, thou good and faithful one,
Come up and live, 'tis all well done."

A Plea for Compulsory Education

A. L. GOOGE, '13.

There are two sides to every question. Therefore, we should consider thouhtfully and weigh carefully every point in favor of or against each before we approve or condemn. After presenting a few reasons and advantages in favor of this plea, I believe one can easily and rightly decide what should be our course relative to this all important subject.

Christianity is the foundation of education, and education is the bodyguard of civilization. Knowledge is civilization. Educaton and civilization go hand in hand. Greece developed the greatest civilization ever known through her educational system, which was strictly compulsory. And with knowledge came power. If Greece reaped great glory through her educated and trained citizenship, why could not South Carolina? Why should we prefer to remain always "hewers of wood and drawers of water?" We have not had school advantages, or, at least, we have failed to use them. It is alarming that our State has the second largest percentage of illiteracy in the United States. Surely it must be the result of her indifference. We can never make much progress while the attendance upon the schools is so small.

Reviewing the pages of ancient history, we find that compulsory education has existed from the earliest time. The Greeks and Romans had strict laws concerning education. They were enabled by these laws to throw off the shackles of illiteracy and become nations of such power and intelligence that they will continue to influence mankind through centuries yet to come. France enacted a compulsory educational law in 1882, and in 1900 her percentage of illiteracy had been reduced from 31 per cent to 6 per cent. If they can enact and

enforce a compulsory law in revolutionary France, and it prove to be a success, South Carolina can surely do as much.

The illiteracy of the State is principally due to the non-co-operation of the parents. The State offers to her children an education, but nearly 100,000 will not accept it, or have been hindered by selfish and disinterested parents. Now, what is to be done to get the attendance of these, if it is not compulsion?

Some may criticise such a law as being unfair, unjust and unconstitutional. Let us see if this be true. It is not unfair, because we owe the best of our intellectual ability to the State. She is our refuge and our stay; therefore, she has a right to make and enforce any law that tends to good citizenship. It is not unjust, because it is a protection to children's rights. It will not deprive any one of his true rights, but it would really be freeing the unfortunate from the bondage of illiteracy. And it is not unconstitutional, because it is neither unjust nor unfair. Furthermore, if the State has the power to convict and punish crime, so often caused by illiteracy and ignorance, then she ought to have the right to take the necessary steps to remove this cause. Statistics show that 60 per cent. of the criminals are illiterate, yet the illiterate compose only about one-enth of the population.

Others oppose compulsion because it would take so many children from the cotton mills and the farms. Yes, indeed, it would. This is an admission that the children are doing the work. In youth we should prepare for manhood, because youth is the foundation period of life. The best assets of the State are the minds of her youths. Therefore, the children should be compelled to attend school. They ought to be in school because, without an education, their ability to earn a livelihood is limited, and their usefulness as citizens is narrowed.

The average attendance of our children in our public schools is low. In 1900 there were about 123,000 white children enrolled in school, and about 95,000 were out of school. Certainly the population increased from 1907 to 1908; but the

attendance in 1908 was 2,000 lower than the year preceding. This is an alarming decrease in attendance, and as long as it continues it will be a great restraint upon morality and intelligence.

The State has public schools primarily for her benefit. She is seeking to make her children intelligent and serviceable in order that she may reap greater returns through educated citizens. To do this she taxes the rich and poor, according to their wealth, to support the schools. When she has provided schools, she has only carried out part of her duty. If she is justified in demanding a universal tax, she has a right to compel attendance. After the State has provided the schools, she should not allow this specific purpose to be defeated. She should not allow the selfish or indifferent parents to deny the children, who are to sway the commonwealth's destiny, of their intellectual ability and power and all those higher qualities which go to make life easier, happier and sweeter.

There are many who contend that compulsory education would work hardships in the homes of the poor. It may partly take away the means of support for a short time in some instances, but those who have tried it have always found it to pay. They may ask what would be the condition of a poor, widowed mother, whose support depends upon her children? In a case like this the law could be so framed as to excuse them. Unless some step of compulsion is adopted, these poor children will soon be thrown into the complexities and difficulties of modern life without adequate training. A parent has no right to starve or dwarf his child's body. Then, if he does not, where does he derive the right to dwarf his mind and condem him to be a life-long slave?

Let us not deceive ourselves by thinking such a law would be void and of no force because a few disobey. We have a law prohibiting murder, yet this law does not mean that there is no murdering. There is a murder for almost every day in the year in South Carolina. Then, why should we say that a law for compulsory education would be invalid because a few disobey? It is for the disobedient that laws are made,

and not the obedient. An educated citizenship itself would stop law-breaking to a great extent, because a properly trained and educated citizen will respect and uphold the laws of his State.

Is it possible that we are so near the verge of anarchism that we cannot enforce a law which is for the public's benefit? It is true, if we cannot enforce a law which is greatly needed. We might say that it would cost something to enforce this law. Certainly it would. It takes money to enforce any law; still it would cost less than other laws which are not as necessary. There could be no question as to whether it would pay South Carolina to force attendance. When she enforces this law, she will give an education to many of her poor country boys who otherwise would not have been educated. The poor country boys who have got an education are the ones making the State the best and most progressive citizens. The cost of this law would be as nothing compared with the intelligence and progress that would result. Knowledge precedes progress.

A few parents have the most ridiculous and absurd reasons for not educating their children. Some will be actually opposed to educating their children because they have known a few worthless educated people. Others object because they have not an education themselves, and are afraid their children will stand upon a higher plane in life than they. These objections are a great restraint on the progress of the commonwealth, and the only permanent way to silence these absurd and unreasonable objections is compulsion.

One of the most common objections against compulsory education is that it gives the negro an equal right and will, theerfore, increase his intelligence and attainments. This question is not worthy of discussion, because this law would apply more to the white than to the negro. It is principally the white children that are out of school. Some people maintain that if the negro gets an education he will soon have control of the State; but it is impossible for a race, just a few score of years out of the jungles of Africa, to compete with

a race of several thousand years of civilization, with a majority of the property and the reins of the government in their hands. If this could be possible at all, it would be with an illiterate citizenship. The educated Anglo-Saxon is farther removed from the educated Ethiopian than when both are uneducated. We should not lose our opportunities and waste our energies by trying to hold back the negro. They are already making great efforts toward education, and will get it some way in the future. Opposition increases determination. Therefore, for us to oppose and to try to keep them from getting an education will only spur them on toward a greater future. The white man is capable of greater development than the negro. Therefore, we should go forward and leave him behind.

The sooner the legislature of South Carolina passes a compulsory education law, the sooner will she take her place among the educated and enlightened States of our union.

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EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT

Boys; Not Men

How many of the students in our college are doing real work? By this we mean work that would permit us to call them students in the true sense of the word. If we were to canvass the student body of any college in the State, we venture to say that the percentage of real students would be very small. The average boy in college works but very little. He is not in college to work. He is there because there is no other place for him. Does this mean that we are to idle away our time after we leave college? Will we, when the duties of life are thrown about us, handle them as carelessly as we handle the duties of the student in college?

The mature men who go to college to do real work find a big percentage of these "idlers" in their way, so to speak. They are hindrances in many instances; "thorns in the flesh," and frequently keep men out of college or drive them away

after they meet with them and observe their ideals of life. It seems that in the not far distant future the students of our colleges will be made up of boys, not men, and oftentimes, as Matthew Arnold says, they are "young barbarians." The average father wishes to put his son in college before he is prepared in order that he may graduate before he is "twenty-one"; hence, we have colleges full of boys of high school ages, and the so-called high schools of South Carolina are not serving as the connecting link between the graded school and the colleges. When our colleges can say that we have a past—"a treasure laid up where neither moth nor rust can corrupt"—and that we are living in the present; then, and not till then, can these imperfections be remedied.

The Library's Place in a College Course

The influence that a good library should exert upon a student's course in college cannot be overestimated. The great mistake that many of our college students are making today is that they are neglecting, to a serious extent, the rich opportunity of broadening their minds and increasing their store of general knowledge by making use of the library. Except as their recitation work may require, numbers of our students never the enter the library at all. So far as reading for the mere pleasure and benefit to be derived is concerned, they are never guilty of such an act. They never catch a glimpse of the treasures locked in those old, dusty volumes, some of which, to the everlasting loss of the student himself, are never opened from year to year.

But these students complain that they have no time, their work is always more than they can do. Many never read even so much as the daily papers. So far as who is leader in Congress, or even in their own State legislature, they have no idea. As for names in history, either in the political or literary spheres, if their textbook has not contained some reference to them, they look at one with a questioning expression when the name is mentioned. When a college turns loose such men with diplomas, it is but imposing upon

the people a set of poor, little, empty-headed "book worms," who have no practical view of life. The best rounded student is not always he who makes distinction in his class room work. The man is by far better fitted to recieve a diploma who has made third grades and at the same time has devoted hour after hour, from day to day, to individual and profitable reading in the library, who keeps abreast with the times, and also delights to delve into the lore of old authors almost forgotten. Yet many such men are rated dull and poor students. Time will surely show who are the real students.

Baseball

Within a few days now baseball will be the chief interest on our campus. Already the men have been called out on the field. The whole student body seems to be interested to a degree unusual at Wofford. This is as it should be. The boys owe it to their college to support the ball team from the time the men are called out for practice until the last game is played in the spring. With the proper support from the boys, our team will win laurels on the diamond this season. We have the material. No one denies that. So, why not get up some real college spirit and give the boys our earnest support?

There are, as usual, some few who do nothing but "knock," "knock" and run down the prospects for successful baseball and its management. There are few of these kind though. Boys, get into the game. We are behind you with our support, financial, if you need it, and any other kind.

EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT

C. H. Carlisle, Editor.
R. L. Meriwether, Assistant Editor.

We wish to state that on account of a rush of work, we have been unable to give to this department the time and study which it deserves. However, the magazines which it has been our pleasure to read are all well up to the standard for college magazines.

The January number of the *Hampden-Sidney Magazine* is a most interesting number. The magazine has an abundance of both prose and poetry, and all of it is good. We think, however, that "The Rebellion of the Red Bugs" *smacks* too much of glaring tragedy. "The Troubles of the Author," a continued story, is well written and holds the interest. We hope soon to hear more from "Dreamy Eyes" and "The Professor." The poems of the magazine are all good, but we are specially attracted by the opening one, "The Music of the Pines." The editorial departments are excellent, as usual. We are always glad to see the *Hampden-Sidney Magazine* on our table.

The Southwestern Presbyterian University Journal for January is a very good number. It contains several good poems, stories and essays. We have followed with much interest the story, "Frolics of a Freshman," and will not fail to look for the next installment. "The Christmas Package," a comedy in two acts, is a new departure in college magazines, and we like it very much. The poems, "A Sonnet" and "Fair-weather Anchors," both reflect much credit on their writers. We are most attracted, however, by the essay, "The New Farmer." The author gives a masterful statement of the changes in farming methods and the demands which brought about these changes. The editorials are good, but we sug-

gest that another place be found for announcements. On the whole, this is a very creditable magazine.

We are glad to acknowledge the receipt of the following exchanges: *The Mercerian, The Newberry Stylus, The Limestone Star, The St. Mary's Muse, The Erothesian, The Reinhardt Mountaineer, The Co.-Ed, The Furman Echo, The Gallowegian, The High School Student, The Bessie Tift Journal, The Palmetto, The Criterion, The Carolinian, The William and Mary Literary Magazine, Ouachita Ripples, The S. P. U. Journal, The Hampden-Sidney Magazine.*

CLIPPINGS

"We'll not dwell long on this point," said the minister, as he sat down on the business end of a tack.

MODERN MARY.

Mary had a little skirt
  Tied tightly in a bow,
And everywhere that Mary went
  She simply couldn't go.

"Do you think that long hair makes a man look intellectual?"

"Not when his wife finds it on his coat; it makes him look foolish."

Beggar—"Please help me to recover me child."

Lady—"Is your child lost?"

Beggar—"No, mum; but his clothes are worn out."

NOT INCRIMINATING HIMSELF.

"Now, professor, you have heard my daughter sing; tell me what I ought to do with her?"

"Sir, if I told you what you ought to do with her, the law would hold me as an accessory."

(A BIT OF BLANK VERSE.)

James had a white sweater,
He was caught in the rain;
He faded on it,
Present color, green.

—*The Spectrum.*

LOGIC.

David said in his wrath, All men are liars.
Therefore, David was a liar.
Therefore, what David said was not true.
Therefore, David was not a liar.
But if David was not a liar, what he said was true—namely, that all men are liars.

MAYBE THE PRINTER KNEW.

"My pigmy counterpart," the poet wrote
Of his dear child, the darling of his heart;
Then longed to clutch the stupid printer's throat
That set it up, "My pig, my counterpart."

The recently arrived Northern guest expressed his belief that the negro dialect in books was exaggerated. His Southern friend bet him a quarter that he could not understand the dialect when he heard it, and the other took him up. The next day, while out walking, they came upon a big black African lying on his back in the sunshine. The Southerner went up to him and suddenly demanded:

"Weh he?"

"Wah who?"

My daughter's on her dignity,
My son is on the sea;
While I am on a howling lark,
And my wife is on to me.

Mrs. Benham—"Henry, I am more than glad that you

don't drink now, but how did you come to leave off?"

Benham—"You remember when your mother was here?"

Mrs. Benham—"Yes."

Benham—"Well, one night while she was here I came home in pretty bad shape, and saw three of her. That settled it."

A young country doctor fell in love with a clergyman's daughter. The next time he went to church he was rather taken aback when the preacher announced his text:

"My daughter is grievously tormented with a devil."

WHAT A LOIR.

There was a young girl in the choir
Whose voice rose hior and hior,
  Till it reached such a height
  It was clear out of sight,
And they found it next day in the spior.

LOCAL DEPARTMENT

Matthew S. Lively, Editor.

PRELIMINARY ORATORICAL CONTEST.

According to the established custom, the preliminary oratorical contest will take place in the chapel on the evening of the twenty-second of February, when the Wofford speakers for the State contest will be chosen. As usual, also, each of the three literary societies will be represented with two speakers—six in all. These men will discuss live, concrete questions of the day, and with a variety and thoroughness calculated to interest any and every one who may be present.

The State contest will be held at Greenwood, Lander College, on the twenty-ninth of April. It has been the habit of the Wofford speakers for some years to take first prize there, and no agreement has yet been entered into that will change that splendid record. Nine colleges of the State constitute "The State Oratorical Association," and out of the twelve contests so far Wofford has come away victoriously six times. A proud record! If the "shouting" goes to another this year, therefore, why Wofford can accept defeat with exceeding good grace. For the past four years, successively, victory and honor have come this way, and the speaker for 1911 will go to Greenwood prepared for "war" like his predecessors.

The following are the names of the speakers for the Wofford contest, with their topics of discussion:

R. D. Guilds—"The City and the Home."
W. D. Hutto, Jr.—"Revival of Civic Righteousness."
L. C. Wannamaker—"Cure by Prevention."
Herbert Hucks—"Municipal Government by Commission."
W. V. Dibble—"The Transformation of the Criminal."
R. B. McIver—"The Democratic Opportunity."

LYCEUM.

Two more numbers, the sixth and seventh, of the Lyceum Course have appeared since the January issue of the Journal—

Mr. and Mrs. Hannibal Williams, both readers of Shakespeare's plays. Mrs. Williams came on the sixteenth of January, and Mr. Williams on Thursday, the second of this month.

Mrs. Williams recited "Romeo and Juliet." This beautiful love-tragedy will always be popular, even to the casual reader and thinker, and Mrs. Williams interpreted it in a splendid manner. She is a lady of great personal charm, and added to this is a stage appearance of ease and captivating modesty. But it is undoubtedly difficult for her, or any other lady, to hold the entire attention of an audience while reading a play of this kind. The feminine voice is inadequate for the frequent change of voice necessary to bring out the different characters. Mrs. Williams did her part nobly, however, and pleased her audience better than any lady we have heard in this particular work.

Mr. Williams read the first part of "Henry IV." and made good his reputation as being a real artist in a field in which his wife cannot shine simply because she happens to be a woman. The four leading characters of "Henry IV."—"King Henry," "Prince Henry," "Hotspur" and "Falstaff"—were all skillfully portrayed by Mr. Williams. The last three, and especially "Falstaff," were brought before the audience in the very life and vigor of their real selves, while the speaker himself was buried in the dominating mastery of his wonderful skill and art. No matter how close a student of Shakespeare, one could not hear Mr. Williams without becoming better acquainted with the leading characters presented.

Splendid audiences, unusually appreciative and sympathetic, were present to hear both Mr. and Mrs. Williams.

CLASS SPEAKERS.

Speakers for the freshman exhibition have not been elected in time to report before THE JOURNAL goes to press. Two from each society will be chosen on Saturday night, the eleventh. The exhibition will occur some time in May.

The sophomore speakers are: J. C. Hyer, W. W. Jenkins,

G. H. Hodges, LeRoy Moore, Frank Herlong and H. R. Sims. They will give their entertainment early in April.

The junior debate is a part of the commencement exercises—Saturday night of that period. The debaters elected are: J. L. Glenn, R. L. Cox, R. T. Wilson, B. S. Haynes, P. M. Hamer and G M. Crum.

For several years it has been customary to have only six seniors to speak at commencement, instead of letting as many volunteer as wish. The men chosen for this year are T. E. Crane, W. J. McGarity, H. G. Hardin, M. S. Lively, Herbert Lanford and Herbert Hucks.

CAMPUS NOTES.

All material for the annual, "The Bohemian," is about ready for the press. Pictures of all kinds—clubs, classes, societies and individual ones of the senior class—have been made by Mr. Bernhardt.

Mr. Geo. A. Beach, of Rock Hill, and of the '10 class, was a visitor on the campus a short time ago. He is the same jolly, good-natured George, and his numerous friends on the campus were very glad to see him again. It will be remembered that he was the editor of this department of THE JOURNAL last year, and that he managed it with credit both to himself and to the entire staff.

Rev. C. B. Dawsey, also of last year's class, was another visitor among us recently. We hear that he is still preaching against "nicknames," illustrating with his personal experience that one will "hang on" through life.

Mr. Donald Huggins, a Wofford graduate of 1909, and now connected with the department of mathematics at Limestone College, was also with old college mates a few days ago.

Dr. Snyder will deliver the literary address at Newberry College at its next commencement.

Mrs. A. M. DuPre, who has recently been on a visit to her sister, Mrs. Riggs, at Greenville, has returned home.

M. G. West, of the junior class, has dropped out of college. West was one of the earnest students of his class, and it is hoped he will return next year.

J. M. Barr, of the senior class, we are sorry to report, is having trouble with his eyes. He is under the treatment of an Atlanta specialist, and we trust he will be sufficiently recovered to continue his school work.

We take pleasure in announcing that "Jim" Kay, junior, who was threatened with pneumonia a short time ago, is out again.

W. P. Meadors, senior, executive committeeman of the State Oratorical Association, attended a meeting of that body at Columbia on the third and fourth of this month. He reports that Wofford's representative will be the sixth speaker at the State contest again this year.

H. G. Hardin paid a visit to the homefolk at Rock Hill on Saturday and Sunday, the eleventh and twelfth. Incidentally, he filled his brother's pulpit at the Sunday morning service there.

D. M. Turbeville spent the first Saturday and Sunday of this month with his brother at Clemson College.

Mr. E. C. Edwards, legislator from Marion county, spent last Sunday in Spartanburg on a visit to his son, D. L. Edwards, of the sophomore class.

Y. M. C. A. DEPARTMENT

J. W. Cunningham, Editor.

On Friday evening, January 13th, the association had the pleasure of hearing Mr. Camak, pastor of Duncan Methodist Church. Mr. Camak based his remarks on John 15:15, "Henceforth I call you not servants; for the servant knoweth not what his lord doeth; but I have called you friends; for all things I have heard of my Father I have made known unto you." He exhorted the young men of the college to be more than mere drawers of water and hewers of wood, and that they might rise to a higher plane of devoted, sympathetic understanding of God's plan for the world and bear to Christ the same relation as friend to friend. It was an earnest appeal to a higher life that came from the heart of the speaker and went to the heart of the hearers. Mr. Camak is an old Wofford man, and has the true Wofford courage, the courage to tackle big things, and not only to tackle them, but to bring big things to pass. He has given his life to the mill problem, and there is not a larger or more important question facing the South today. We will await his return with a great deal of pleasure.

MEMORIAL SERVICES.

One of the most impressive services ever held in the association hall was that of the 20th of January, when memorial services were held in honor of the memory of Mr. Walter B. Abbott. Rev. Mr. Pendleton and Hon. C. P. Wofford, of the city; Dr. Snyder and Professor Wiggins, of the faculty, and Grady Hardin, of the student body, delivered short addresses. Each presented the phase that stood out pre-eminently to him in the life of this strong, friendly, cheerful and good man, whose life meant so much to Wofford students. The service was simple, but impressive in its simplicity, and will long be remembered by those present.

Among the many interesting lectures which we have enjoyed at our Y. M. C. A. lately was the one delivered by Dr. Colwell, of the faculty, on January 27, 1911. His subject was "Student's Life in German Universities." His lecture was very interesting and instructive. In a brief manner he gave us an insight into the different phases of the German university student's life.

We learned from this lecture that when a student, upon entering the higher German university, in order that he may enjoy full social standing among his fellow students, is required to undergo at least two very severe and somewhat dangerous combats with a fellow student. In these combats, or so-called duels, there is not supposed to exist any malice between the parties engaged.

Each combatant is well shielded except his face and head. The head is shaved clean, in order that the wounds which he will likely and usually does receive, may be more easily dressed. The duel is fought with long steel swords. In these combats the parties engaged are not allowed to stab one another, but are required to make a downward stroke.

This interesting engagement usually takes place in a large hall designated for that purpose. Adjoining this is the office of an expert surgeon, who dresses the wounds and judges whether or not the wounds are sufficient to decide the contest. In these contests it is not the one who inflicts the greater wound that is considered the victor, but it is he who fights faithfully and receives the most severe scars.

The rules of the university are not very rigid. It is left with the individual student whether or not he attends classes. The course of study consists of reading and lectures, some of which the student is expected to give. Although a student's daily work may be somewhat lax, yet on examinations a very high grade of work is exacted of the students.

We hope to have Dr. Colwell speak to us again in the near future.

It has been the custom during the past year of inviting out-

siders to address the weekly meetings of the association. However, on the evening of February 4th W. V. Dibble, of the senior class, delivered a very interesting and inspiring lecture on "Mastering Situations." He based his remarks on the life of Joseph in Egypt. Dibble spoke of the great trials and temptations that came to this young man, and how he was able to overcome them; at last being made ruler of that great country by Pharoah. Then he compared Joseph's life to the life of a college man, and spoke of the great reward that would come to them if they were faithful. It is sincerely to be hoped that we will have more addresses by men from the student body.

Don't forget the reception on the opening of our new hall. A "little bird" has whispered a word that Converse will attend. The date will be announced later.

ALUMNI DEPARTMENT

T. H. Campbell, Editor.

Class of 1906

J. C. Anderson, the first man of '06, is now at Columbia University, studying philosophy. "Courtney" taught very successfully until last fall. He determined to further prepare himself for his chosen lifework. For a twelve month his heart was in the far-off Philippines, it is said, but now it hovers about Boston.

J. W. Cunningham is now Dr. Cunningham, having taken his M. D. degree at one of the colleges in Baltimore.

Among the leading educated farmers of the State is J. B. Guess, of Denmark. "Jim" has the old farmers in his neighborhood "scun a block" when it comes to scientific agriculture, and they readily admit that he is teaching them how to farm. His father and grandfather advise him to get married, but Jim seems wedded to his work. He laughs and says, "Not yet."

J. C. Guilds, Jr., lives not far from Guess, though pursuing a different line of work. Prof. Guilds is at the head of the Carlisle Fitting School at Bamberg, S. C. After teaching some years, Mr. Guidls spent one year at Vanderbilt, where he took the M. A. degree. During the Christmas holidays, Headmaster Guilds married the accomplished daughter of Mr. Henry Folk, one of his trustees.

J. C. Harmon is a member of the North Carolina Conference.

J. D. Holler is in business with his brother-in-law, John Anderson, at Rock Hill. "John" taught quite successfully a few years after leaving college. At Elloree he made quite a reputation as a school man, but was forced to give up his

position and the profession of teaching on account of declining health.

J. R. Liles is teaching successfully near Heath Springs.

O. M. Mitchell went to Rome—Rome, South Carolina—planted himself, built up the largest and best rural school in that section of the State, married a wife, bought a piece of land and settled down to the steady work of a wide awake, energetic, public spirited citizen. Prof. Mitchell is the leading citizen of all that section, and a power for good.

F. A. McLeod is a law student at the South Carolina University.

F. B. Moore, like J. B. Guess, is reckoned among the best farmers in the commonwealth. "Frank" lives in Marlboro, that section of the State where lands are worth from one hundred to two hundred dollars per acre.

W. C. Moore, "Chesley," is practicing law at Dillon. "Ches" taught at McColl long enough to marry one of Marlboro's handsomest young women. The boys always said "Ches" had a "good eye."

M. B. Pierce is practicing law in New York. Pierce took law at Columbia University, and, finishing the course of study, remained in the metropolis for the practice of his profession. He proposes, however, to return to Georgia, his native State, after a few years.

S. W. Puckett taught at Elloree last year, succeeding John D. Holler. Just where he is now, we do not know.

Huger Richardson is practicing medicine with his father in Anderson, "the Electric City."

T. H. Robertson, the wit of his class, is at Plum Branch, fighting that fearful malady, tuberculosis. "Tom" was considered one of the strongest men of his class, intellectually and physically. He was the mathematician of his class.

S. J. Rogers, "Big Sam," is in the stove business in Arkansas. Sam taught school a year or two, and, it is said, had a way of flogging his patrons as well as his pupils when they became obsterperous.

W. C. Stallworth is in business at Woodruff.

H. C. Stanton is teaching in the Philippines.

J. C. Townsend is a lawyer at Bennettsville.

J. B. Usher, the older brother of the famous boy corn grower, is teaching near his home in Marlboro.

Roy Webster is practing law at Gaffney, S. C.

Marvin T. Wharton is in the mercantile business in Columbia, S. C.

With the election of Mr. R. E. Cope, of Orangeburg, to the Circuit Bench, another Wofford man has been called to the judgeship. Judge Cope spent several years as a student at Wofford, and left behind him a fine record as a high-minded man of strong character and a painstaking, accurate, capable student, who met all his college duties in an efficient, conscientious way. His teachers and contemporary fellow students feel sure that he will prove worthy of the traditions of his important office, and administer its great duties wisely and justly. Wofford now has two judges on the supreme bench and five on the circuit.

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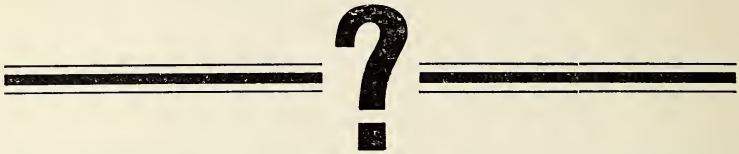

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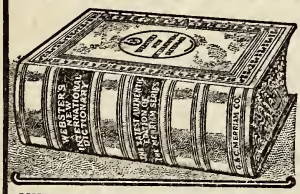

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March, 1911

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Wofford College Journal

LITERARY DEPARTMENT

H. M. Snyder, Editor.
D. W. Galloway, Assistant Editor.

To the Class of 1912

H. DUPRE HIGH.

On this evening, dark and dreary,
As night's shadows 'gin to fall,
'Tis the joys we've had together
That I would now recall.

Many, too, have been the pleasures
Since that long remembered date,
When we entered here as freshmen,
Near the close of ninteen-eight.

Since that time we've toiled together
In our duties manifold,
Ever looking toward the future,
When we'd reach that distant goal.

Some have fallen by the wayside,
Tired of college and her style,
And are drifting on life's highway,
Or lost upon some lonesome wild.

We remaining must endeavor
From our duty not to shrink;
For by so doing we may lessen
The weakness of the broken link.

Let us then, until the finish,
Strive to make a worthy name,
And leave behind a famous record
Written on the page of fame.

The Secret of the Hollow Cypress

ROBT. L. COX.

Lake Wahtuscah extends boldly out to the edge of the Great Cypress Swamp. As one descends from the high bluff to the lake, he witnesses scenes of surpassing beauty. The first impression is that of a vast gray expanse, stretching out for miles and miles to the right, to the left and in front. The tall gray cypresses proudly lift their heads above the green shrubbery and undergrowth at their feet, while high up in the air they stretch forth and intermingle their strong, graceful arms into a play ground of delight for the birds and wild beasts that make their home in their branches.

Descending to the very edge of Wahtuscah, one views a beautiful sheet of water, a mile in length and one-fourth as broad. The general outlines are now more noticeable. The giant cypresses—some of which are from five to ten feet in diameter at high-water mark—tower proudly above the placid lake. Gray moss in great profusion hangs in pretty streamers and festoons from the branches of these aged trees. The quiet lake mirrors perfectly the scene above it, save when some sportive trout breaks the smooth surface, thus becoming the center of a thousand circles, which radiate slowly, giving to the images of the slender cypresses a squirming, serpentine appearance.

I had drifted in my little canoe along the border of Lake Wahtuscah for fully two hours, and not a single fish did I catch. Somehow, ill luck had been mine during the entire afternoon. The bait had been hard to find; the sun shone too hot; all the breeze was in the tree tops; the mosquitoes were troublesome; something would steal the bait from my hook, or else it would become entangled in the slime and fallen brush—everything to worry and tantalize me. Besides, I was not in a fishing humor, and really did not care whether or not I caught any fish.

I had been on the lake fifty times before, but never had I felt as I did then. Some strange wonder and admiration for the great expanse of swamp had taken possession of my very

being. I could not put the feeling aside. The more I allowed myself to think about it, the more intense became my wonder and admiration.

Suddenly, almost angrily, I threw my fishing rod in the bottom of my boat, emptied my bait can into the lake and invited the fish of all tribes to share the contents. There was no more fishing for me that afternoon.

I pushed my canoe into the shade by the margin of the lake and steadily gazed at the vast gray waste that lay out before me. Those great, stalwart cypresses, towering more than a hundred feet in the air, how long had they looked down upon the face of Wahtuscah? What terrific storms, of which we have no record, had they witnessed? What prehistoric men might they not have seen on the surface of the quiet lake at their feet? What generations yet unborn might they not look down upon?

Suddenly my attention was drawn from the immediate scene by the faint, distant scream of a fishhawk. I peered as far into the swamp as possible, still a countless number of graceful cypresses, adorned with beautiful streamers of moss, met my gaze. The whole surface of the earth was covered with water, out of which protruded thousands upon thousands of shiny, cone-shaped "cypress knees."

When I had looked as far into the swamp as the natural eye could see, I was still unsatisfied. What new scenes might not the far interior present? Might not strange and unseen animals and birds have their dwelling there? Again, cypresses twice the size of those upon which I now gazed might never have met the eye of human kind.

Before I was conscious of what I was doing, I had seized my oars and was rowing rapidly across the lake. Curiosity and a sense of wonder had taken possession of me. I must see more of the immense swamp land that lay beyond the lake. But how was I to get my boat through the undergrowth and myriads of "cypress knees?" Still, I would try it.

Upon reaching the farther side and rowing some distance along the side of the lake, I discovered a narrow avenue—

scarcely wider than my boat itself—that led out from Wahtuscah in the direction which I desired. "This is just it," I murmured to myself, as I pushed into the channel and, glancing up at the sun, saw that it was some two and a half hours before dark. After pulling on in the desired direction for some time, I noticed that the opening among the "cypress knees" still continued. I began to look for signs of human work; but not the slightest trace could be found. Yet, I could not understand why the channel continued, even in an obscure and certain way. "Just some freak of nature," I murmured, and pushed steadily on.

The scene about me had not materially changed. As far as the eye could discern, water covered every particle of ground. Huge cypresses in countless numbers looked down upon the broad and desolate waste. Still, something new might open up at any moment. At least, I was covering ground that no one else had covered, which was a great fascination in itself.

It had been fully an hour since I had left Wahtuscah. I must have been some two or three miles from the lake, when all at once I found the little avenue which I had been following totally obstructed by the biggest cypress I have ever seen. "The freak of nature must have ended," I soliloquized, "and with it my journey in this vast waste."

I was turning my canoe to retrace my course when, at some little distance from me, I noticed an iron ring about a "cypress knee," the ring being barely above the water. The next moment I glanced up at the side of the large cypress which had been obscured from me at first. Just above high-water mark, there was a well-formed, well-shaped opening, some two feet broad and twice as long, into the large hollow of the tree. I looked at the opening again. It certainly bore marks of human skill. My heart began to beat faster, and I fancy I grew pale. I stopped to listen; but there was not the faintest sound. A solemn stillness held everything in its grasp. Could this be the den of some wild animal?

Looking at the door a moment, and endeavoring to put away all fear and superstition, I decided to explore the mys-

teries further. I pushed my boat up by the side of the giant tree and pulled myself into the door. There was a well constructed plank floor, laid at a sufficient height to secure it against all intrusion from high water. My body cut off the greater part of the light from the little apartment which I was about to enter. I listened again; there was no sound. I tried the floor with one foot; it was solid enough. Why should I not enter?

I advanced cautiously, keeping my back steadily towards the door. The hollow in the cypress was about equal in size to a room seven feet square. It was perfectly sheltered from the weather, no rain at all being able to enter from the top. The walls were some ten or twelve inches thick and were nearly at right angles with the floor.

By this time my heart had grown quieter, my hair was no longer standing on its end. I could now notice things more closely. In the center of the floor there was a pile of dirt, upon which stood an old-fashioned Dutch oven and a small tea kettle. Just a little to the right of these stood a rust-eaten candlestick, which held a half-consumed, homemade tallow candle, while close by lay a butcher knife and an axe, with worm-eaten handle.

What could all this mean? Could this tree have been the dwelling of some Indian trapper? No, the Indians had no iron vessels and utensils. Some famous desperado might have had his secret hiding place here. Could it have been that Henry Berry Lowry and James Applewhite, the famous Croatan outlaws, long evaded the law in this quiet hollow? I would examine further.

Turning to my left, there stood a rickety, worm-eaten homemade chair, which, when I attempted to lift it, fell to pieces. A little further, and somewhat nearer the wall, lay an old musket, some five feet long, with large scales of rust clinging to its barrel. But, maybe, the name of its owner was carved on the stick. I picked up the gun to examine, but found no clue, and as I was about to lay it down, the whole stock fell away from the barrel.

I gazed about me through the uncertain light, seeking a solution of the mystery. Turning abruptly to my right, oh, what a sight met my eyes! I staggered against the wall and sank to the floor. After a few moments of bewilderment, however, I regained my feet and looked again in the same direction. There, in the uncertain light, immediately to my right as I had entered the door, lay a bleached, uncanny, ghostly, grinning human skeleton.

My fright now being somewhat abated, I became even bold in the face of my former fear. It may not be believed, but I advanced audaciously toward the object of my former horror, scrutinizing it closely. The skeleton was that of a person of medium size. The skull was perfectly shaped, and, if we may judge by its size and general appearance, it was that of a person of considerable intelligence.

Still, the mystery was unsolved. Not a single object which I had found in the cypress gave the slightest clue as to the identity of this strange personage. He might have been some notable criminal; possibly he was a trapper, or maybe he was some strange character, whose inherent love of the swamp land led him to live and die alone in this solitary waste. It was certain, however, that everything in the hollow gave evidence of considerable age; but whether they were forty, fifty or a hundred years old, I had no means of ascertaining.

It was fast growing dark, and I had almost despaired of a solution of the mystery. I was taking my last review of the weird, mysterious hollow, when an object before unnoticed attracted my attention.

In the hand of the skeleton nearest the wall there was a small book, badly stained and time worn. I drew the little daybook from the slender, bony fingers, which fell into a heap the moment the book left them. Fearlessly turning my back upon everything in the hollow, I advanced to the door to get better light. My breathing quickened and my heart beat faster in the anticipation of more facts about the secret.

Unfortunately, almost every page was blurred. Upon the

first leaf of the little book I could make out only these words:

"November 20th, 1861. I, Joseph ————,"

On the last page of the record the following was written in an unsteady, nervous hand:

"Dec. 25, 1864. I am dying. Would that I had given my life for my country on Virginia's battlefield.

"Joseph Cartwright."

The Divorce Problem

R. T. W.

A question that should be of vital importance to the American people at the present day is the divorce question. When we consider the great number of American divorces compared with divorces in the country of our forefathers, we are brought face to face with a serious problem. And we naturally ask what the government has been doing to check this evil, and why and under what conditions are so many divorces granted.

Let us first compare the number of divorces in Europe and in America. In Great Britain, a man may divorce his wife for a single act of infidelity. A woman may divorce her husband for a persistent act of infidelity, coupled with a brutal assault; or if he has deserted her for at least two years. From this it can easily be seen that in Great Britain there is an easy outlet to the breaking of the matrimonial bond. Whereas, in the United States divorce can only be procured for more serious causes, such as cruelty, impotency, neglect to provide, adultery, etc. Yet in England, Scotland and Wales during the year 1900 there were granted only seven hundred and forty-three divorces. During the same year, although the laws were more rigid in the United States, there were granted fifty-five thousand five hundred and two divorces. These European countries, with half the population of the United States, had only one divorce to every seven hundred and forty-five American divorces. Some Europeans have the idea that husband and wife of America can change their marital partner as lightly as

they change partners at a dance. Have we deviated from the principles and religion of our forefathers?

In the United States there is a large crowd who believe that we have gone contrary to the principles of our ancestors in this respect. For many persons agree with the statement, made some time ago, that "marriage as an institution hardly exists among us, any more than in the fifth century at Rome, when twenty wives in succession was not an extravagance." Again, "the reckless facility with which divorce may be procured in every State in the Union, except South Carolina, is a blot on the name of the law in our land." Not every one agrees that there should be no divorce under certain conditions. But, with present conditions, there is a suspicion that too many divorces are being granted. During the days when Rome was on the verge of falling, the Christian nations believed that the laxity of the divorce law was precipitating this decay. However, most Americans do not believe as devoutly as does Mrs. Humphrey Ward that the American divorce laws indicate a state of social anarchy, which is rapidly decaying the foundations of this republic. Even if it is not to be viewed with such a pessimistic view, yet it cannot be denied that the divorce laws are breaking up many looked-for happy homes. And when the marital bond loses much of its sacredness, what is to become of the foundation of society?

Nobody seems to know what to do with this problem. Nearly all Christian bodies have attempted to forbid the remarriage of divorced couples. Many States have made the marriage laws more rigid, hoping that this may check the marriage of those likely to end in separation. These and many other panaceas have been offered, but none of seeming avail. And today two of the happiest lovers in all the land have the unfortunate fact that one chance out of twelve they will not pass their "silver wedding" in an unbroken union. It seems a hard problem to solve, or the government would have done so long ago, thereby taking away the disgrace with which other nations look upon us as a nation holding the marriage bond in

contempt. And because of such appalling conditions, let us see what steps the government has taken in the past.

Only twice in the history of this republic have investigations been made into the divorce problem. The first investigation found that there were 328,716 divorces granted between the years 1867 and 1887. How many marriages there were during these twenty years no one knew, because in most of the States there were no marriage records kept; and in the States where kept, the records were so carelessly filed that they were of no value. Many States lacked necessary compulsory requirements of marriage records; others had the requirements, but attached no penalty to non-observance of the law. In one county of a State there were found more licenses than marriages; in another there were found more marriages than licenses. But upon the last investigation made in 1906, it was made possible to have some of the facts before us concerning marriages and divorces. In this report fairly complete marriage returns were made. Every State in the Union except New Jersey and South Carolina required marriage licenses. Every State in the Union except South Carolina kept marriage records. But, happily, since that report South Carolina has marched to the front, and today she requires marriage licenses. So when the next investigation is made South Carolina will be able to aid the federal government in diagnosing her marital unrest.

It is surprising to find that no one religious division of the country produces more divorces than another. The divorces granted are about the same in Catholic Louisiana, Mormon Utah and Unitarian Massachusetts. But there are many more divorces in the city than in the country. Again, that the divorces are granted not only to the rich people and ornamenters of the stage, but equally to the plain, middle class people. Surely there must be social forces operating behind these divorces which are equal among all classes. To this generation is due the undaunted purpose of disclosing these social forces, and, when they have been discovered, with equal intensity of purpose of remedying the evil.

Many people think that most of the marriages which end in divorce are those where the parties reflected little upon marriage and rush into it too abruptly. True it is that we are aware of the fact that many marriages are enveloped in a cloud of romance, and when the mist disappears there may be a calm for a while. But soon life becomes stormy and discontented, and away to the divorce courts the couples go. There is some possible chance of remedying this evil by making the divorce laws more rigid. For with many couples there is a desire to remain with a matrimonial partner only until the flower of youth begins to fade. Because of our divorce laws, we are verging to the practice of Mormonism. Surely the different States will soon realize this fact and remedy their divorce laws. And when this is done we shall have favor in the eyes of other nations and will be looked upon no longer as a nation holding the marriage bond in contempt.

A Psalm of the "Hobble Skirt"

(Apologies to Longfellow and Others.)

R. E. M.

"Tell me not in mournful numbers
  The hobble skirt is here to stay;
For the maid, each time she stumbles,
  Vows she'll throw the thing away."

It is cute, and it is "nifty,"
  And it always "takes the eye,"
Or he's dead who sleeps and misses
  Such a sight as it goes by.

With enjoyment and not sorrow
  Do we take a stroll each day;
For we hope that each tomorrow
  Brings a "hobble" on our way.

Words from "great men" at our class rooms
  (Such as "Heinie's," "Clink's" and "Squirts"),
Say that often we remind them
  How they "rubbered" once at skirts.

But those were "hoop skirts," and if ever
They come back in style again,
We'll "hands off" and let the "great men"
(For we couldn't) take part again.

Fashions die, and styles are fleeting,
And our hearts, though strong and stout,
Still, like muffled drums are beating,
Fearing what will next come out.

But judge the future by the present!
Let the dead past bury its dead!
Then our future'll be most pleasant.
(Maybe then they'll "hobble" their heads.)

So let us then be up and doing,
With an eye for any style,
But at present still "pursuing"
The "hobble skirt," the present style.

Blighted

A. W. AYERS.

Charlie Douglas had recently come to our city, and I had known him only a few weeks. He puzzled me; he was not over twenty-five years old, yet his hair was touched with gray and his face and figure were attractive. But what drew me toward him was his manner. There seemed to be something worrying him; he was serious and thoughtful, but seemed to desire jolly company, though he did not appear to enjoy it. Wishing to know more of the fellow, and hoping to be of some help to him, if possible, I was constantly with him. We had spent many a pleasant afternoon at baseball games or riding or swimming.

One night he invited me to stay with him at his hotel. After supper, we sat in the lobby a while, but, as usual, he seemed restless and suggested that we go up to his room. We entered the elevator and passed the second, third, fourth floors. I wondered how much higher.

"Goodness! Charlie, why did you take a room so high up?"

"Oh, I feel better up there," he replied.

Not until we reached the ninth floor, the very top of the building, did we leave the elevator and go toward the front of the hotel to enter his suite of rooms. Besides the regular furnishings of a modern hotel, he had few ornaments in his room. As usual with boys, there was on the mantel a picture of a girl; on the table were papers and magazines. The only book I saw was "Poe's Tales."

We talked of automobiles, of girls, of baseball, of fishing until near midnight. He shifted from one subject to another. He kept his seat only a few minutes at a time; then rose and paced the room, always talking. His eyes roved from one object to another; he lit a cigar, smoked it a moment and threw it away. Finally we retired. I lay awake a long time, and imagined I saw those stern gray eyes look at me and glance off. Below, the city was as quiet as if not a soul inhabited the place. I heard the town clock strike twelve, and had a presentiment that my bedfellow was not asleep, but peering at me through the darkness. At last I fell asleep.

I had not been asleep long when I was awakened by a frenzied cry: "I didn't kill you! You did it yourself!"

"Charlie!" I cried, "what's the matter?"

"Turn on the light quick!"

I turned on the light and looked toward the bed. Could that be Charlie Douglas? Surely not, that figure standing there in night clothes, leaning on a chair, face as white as a terrible ghost; with the hair torn and disheveled; and those glassy eyes, how they did glare straight at me!

Without moving an eyelid, he cried: "Is he gone?"

"What? Who? Man, are you mad?" I asked, placing my hand upon a chair to protect myself if he should attack me. This seemed to recall him to the world of fact. Putting his hands to his head and falling into a chair, he muttered, in all the misery of a tormented spirit, "What must I do?"

"Charlie, won't you tell me what your trouble is?"

"Arthur, will you be my friend?" he asked, without looking up.

"Certainly; I'll do anything to help you."

"Then I will tell you all. Oh, how I do long to lift the pressing load of this secret that is pulling at my very soul! I had mastered that dangerous art, hypnotism. It was in a city, it matters not where, that I came to know intimately a bank cashier. Then it was that a hellish plot forced itself into my idle brain."

Here he paused and, leaning forward, covered his face with his hands so that it was with difficulty that I caught his groaning words.

"I had all the dark details wrought out in my scheming mind. It was a dismal night in last February; the wind blew in angry gusts, as if all the infernal demons were contending in the upper air, and the rain was tossed and torn to mists. Through this dreary night I made my way to the home of this cashier. He was alone, as I knew, that night. I entered, and he was glad to see me. Then I began to exercise that fell power by talking first of commonplace things. Then I related a mysterious tale; every detail I portrayed vividly; his thougths followed mine, step by step, and before he was aware he was entirely within my power. Then, as he was under this hypnotic spell, I commanded him to go to his desk and write a letter in these words: 'Henry, everything is all right. I shall be at the bank by ten o'clock p. m. Be on hand sure, and we—' Here I took the pen and spilt some ink on the last word, 'we.' I placed the blotted letter carelessly on the desk with some other papers. Then I made him believe that the president of the bank had sent for fifty thousand dollars. Of course, what I willed was his will, and at my bidding he put on overcoat and hat and, taking a suitcase of his, entered the raw, blustry night. I followed him, about half a block behind on the opposite side of the street. It was then a little past nine, and a few stragglers were still on the street. On and on we went, until, at the suggestion in my thoughts, he stopped at the bank, took out his keys, unlocked

the door and entered. A man across the street noticed him, paused and looked at the bank a while, and went on. I stood near the bank for some time, and when I was sure no one saw me, I entered and locked the door behind me. In there I found Albert, as I expected, not knowing what to do. I bid him open the safe. I was not sure whether or not he would remember the combination while under this spell. A street light from without threw a pale and uncertain light into the office. Only the clink, clink of the combination was heard inside; outside the winds played funeral music on the wires and the rain spattered on the pavement in spells. Would he ever open the safe? It seemed not. Yes! What is he doing? The bolts—they slide—look!"

At this point Charlie rose from his chair, terribly excited. He spoke quickly and gaspingly; frequently he pulled at his hair and clothes, looking straight in front of him, as if at some object. He continued his wild talk.

"There, unlock those places—put the gold and banknotes in your suitcase! . . . God! Is that some one entering? Hark! it is only the wind. Must I take the last and deadly step? No! Yet I must blot out all evidence. Oh, why did I bring this dagger? . . . Here, Albert, you must be a hero and kill yourself for his sake. Ah! as a lamb before the slaughter, you take it. Now, lie on the floor. Now, you must— Mercy! what a pitiful wail! Surely it was from above. It sounds like an innocent soul in distress crying for mercy. Listen! It's in the back! Can a four-legged creature utter such a plaintive cry? Was it only a cat? What else could it be? . . . Albert, you must—cut—your—throat; cut it—deep, sure and long. Now, quick! God! It's done! How the warm blood gurgles forth! Oh, the street light falls on that writhing face with a dreary horror! Mercy! that groan goes through my very heart—those eyes are opened; how they stare at me! I didn't kill you! You did it yourself!"

At this point in his awful confession Charlie fell back on

the bed, wildly agitated. I was afraid to approach him. Soon he continued:

"I gathered up most of the money, and, with the dead man's keys, I let myself out through the back, and by two o'clock I had reached my hotel, unobserved through that black night. Next day the horror was discovered; detectives were set on the case. The blotted letter to 'Henry' was found. It was concluded that he had started to write to his accomplice, 'Henry,' but having blotted this sheet, threw it away, forgetting in his excitement to tear it up. The cashier had been seen to enter the bank at 9:30 p. m. It was naturally thought that the accomplice had killed him and escaped with the money. The detectives confined themselves to finding a 'Henry,' and suspected no other name."

Here Charlie rose from the bed, stretched his hands toward me and said, with all the agonizing groans of a tortured spirit: "There is blood on these hands! Can you relieve such a spirit as mine?"

"Charlie," I said, "there is only one Power that you can expect help from, and that is divine."

"I tell you I am an abandoned soul. I only thirst for death."

"But there is One who—"

"I tell you it is no use; it is too late!"

I attempted to reason with him, but to no avail. It was now daylight, so we dressed and went down for an early walk. His eyes seemed more quiet than formerly, but his face was even paler than usual and his hands trembled so that he could scarcely light his cigar.

He remained about two weeks in our city; but, still restless and uneasy, he left to go—he knew not where, but, as he said, "to go anywhere," for it mattered not to him.

How long this life drifted can easily be conjectured, for it was drifting helplessly and surely to the rocks.

Gratitude or Love: Which

R. M. L.

The two were sitting on the large veranda, overlooking almost the whole park. Suddenly their discussion of old times came to an abrupt close; then Barksdale, the younger of the two, said: "Crawford, how does it happen that you are married? Some years ago, when I saw you last, you were a confirmed woman-hater; now, you tell me that you have been married over a year."

Crawford threw down a magazine he had in his hands and started to speak slowly: "To tell you the whole story, I will have to go back several years, to my junior year at Cornell; for it was then that I met Julia Forsythe. She was rather small, with dark eyes and an abundance of curly, black hair. Her face fairly shone with innocence and refinement. Well, not to mention her many charms, I was in love with her in about three days. The boys teased me considerably about my affection for the young Tennessee girl; for, heretofore, I had been a great misogynist. For a while I thought that Julia really liked me; but at the beginning of my senior year I had a rival in Orville Sanderson, a rich young New Yorker. A pang of jealousy ran through me when I saw him dancing with Julia and talking as if he had known her for years. In a few months they were engaged and were maried the following summer.

"Immediately after my graduation from Cornell, I opened an office in Saluda, and as Sanderson made his summer home there, I saw him and his young bride quite often. For a few months, the Sandersons and happiness were synonymous. A little later Sanderson took a fancy to aviation, which was then the fad. There was a meet at Saluda, and Sanderson was to compete for the altitude record with a passenger. His wife being slightly sick, he ascended with Miss Curtiss, a young lady who was visiting his home. There were four contestants for the altitude record, and Sanderson, in his Wright machine, was the first to ascend. He reached a height of over a mile and was within seventy-five feet of the ground

when his engine stopped, from some cause or other, and his machine plunged against the hard ground. With another doctor, I hastened to the scene of the catastrophe. On arriving, we found that Miss Curtiss was already dead, while there was slight hope for Sanderson's recovery. We hurried him to the hospital, and there I operated on him for concussion of the brain. The operation was successful beyond our expectations; indeed, many said that Sanderson owed his life to my efforts. But even that accident did not stop his recklessness, and two years later he was killed while trying for high records again.

"Mrs. Sanderson grew desperately ill on her husband's death. I did all I could to restore her to health, and partially succeeded. One evening, after a business call, she said to me: 'Ralph, I wish that you would marry and build a home somewhere around here. You live so far that I am afraid that I will never be able to pay you for your long and frequent visits,' with a nervous little laugh. By the way, she was worth several million dollars.

"But I was now more deeply in love with her than I had ever been, so I suggested: 'Julia, why don't you let me live here with you? That will pay me for all I have ever suffered.'

"Her face grew brighter as she replied: 'You will have to give me time to reflect. You know, you have never said before that you even cared for me. But, as a business proposition, I think that I shall accept it.'

"Several months later we were married, and now I often ask Julia whether she married me through gratitude or love."

"And what does she say?" asked Barksdale, lighting a cigar.

"Oh,"said Crawford, "she says that—but here she comes now," he concluded, as a beautiful woman, still young and with a face free from all worry, came out of the house. "Ask her for yourself."

The City and the Home

R. D. GUILDS.

The strength and stability of any government depends upon the integrity of the home. When our constitution was framed nearly every family composed a settlement within itself, and every condition seemed to be favorable for the growth of the home life. Since that time, however, American cities have grown up more rapidly than the cities of any other country. For example, it was only three years ago when there died in Chicago the first white man born in that city. Let us see whether or not the rapid and extensive growth of these cities has been favorable to our home life.

The growth of the American cities has not only been rapid, but sure. The industrial revolution started the movement, and it needs no prophet to foresee that the people of our country will never return to the rural life of one hundred years ago. With the improved methods of farming, it was found that four men could produce the same amount that it formerly took fourteen to produce. This meant that nearly seventy-five per cent. of the people had to seek employment elsewhere. Where did those unemployed find their employment? It was around the great manufacturing centers that sprang up along with the application of machinery in farming. In a few years there had grown up large commercial and manufacturing cities, with all their complexity.

These great cities are numerous today, and are rapidly becoming the ruling force in our government. But as they become larger and more powerful, their influence seems to be more demoralizing. If one goes to the bottom of this, he will find that it is because the home, which is the fountain of the things that are sacred and true, of the things that are deepest and most profound, is passing away, and is being replaced by the lodging.

As the cities become more crowded, the houses are made just a little smaller and are put closer together, until finally one large tenement, apartment house, or hotel, takes the place of several former homes. A number of families live in each of

these houses, and often in the poorest districts several families live in one room. More than one family living under one roof does not necessarily mean that there can be no home; but it does mean that more effort is needed to preserve the home. For, under normal conditions, one's dwelling should be a place of privacy, where exist mutual interest and most intimate fellowship; where are cherished tenderest affections and divinest hopes. Do the clustered huts and tenements of our cities provide these conditions?

Among the rich a like tendency is noted. The hotel and club life is being substituted for the home life. The home too often becomes the lodging house of the father, and the social headquarters of the mother. The substitution of the lodging for the home shows the disaster in the restlessness of the age. They say that the hotel and other lodgings hold an important place in the economy of modern life—they afford comfort and rest. In prolonged and extensive travels the lodgings make privacy and family life possible, and are suitable shelters during short periods for those who often change their residences; but these lodgings do not foster the trust and confidence necessary for the growth of a full and free family life.

If the home is passing away, and the tenement, apartment house and hotel taking its place, where and how are the children being reared? There is no place for them except in the public parks and on the streets. Here they are seen with irresponsible servants, subject to the vices and evil influences of their surroundings. The children are perhaps more numerous in the poorer than in the wealthier districts, but alike rich and poor have only the streets; the houses do not provide for the children. These, in general, are the conditions under which children of the modern city are being reared. Can the man reared under such condition take up the duties and responsibilities of life as readily, and with the same degree of success, as he who has had all the advantages of home training; who has learned from his parents, both by precept and example, those principles of truth, honor and personal purity, in thought and life, which are essential to good citizenship?

The child that is not reared in a home does not have that rich store of pure memories and affections which come only through the home. When youth is baffled by contact with the world, the home is his refuge. It is a place of peace, where visions are clearly grouped; where courage returns, and one goes forth with a new determination. The home is not only a sacred enclosure in which the finest and deepest affections are nourished, the truest and most fruitful impulses strengthened and sustained, but it is also a place of the most searching and liberating education. No later teacher can enter into the inner life of one as can the mother, who infolds young life, penetrating and giving color to its secret thoughts. Goethe's mother did more for the training of his talents than did the University of Strassburg. And Ruskin drew more inspiration from the reading of his Bible at his mother's knee than from all his studies at Oxford. Therefore, our moral and intellectual training depends absolutely upon the home.

The immigrants that come to our country today crowd into the cities, where they can find employment. These immigrants are of a lower type of man than those who first came to America; and this, together with the fact that most of them are crowded in little clusters of huts and in tenements, without the advantages of home life, without educational advantages, and without the opportunities necessary for the development of good citizenship, results in many of them becoming naturalized without being Americanized. This means ignorant power, which is a menace to our republic. The proportion of illiterates among foreign born is nearly three times as large as among the native whites. In 1900 there were over sixty-five thousand whites in the United States ten years of age, born of foreign parents, who could not even speak the English language. This is not the immigrants' fault. It is evidently a result of the conditions under which he is reared.

We assert that most of these results arise from the fact that the home is being replaced by the apartment house and hotel. But when one analyzes the question, he sees that, with the rapid and assured growth of the American cities, with all their

complexity and large population, this social movement cannot be stopped; it can only be guided. Study the existing conditions and see what can make an American home, even though it is elevated to the height of one hundred feet. There is no reason why a family should not be as happy under an electric light as by a candle; no reason why they should not be as happy walking on oriental rugs as on the bare floor of a small cottage. There is no inherent reason why children should not be as happy and as healthy in a modern palace as in an ancient hut. The child has been absolutely overlooked and neglected in the building of the apartment houses.

If these modern dwellings were filled with people who appreciated the opportunities of the time in which they live, families living in them would know as large and as high a happiness as those living in private homes. For wives and mothers, relieved of other occupations, could give more thought to their children, and they would realize that servants cannot rightly provide for them. The apartment houses have not done so, but they can provide for children with as great a degree of success as the private home, by turning their palm-fringed roofs into happy child gardens, by furnishing great play grounds, gymnasiums and nurseries. In the poorer districts the city authorities should see that these essentials are not overlooked in the building of the apartment houses, so that even the poorest families could enjoy as contented a home life as the world has ever known.

It behooves every citizen of the rapidly, and permanently, growing cities of our country to take a vital interest in the home and its environment. For herein lies the fundamental principle upon which our national independence and civilization rests.

To My Affinity

R. M. LAWSON.

I had a dream the other night,
  Still thro' my head it whirls;
I dreamed about a dark-eyed maid
  With lots of long, black curls.

I thought I saw her sitting near
  A fountain, deep and quiet;
And the passion in her eyes
  Filled all with their love-light.

She was fairer than the lily,
  And her heart so full of love,
I thought she was an angel
  From the heavens up above.

She waved her little hand,
  And cried a last farewell,
And then depart suddenly,
  Just where, I could not tell.

Still in my dreams I see her,
  And her dark eyes still shine.
Still in my thoughts I call her
  My Affinity Divine.

The Explanation

R. L. M.

Many times he had seen her during the year and a half since they had first met, but never yet, it seemed to him, when her face and figure so truly expressed the charm of her spirit as now. Never had she seemed so beautiful, and, standing within reach of his arm, never had she seemed so far away. The soft light fell brightest upon the dark brown mass of her hair and outlined the slender figure in delicately mingling light and shadow. Silent and almost motionless, nevertheless the alternate tightening and relaxing of the fingers of her clasped hands betrayed the struggle for self-control. Her cheek had not regained its color, and in her eyes was the same half-pained, half-imploring look that had come into them the moment before when she had risen from her chair.

Sheldred started to speak, but remained silent at her gesture, as she turned from him and bowed her head upon the old piano. Baffled, uncertain for the moment what to do, he

leaned upon the mantel and watched her with troubled, longing eyes. Had he believed that she cared for him only as a friend, he would have gone without another word, but in his mind there was the firm conviction that she would not have shrunk from his declaration had there not been some other cause. With sudden resolve, he crossed the room and stood by her side.

"Mary," he said, gently, "can you tell me why, or must I never know?"

She raised her head and met his earnest look with steady, tearless eyes, and, though her cheek was even paler than before, there was no tremor in her low, quiet voice as she replied:

"Yes, I can tell you now, and it is only right that you should know."

Seated in front of the fire, sometimes looking into the flames, sometimes into his eyes that never left her face, Mary Ashton told her story.

"You know that I am an orphan, adopted by those whom I call my parents?"

He nodded as at a trifle. He knew also that her family name had always been the synonym for the best and highest service of the State, and that, though wealth had gone, its proud record had suffered no stain. But whether it had been so or not, what could that matter to him?

"There were four of us in our little family at the time we lived in the upper part of this State—my father, mother, a brother two years older than I, and myself. The loss of nearly all of our property caused us to move to Mississippi, and there, shortly afterwards, both father and mother died of yellow fever, within a week of the time they were taken. We had no near relatives anywhere, and for a while my brother, Alfred, and I were left upon the kind-hearted neighbors; but there was a distant cousin of my father's, a middle-aged bachelor, and a man of unscrupulous character, as I have since learned, who lived in New Orleans. He agreed to take Alfred, who was then eight years old, but had no use for a girl. A little later

these two whom I now call father and mother learned what had occurred, and, as they had known my parents, took me for their own daughter.

"They tried to get my brother, too, but the man absolutely refused, and when he moved away, a few months later, all trace of him was lost. For nine years we never knew where Alfred was, or even if he were alive. But one day there was a short article in the newspapers telling of the death of a Texas cattle-owner at the hands of his supposed son. There was a slight change in the names, but we found that there was no doubt as to the identity. I am the sister of a murderer."

She paused a moment, then leaned wearily back in her chair as she finished the story.

"As far as we have been able to learn, there was no quarrel, no heat of passion to make it less horrible; the man was murdered in cold blood. *He* escaped, and from that day to this we have never heard of him. But he knows where I am, and some day, when he is found, it will all come out, nor shall I shrink from it, for the misfortune of his bringing up makes him only the more my brother, and this deed, with or without excuse as the case may be, cannot change it. You see now what hangs over me, and that what you wish can never be."

The story had been purposely put in its barest and harshest form, but she could see that it had been of no avail, and, with nerves strained to the breaking point, she dreaded to hear him further. Before he could speak, she rose and faced him.

"You must go," she said, and in the very quiet of her tone there was an unalterable determination. Still he stubbornly held his ground.

"Do you think—" he began, then stopped, for instead of the command in her eyes there was now the pitiful plea that he would no longer tempt her against her will. All the loyalty in him rose at the call, and he turned away, not daring to speak, lest the generous resolution fail him. At the door he paused, looking back at the motionless figure beneath the light.

"I shall wait, be the time short or long, a day or a lifetime."

She only shook her head, and, despite his grim determination, as he made his way homeward through the dreary, murky gloom of the night, he could scarcely fight off a sense of the hopelessness of his resolve.

The fire glowed cheerfully in the grate, and the warm, well-furnished room, in all that concerned physical comfort, sharply contrasted with the winter night outside, where man and beast forced their way as best they might against the wind and sleet that continually made more treacherous the uncertain footing of the icy pavement. But, heedless of the cold world outside, little caring for the bodily comfort, Sheldred sat before the fire, half-resisting, half-welcoming the thoughts, hopes and memories that came into his mind as strongly and persistently as they had upon that similar night three weeks before.

The steely patter of the sleet upon the roof drowned the slight noise of stealthy footsteps along the hall, and the faint knock sounded twice before he roused himself from he reverie enough to call out an indifferent "Come in."

His indifference quickly vanished, however, and, indeed, the figure that noiselessly slipped through the half-opened door would have attracted the attention of the most abstracted. Stooped and thin to the point of emaciation, the man might have been thought to be past middle-age, but the thick hair was coal black, and, in spite of the protruding cheek-bones, the scarred and yellow lips, the face had a peculiarly youthful look. At the first sight of the man's face, it flashed upon Sheldred that somewhere he had seen him before, for the features had a strangely familiar cast, but as he looked into the eyes that with their keen yet vacillating light suggested more of the animal than of man, he put the thought aside as absurd.

His visitor's low, hardly intelligible greeting brought him to his senses, and, with a word of apology for his slow courtesy, he offered the guest a chair. The latter silently accepted it, and drawing up close to the grate, set himself to warming

his bony hands before the fire. But from time to time, from his half-crouching position, he cast furtive yet searching glances around the room and at its occupant.

"Pretty cold outside, I guess," Sheldred remarked finally, as the stranger did not seem disposed to say anything about himself or his business.

The man glanced quickly at him as he spoke, but only nodded, rubbing his hands together as though in renewed appreciation of the warm blaze. A little amused, though puzzled, Sheldred for the time made no further attempt at conversation, content with observing his guest's queer behavior. Notwithstanding his well-worn clothes and general appearance, he did not believe him to be a tramp, but more probably a mild lunatic, escaped from the nearby asylum.

The man continued his stealthy examination of the room, but gradually he appeared to become less suspicious, and a pathetic yearning showed in his wandering eyes, as they dwelt on the different articles of taste and comfort. Sheldred noticed this, and, instead of an indifferent amusement, he began to feel a sympathetic pity for this unfortunate, doomed to a bare, comfortless existence within the asylum walls.

"You have found it a bitter day to be walking, haven't you?" he ventured again, wishing to see if he would talk.

As before, the other looked keenly at him, but not so suspiciously, and replied in a low, hesitant voice:

"Yes, it's very cold, but I wouldn't mind it if I only had some warm place, where I could go and be welcomed and understood. It is hard for people to understand, somehow, isn't it?" The tone was almost appealing.

Sheldred nodded serious enough, and, rather believing that the man wished to tell his story, he asked kindly:

"You mean that you have no one of your family left—or that no one understands you?"

"There is one left, but that one does not understand. I have come a long way to try to explain, but I am afraid I never will be able to do it."

He halted a moment, seeming to feel that he must explain

himself further, and looking at Sheldred to see if he were one in whom to put confidence. As though reassured by the frank, kindly gaze, he continued:

"You see, a long time ago I took something from a man. It was not worth much, and he had robbed me of what was worth far more than all he had. It was right and just for me to do it, but, you know, people make others suffer for what they should not, and am afraid that this person of my family I spoke of just now has had to bear part of the consequences of what I did. And if I could only make her understand that I would not have done it if I had not forgotten, I should be satisfied. I had been so long crushed by this man that I forgot and let everything else slip, thinking only of what was just, and I took from him everything that he had."

Sheldred hardly knew how to respond, fearing to say the wrong thing. However, he ventured at random:

"So you consider you were perfectly justified in taking everything from the man you spoke of?"

It was an unfortunate speech, evidently it brought some great wrong to his mind. The mild mood was gone, his hands clenched and his eyes glittered wildly, while his voice changed to a clear, uncanny, ringing tone.

"Justified? When he had taken from me all that was best and finest in my life; when he had ruined it for me and for others? Of course, it was just, and it was sweet to take from him all that he had, worthless as his life was."

He rose to his feet, laughing the wild, mirthless laugh of the maniac. Sheldred coolly returned the glittering, half-menacing gaze, though it all but chilled his blood. He was now sure that he would have to combat barehanded with this madman whom he had unwittingly aroused. But, with another laugh, the man resumed his seat by the fire, looking steadily into the blaze, while a fiendish smile hovered about his lips.

Sheldred remained silent, hoping that this mood would soon pass away. Several moments went by, and in the stillness a slight sound came to his ear from the hall outside. A second

later the door opened quickly, but without noise, and three men slipped in, one of whom Sheldred recognized as one of the officers of the asylum. The madman sprang to his feet as they entered with a snarl of defiance. Two of the men threw themselves upon him, but his attenuated form seemed to possess a demon's strength, and after a short struggle he hurled them both from him. With nostrils distended and quivering in every muscle, he waited for the men to renew the attack. But the officer in a low tone ordered them to stand back and came forward, calling the man by some name which Sheldred failed to catch.

The maniac's mad fit seemed to have passed, and he looked as harmless as before. With a sudden lurch of weakness, he staggered forward into the officer's arms, and, without a word of explanation, they bore him from the room.

But Sheldred paced up and down, wrapped in his own thoughts. Just before the madman had fallen into his captor's arms, it struck him with renewed conviction that he had seen the man before, and he racked his memory in the effort to identify him. Finally he paused before the fire, and unconsciously his gaze fell upon the picture above the mantel. A startled exclamation escaped him, for there in the features of the one who filled the largest place in his life he found the resemblance he sought. The same noble, faultless outline was in each, the one pure, delicate and with all the grace of intelligence, the other marred and blasted by the loss of the moulding power of reason, yet retaining the outline of what it was intended to be.

Seizing his hat, he dashed down the stairs and out of the house. The only person in sight was a man about two blocks away, and he hurried after him.

"Look here, Grennock," he said tensely, as he overtook him and touched his arm, "can you tell me who that man is that you just took away?"

The other looked questioningly at Sheldred; then, drawing back under the arch of a store out of reach of the cutting wind, he replied:

"I can tell you a little about him. Four years ago a ship from the Mexican and Gulf ports came in here and turned this man over to us. They said he had gotten aboard near the mouth of the Rio Grande, and seemed possessed with the determination to come to this particular city; from what they gathered from others, he had been living with an Indian tribe for several years. He was very violent for the first year or two, and tried in every conceivable way to escape. I have paid particular attention to him, and partly from his ravings and partly from his calm talk, I have about decided that he was crazed by cruel treatment. He was evidently of a high-strung nature, and some man of coarse feelings tried to break his spirit. After he went insane, he killed the man, for I saw him go over the scene in a mad fit one day, describing it all. Hardened as I am, it made my blood run cold.

"The last few months he has been almost uniformly quiet, continually talking about trying to find 'her' so that he might explain something. Just the other day he begged me if he should die before he found her, to hunt her up and explain why he did it, and why he 'forgot.' He always speaks of his going insane as 'forgetting,' meaning, I suppose, that he lost control of himself and his reason went with it. I solemnly promised him that I would carry out his request without fail, and he seemed much relieved. I have tried vainly to find out who he was, and who it is he was trying to find, but have never been able to do it. Poor fellow, he is out of his pain and worry now."

"What do you mean?" demanded Sheldred.

"He's dead," was the response. "That last mad fit was too much for him, and he died just as we reached the street. I sent the two men on with the body in the ambulance."

He looked at Sheldred's troubled face.

"Did you know him?" he asked.

"Not exactly; but I think I know now who he was."

He turned away and started back to the house, then wheeled as an idea struck him.

"Say, Grennock, have the body sent to the undertaker for me, won't you?"

Grennock nodded, and as Sheldred strode rapidly away, he resumed his journey, pondering deeply on the perplexing occurrences of the last hour. He had hardly gone two hundred yards, when an automobile dashed past him in reckless disregard of speed laws. As he recognized the figure that crouched over the wheel, he exclaimed:

"By George! he's gone to explain already. Well, if anybody can make that particular one understand, I guess Sheldred can."

His Business

D. W. GALLOWAY.

"Benson, we have been such good friends since we have known each other that I believe I have the right to ask you what is your business. I have never heard you mention anything concerning it, and money seems to be no object with you."

"Jones, you might be surprised to know my business. To speak the plain truth, I never mention my affairs to anyone, but since you have proved to be such a good fellow, I will tell you what my business is. I am a crook."

"You are not, and you cannot persuade me that you are."

"In the literal sense I am not, for I have never cracked a safe nor committed murder, but what I meant to say is this: I make lots of money without work; in fact, I am not a producer, only a consumer."

"I can't see where it would be crooked to look out for one's self, and I don't see why your conscience need to hurt you. Tell me all. I swear never to reveal anything."

"Up in the mountains," began Benson in a serious way, "some seventy miles from here, is an old Indian who stole lots of gold once and hid it away. I am the only one who knows anything about it. This gold is in bars, and I buy it from him for $4,000 a bar and make a profit on each bar of about $1,000. I never make more than three trips a year, but I am about

ready to make another haul, as my cash is running low. I have been thinking seriously of going to work and letting the Indian and his gold alone."

"I can't see why you should mind getting money in this way. I know if I had a gold mine like that I would work it until it was exhausted, but you are too conscientious anyway."

"I don't know that there is any harm in getting money this way, but I am tired of doing nothing, and as long as I have this before me, and the supply is inexhaustible, I can't settle down and go to work—no other man could. Does not a man's conscience tell him to be a producer and not a consumer? Is this producing?"

"Sure it is. You are doing a great thing for society by putting this gold into circulation, for this ignorant old Indian would never think of such a thing."

"Since you look at it the way you do, I am willing to put you wise, so you can 'help society' also."

"Good! How kind of you! When shall we take the little trip?"

"Tomorrow, if you say so, but I am in no hurry. Just suit yourself about the time."

"I must say I am in a hurry, for this looks good to me; but, by the way, how many of these bars can one carry?"

"About five, not over six at the outside."

All arrangements were made, and at the appointed time Benson and Jones were off to the mountains. When they arrived, they found everything as expected, or as had been described by the "money gentleman," Benson.

The Indian did not like to have a third party in the deal, but was finally persuaded to let the newcomer have the amount he desired—six bars, a total of $24,000—which Jones readily paid.

"It will never do for us both to return to New York, so you go back there and I will go to Washington. You can dispose of your booty as I have explained to you, and I will look after mine."

"When will you return to New York? I want you to return soon, so we can celebrate; for I wish to show you my appreciation."

"Next week, if nothing turns up."

Something did turn up, though, for when the gentleman with the six bars of gold tried to dispose of it, he found that he had bought gilded brass.

Seen in a Junior Latin Student's Diary

(It surely must be a parody.)

R. E. M.

"Ego sedebam at our class
  Studious as you please;
My vox surgebat clarissime
  Vehebamur with great ease.

"My clamor was of no avail,
  Et id est clarum why;
'Gus' conspexit meum 'equum,'
  Et winked his alter eye.

"Quite vainly lexi tum the words
  Exactly as the book;
Tamen he seized his pencil et
  His aim cum cura took.

"Scripsit zero ad my nomen,
  And that sine good will,
Quamquam I 'killed him' three times more,
  That zero stuck there still.

"Lexi again with major vim,
  But the doctor's aim was true;
Coepi tum putare quid
  In tonitru I'd do.

"A scheme advenit to my head
  Putavi non before:—
RISI!! at his next fabulam;
  I literally did roar!

"Risi as loud as I could laugh,
(Scio 't did make me wince);
Et then the zero fugebat,
Non unum feci since."

"Such is Love—The Nature of Love"

C. H. WITT.

"Nellie," said the young man, "we could not have chosen a more delightful afternoon. The 'Narcissus' will sail beautifully with this soft breeze."

The person speaking was Harry Druber, and the young lady addressed, Nellie Ellenton. As Druber said this, he cautiously pushed the little boat out from the landing, and, after a few moments' skillful use of the oars, the "Narcissus," as the sailboat was called, caught the gentle wind and slowly moved across the harbor. As the breeze was blowing favorably, the oars were soon dropped, and Harry moved over to Nellie's side.

"Let me have the rudder," said he. "I know you are an expert steersman, but the wind is so fair that the oars are not needed, and I will steer for a while." Although giving this as his excuse, his real reason for moving was to get nearer her, in order that he might talk better. The merry twinkle in his eye betrayed him, but lovers know each others tricks, and, of course, Nellie gave him the rudder.

Soon they were out of the harbor, and the "Narcissus" was proudly sailing on the smooth sea. The fast little boat made great headway, and so interested was Druber in the conversation that he did not notice how far they were from land until Nellie exclaimed: "Oh, Harry! Look how far we have sailed, and it is getting so late that I am afraid we cannot get back before dark."

"And that cloud in our front," added he, as he looked toward the east, "is not so pleasant looking either; and with the breeze against us as it is, it will take a great deal of tacking to get back to the wharf. So we had better start back immediately."

The young man was a good sailor and the boat a fast one, but the landing was a good distance away, and before half the length was covered the sun was down. Meanwhile the wind had changed, and was now blowing directly toward the shore. Unfortunately, every moment it was getting stronger. Ordinarily, Druber was not a nervous man, but his increasing agitation became noticeable, and when Nellie saw his features she became alarmed.

"Harry," said she, "do you think there is any danger?"

"No," answered he, with a sigh which belied his answer, "I think not, Nellie."

A few minutes later the wind had increased to an actual gale. Strongly built as was the "Narcissus," she could not bear up against such a storm, and, after bravely riding many of the crests, she careened and capsized. The young man had all the time kept close to the young lady, and as he felt the boat careen and foresaw the coming disaster, he caught her by the arm and dragged her overboard.

Druber was a strong swimmer, and the preciousness of his burden gave him added strength to make for the shore, and even in the face of such danger Nellie was so cool that the young man by his desperate struggles made fast headway. Guided by the lights which were moving along the shore, by alternate swimming and riding the waves, he was enabled to make directly for the nearest land. He was within two hundred yards of the shore when he was caught on the edge of a crest and, despite his desperate struggles, as he was plunged headlong into the trough, the young lady was wrested from his grasp. With a stifled groan, burst from his lips a heart-rending cry of, "Oh, my God! save her!" Weak and exhausted though he was, he attempted to steady himself and see if by chance he might not again seize her. In the darkness of the night, however, it was impossible for him to see her, and the loudness of the storm prevented him from hearing any cry. All his search proving in vain, he almost gave up hope, and had about decided to give himself over to a

watery grave, when his better self prevailed, and he swam, or rather was carried, to the shore.

On that terrible night of the "August storm," as it was called, numerous families of the fishermen of that little seaport were bereaved of their loved ones. Indeed, the wind had risen so suddenly that even many of the larger fishing vessels were lost before they could make harbor. As Druber told the simple fisher folk of how well the little "Narcissus" had withstood the storm and the pitiful story of how Nellie had been lost, with tearful eyes they looked toward the sea and thought of their own friends and loved ones. Old "Fisherman John" breathed their sentiments when he said, "Mr. Druber, you ain't no dude; you're a sailor, or you never would ha' done what you did. We's sorry Miss Nellie, as you names her, was lost so close in shore."

As the old man finished, Druber was startled to see approaching, by the lantern light, Hugo Eston, an old playmate of his school days. Evidently Hugo did not recognize his old friend, for he seemed to address the crowd as he said: "Good folks, there is the body of a woman on shore, and I wish that some of you would come with the lantern and find out who she is and try to do something for her. You see that I, strong swimmer as I am, have barely escaped and am quite exhausted, so I would like for some of you folks, who are fresh and untired, to go along with me and try to resuscitate her."

Under Eston's guidance, the crowd followed, and they were soon where the body lay. As the light fell on the form and Eston and Druber saw the face, both turned pale and cried out—it was Nellie's. "Fisherman John" leaned over the body, and, after closely examining it, said: "Well, the young lady's 'art is beatin', and with a little care she can be saved," and with the announcement both Druber and Eston murmured, "Thank God!" Up to this time Druber had not spoken, so heavy was his sorrow, and Eston, for some reason, had not seen his old friend, but he now recognized him, and both were soon consulting as to what should be done. As it would have

probably taken some time to get a doctor, they decided to let "Fisherman John" take charge, while they did his bidding.

With the old man's skillful treatment, the young lady was soon resuscitated, and then carried to a nearby cottage to rest until morning, when she would be sufficiently recovered to go home.

Both Druber and Eston had been frequent callers at the Ellenton home before the accident of that night, and as soon as Nellie had recovered they renewed their visits. Even the gossips of the town were undecided as to whether Druber or Eston would win the young lady's heart. Three months had passed since the "August storm," and still no one knew how affairs would end. Eston had just accepted a position as cashier of a bank in a distant town, and not long afterward Druber accepted a similar position in another town.

Prying individuals ascertained that letters came regularly from and were sent regularly to both places. No one, however, could find out which of the two young men the young lady preferred. Only Nellie herself knew.

One day Nellie received two letters. The first, from Druber, read:

"Dear Nellie:—You have probably guessed that I have long entertained an affection for you, snch as I have never had for any other young lady. You have known me from my youth. You know what my life has been, and you know what my ambitions are. If you feel that you can love me and feel that I can make you happy, accept my love and my heart; for you are the only one I have ever known that can make me happy. Most sincerely,

"Harry Druber."

The second, from Eston, read:

"Dear Nellie:—I know that no one knows what I am going to tell you; for it has never been breathed to a living being. On that terrible, stormy night of the 'August storm' I myself had been out sailing; but, unlike you and Harry, I was merely out on a fishing excursion. You know how suddenly the storm came up. Like yours, my boat was caught and

capsized. Whatever became of the old fisherman who was steering for me, I do not know. I suppose, like so many others, he was drowned. At least, I myself did not see him afterwards.

"When our boat capsized, I, as well as I could, made for land. While swimming within about two hundred yards of the shore, my hand touched something. In the darkness, I could not see what it was, but I grabbed at the object. It was a human form—a woman. Whether she were already dead or yet alive, I did not know. I simply exerted all my strength and carried her to the shore, and then I went forward to a crowd of fishermen and asked them to come with their lanterns and see what they could do. You know the rest of the story. Evidently, by the mysterious hand of Providence, I was guided to save your life, to where you had just a moment before been wrested by the waves from Harry's grasp.

"Do not misunderstand me when I say that I believe Providence guided me to save you in order that you might afterwards become my own. Listen! O listen to the pleading of my heart! I believe I can make you happy, and to call you wife, Nellie, is my chief desire. If you will return my love, and will accept me, please answer immediately. As ever,

"Hugo Eston."

Sometimes there come moments in the lives of persons when to decide a question one way or the other is simply soul-rending. Such a moment was this in Nellie's life. "Oh. my! Oh, my!" she cried. "Why did not Hugo tell me before? And he believes that Providence should plead with me for him! I knew he loved me as a friend, but I did not know he loved me as he does, and that he would have heaven itself plead for him. My heart is grateful to him, and I owe him a world of gratitude, but do I owe him such a love as he asks? No, I owe him a great deal of gratitude, but to love him and to marry him as he desires, I cannot. I love Harry better."

So argued her heart, and she wrote Eston a letter of gratitude, but not of acceptance, and the tears trickled down her cheeks on the page as she wrote. To Druber she wrote a

short note, accepting his proposal. Such is love—the nature of love.

Democratic Opportunity

R. B. McIVER.

The wave of discontent and dissatisfaction from an injured and resentful people that swept the balance of power from the hands of Republicans and cast the coveted prize before a rival party for the first time in almost two decades, bore on its crest a demand for sober, intellectual and uncorrupted thinking, and presented to the Democratic party an opportunity perhaps unequalled in our political history, an opportunity of bestowing a lasting service upon the American people.

The most important truth established by the recent elections is the existence of a large body of free thinkers in the vote of our country. This body is composed of many men who are unwilling to follow blindly the dictates of a successful party unless their rulings are in strict accordance with the principles of true democracy. This saving element, which has settled questions of great import in the past, has now come forward to say that the rule of personal politics and special privilege shall not exist at the sacrifice of the common good. However, public preference has not deserted one party for another because of any inferiority or superiority in either, but for the simple reason that, betrayed and defrauded by the one, they naturally turn to the other for assistance.

Republicans treated their responsibility to the people with disgraceful neglect in many ways, mainly by giving their sanction to a tariff protective to privileged classes. Vast and deep-seated corruption pervaded their administration; but blinded eyes began to see the light; facts appeared; and as a direct result a chance is thrust upon the Democratic party to start anew and prove its real worth to an expectant people. For careful consideration is the memory of the years 1874, 1882 and 1890. Present conditions are closely related to these years, more especially 1890, when the all-absorbing issue of national interest was the tariff. A backward glance to these

years must be for guidance only. Mistakes committed then resulted in loss of power; repetition of these errors can but mean the same. This splendid opportunity is accompanied by a serious responsibility to rise above all petty party prejudice, and by high-minded, unselfish work, return to the people a lasting benefit.

These conditions naturally give rise to the question: Will the Democratic party block its own road to success, or will it make the most of this magnificent opportunity?

Never was greater truth given to the sons of man than that recorded in the Book of Books, which says, "A house divided against itself cannot stand." The history of individuals, as well as that of nations, proves conclusively that where this law has been violated, downfall and ultimate ruin have been the inevitable results. The stately ship that safely sails a turbulent sea while her captain's orders are held sacred, becomes as driftwood before the fatal rocks of ruin when the snake of mutiny has worked its slimy way into the minds of her crew. Many eyes, as yet neither hostile nor friendly, eagerly watch the workings of the Democratic party at this critical period. They stand neutral between a divided party on the one hand and an unsettled party on the other.

The Republicans, after paying the penality of their split, are exerting tremendous efforts to re-shape their disordered factions. So far the breach is unhealed. Ill feeling is the predominant feature in their midst. Having gained the momentum of an early start, the advantage lies now with us. Strong, concentrated, unified action will favorably decide many uncertain votes. Sectional feeling and personal politics, so detrimental to successful organization, must be eliminated unreservedly. When the chosen leader of this assembled throng turns to review his forces, he must find them drawn up in unbroken line of battle, ready to act as one man.

The indications are more promising to success than ever before in the history of any Democratic victory. Heretofore, solid and undivided, the opposition is now spilt into factions as eager for each others downfall as for that of their com-

mon enemy. Republicans of New England look with mingled feelings of jealousy and distrust upon Republicans of the West, and are met with contempt. For the present, conciliation is out of the question; time only can mend the break. It is, therefore, incumbent upon the Democrats to strike at once with strong, effective, unified strength on the part of all members of its great body.

Our principles have been unfortunate in that they lacked the leadership necessary to see them through under the party name. We have, for this reason, been forced to stand in the background of defeat, but see these same principles effectually carried out by the nation's chief executive. Shall we again fall into this error and lose everything in three or four short years, or shall we carefully select leaders, who will, by proving themselves masters of the situation, achive a control never before enjoyed by the Democratic party?

Many have coveted the leadership, while only a few were capable. All men are equal in only one respect, the happiness of one is as important as the happiness of another. Give to all equality of opportunity, then capacity, genuine, exceptional character, will power, and executive skill will show themselves as plainly and quickly as dullness, imbecility, ignorance, and lack of public spirit. It is from these great inequalities of ability in making that arise the pressing need of competent leadership in ordering the affairs of a State and of a nation. Many crises, both military and political, have been tided over and won by the presence of, or have tottered and fallen, smothered in the dust of defeat, by lack of, competent leadership. Washington of Revolutionary fame forms a most striking illustration of the former truth, the latter is recalled in the fate of the Protestant cause in Germany, after the death of Gustavus Adolphus. A great crisis faces the permanent success of the Democratic party. We must single out our political Cæsars and Napoleons. In this period of imperative need well might we cry out with the poet:

"God give us men! A time like this demands
Great hearts, strong minds, true faith and willing hands,

Men whom the spoils of office cannot buy,
Men whom the lust of office does not kill,
Men who possession opinions and a will.
Tall men, sun crowned, who live above the fog in public duty,
and in private thinking."

The dust of recent elections has settled. A small group of successful men have caught the public eye, and still remain beneath its penetrating gaze. Ignored by public consideration for the past eighteen years, the men of our party have had, perhaps, little occasion to show their real political and administrative ability. But this group reveals the fact that we are not devoid of men who are men in the true sense; men of conviction, determination and will power; men true to previous trust and responsibility; men competent and ready to reorganize the forces of a shattered Democracy into a living unity, that will by wise, untainted, conscientious effort regain the respect and support of an American people. Strong national leadership can only be found in men of this type.

The party must begin at once to meet squarely and definitely the issues at hand, to the best of their power, and in accordance with the wishes of the people. Predominant, stands the question of tariff, so closely interwoven into the lives of millions of men that the most delicate touch finds an answering chord in almost every business activity of the nation. Pictured to us in bombastic terms by newspaper writers and cartoonists, the question has gathered about itself almost a mystery. But let us turn back to tariff as Americans knew it primarily. Does it seem such a deep and difficult problem? The Democratic policy is traditional and practically unchanged, advocating "a tariff primarily for revenue and incidentally for protection," and for encouraging manufactures in so far as not to conflict with the common good. This policy intended to place products of American production in fair competition with those of other countries. Tariff rose until it was discovered that it took excessive sums from the consumer to enrich the already rich producer. In view of this evil, President

Jackson advocated gradual reduction to revenue basis by "frequent legislation," thus avoiding business stagnation.

In the year 1833 revision of the tariff was begun on this basis, covering a period of nine years. It was successful and did not upset business activity. In our present period of multiplied industries and interests, depending upon the present tariff for their life, it is impossible that the same percentages of reduction used from 1833 to 1842 would serve the same purpose. Conditions have changed. However, an experiment with the same principle of gradual reduction by frequent legislation would not be an unwise step in the right direction. The public mind, tortured for years by this rank question, demands a change in the present tariff. Definite action must be taken by the Sixty-second Congress. The policy of gradual revision has proved effectual and satisfactory. In adopting it the Democrats would be attempting nothing new and uncertain. Deal with this question by meeting it squarely, we must!

Thus we see the situation. Our party rendered an important service to the country in the initial days of its existence, but broken faith, discordant features, and unfortunate leadership have since obliterated the very memory. As a life's calling, the party fails to attract the young men of higher training and character so necessary to its continuance. It has lost the admiration and respect of the minds and hearts needed to forward its principles. But the opportunity is again presented. It demands immediate and decisive attention. We dare not hesitate; delay can only mean defeat. We must have strong, unified action on the part of all Democrats, competent national leadership, and pure, direct, square dealing in all the vital questions of the present. Let our men be trained and true, upholding the purest ideals, and unafraid of public exposure. Let them faithfully begin their task and our party will receive its just recompense for making the will of the people supreme, thus reestablishing the living principles of a pure democracy.

Junior Characteristics

B. M. B.

The whole cheese . . . . . All
A part of it . . . . . Crum
The most buoyant . . . . . Ayers
The greatest tease . . . . . Badger
Where we spend the summer . . . . . Beach
Our homes . . . . . Edens
Our sponsor . . . . . "Gal"
The place for lovers . . . . . Glenn
The most liberal . . . . . Grant
The biggest "nut" . . . . . Hazel
The tallest . . . . . High
The hardest to get around . . . . . Hill
The only one in our alphabet . . . . . Kay
The most charming . . . . . Meriwether
The most pensive . . . . . Moody
The most ambitious . . . . . Moore
The wealthiest . . . . . Nickels
The only one that lacks harmony . . . . . Rice
The pedestrian . . . . . Walker
The brightest . . . . . Witt

Wofford College Journal

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EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT

The Call of the Commonwealth

The call is clear, distinct and cannot be mistaken. The Commonwealth of South Carolina needs men, strong men —not only of intellectual talent, but men of strong and dauntless moral courage. Perhaps never before in the history of our State has this need been so evident. It seems that the ignorant and evil forces have almost triumphed. The pendulum has indeed swung far out, perhaps farther than ever before, but this very fact, of itself, is almost a promise of its return and a long, long swing the other way. The people of our State are now beginning to see the disgraceful position in which they are placed. When this true state of affairs is driven home deeply enough, there will be a mighty moral, political and educational awakening. The day is not present now, but it is not many years distant, when the honest, enlightened and unprejudiced forces will come into power in our State.

And how do these now present evil forces come into power? The problem of ignorance is no doubt directly responsible for so much dishonesty and corruption in politics. No State can hope to rise above the majority of its citizens. The great mass, the rank and file, being ignorant and unenlightened, men of inferior types are apt to come into power. The ignorant and naturally hardened poorer class of our State are easily prejudiced against the able, educated and earnest men who are working for their benefit. The demagogue tells them that these men have no interest in the poor laborer, and makes them believe the statement. As a result the demagogue gets into power, and then those whom he has promised to defend find that he is no longer their friend, and suffer beneath his iron and cruel hand. Such is the result of ignorance with the power of the ballot.

An enlightened and educated voting public is evidently the safeguard of any government. When men are capable of judging for themselves, then the government may be run in an enlightened manner. But when thousands of votes may be secured by pedagogical appeals, by unreasonable and misleading promises, the Commonwealth is in danger. Educate our masses to the place where they will investigate political questions and platforms for themselves, then real men—not demagogues and unscrupulous politicians—will hold positions of responsibility and trust in our government.

But, no doubt, many will ask how this question is related to college life? What place has an article of this kind in a college magazine? Just here lies the trouble. College men, many of them, do not take an interest in State affairs. Year after year hundreds of men graduate from our colleges, go out into life to make money, while all the while the great questions of government pass unheeded. Men who might be a power along political, moral and educational lines bow down before their god—the dollar—while their fellow men are misled and often overrun because of their lot in life. The college men of today have a golden opportunity to make themselves felt for good in the vital issues of the time. The most

vital of these, perhaps, is that of the education of the masses. No doubt, the majority of the men who graduate from our literary colleges become teachers, for a few years at least. Thus they have the chance of exerting a powerful influence towards education among the masses of the people. Will the men graduating from our colleges this year go out and have for their only aim the amassing of wealth? Or will they strive for the moral, educational, and as a result of these two, the political upbuilding of our State?

The Lyceum as an Educational Influence

There are many advantages in a college course otherwise than the mere classroom work. Perhaps one of the most important and instructive of these is the lyceum course. Especially is this true when the course is varied. This year the management has given us an unusually good series of eight numbers. Musical concerts of the highest order have been given, readings and interpretations of some of Shakespeare's best plays by some of the best readers and interpreters on the American stage; also lectures by able men. All have been good, but perhaps the best was the lecture given by Edward Howard Griggs on Savonarola. The lecture side in a lyceum course ought always to have its full share. Strong and forceful in their interpretations of social and economic problems of the past and present, these lectures alone offer a splendid education in themselves, if rightly appreciated. Taken all in all, the lyceum course is one of the most important forces in a college training.

Nearing the Goal

February has come and gone, March is fast slipping away. For the senior classes in our colleges, examinations come but once more. For three long years, almost four now, we have toiled at our work. No doubt to all of us the final goal has seemed far distant, but now we are approaching near. The "home plate" seemed almost impossible of reaching, but we have now safely passed third base and are hurrying "home."

When we have crossed the sack, the game of college life will be over for many of us.

Have we played well in this game? Has our college course meant to us what it should? These questions can be answered only by the individual boys and girls, who find themselves now nearing the close of their college days. It would be strange if many of us did not realize that we have lost many precious moments, many hours, in which we might have been drinking deep at the fount of knowledge. We have but taken a sip at the surface of the great depths. We know but little. And yet we feel that our college days have opened up to us new regions which before were dark. New fields now spread out before our eyes. Before us lies the great, broad field of life. Are we prepared to enter it?

We, as seniors, have but a short time left us, but in those few days we can try to make up for our negligence of the past. A golden opportunity is passing, is almost gone. Shall it pass on still unappreciated and unseized?

EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT

C. H. Carlisle, Editor.
R. L. Meriwether, Assistant Editor.

The February magazines which have come to our table are unusually interesting. As we read them over, we are forced to deny that often repeated statement that "there is nothing good in the literature of college magazines."

The February number of *The Wesleyan* is a well balanced and interesting publication. About the only fault to be found with this number is that the stories and essays are too short. The opening poem, "To Friendship," is to be greatly praised, and we feel that the author, C. L. D., '11, knows the value of a true friendship, and has expressed his appreciation in this excellent little poem. The other poem, "Eternity," is unusually good. The short stories of this number do not come up to the usual standard. The best of the stories is "The Parting Paths," a well written and very interesting little story, illustrating well the parting of the ways in the life of an ambitious young man and a young woman with inclinations for art. On the other hand, the essays are all above the standard. "The Melting Pot" is well written and interesting, but it seems to us that the picture of the shame and degradation of slum life in a large city is, to say the least, overdrawn. The essay, "Becket," shows careful reading and thought as well as a deep appreciation of the best of Alfred Tennyson's historical dramas. It seems that the editorial department of this magazine is entirely too short. The editor should write on subjects of wider interest. The other departments are all very good.

In the list of our exchanges *The Mercerian* stands high. The February number of this magazine is well up to its usual high grade of excellence. The arrangement of the literary

department, however, is very poor, and we think that it would be bettered by distributing the poems among the other material, instead of bunching them together. The magazine opens with a very interesting, well written and catchy "Valentine Letter." The appreciation of "O. Henry" shows much interest and a sympathetic and understanding study of the works of O. Henry. "On the Turn of a Card" is a touching little story. It is the story of the test which came to a young gambler; whether he should remain a gambler or turn to a higher and nobler life for the sake of the woman he loved. "Measure or Man" is an interesting and very instructive article on Mr. Roosevelt and New Nationalism. The best story is "A Week-Day Jonah." It is the story of the trouble brought upon a young husband by the sudden appearance of one of his former actress friends. The poetry of this number is not up to the standard by any means. The editorials and other departments are exceptionally strong. It is a great pleasure to read an exchange department such as is found in this magazine.

The Wake Forest Student for February is a very interesting and instructive number, showing in a striking manner the large number of men, prominent in North Carolina, who are furnished by Wake Forest. The entire magazine is given to a series of sketches of the lives and work of the Wake Forest alumni, who are prominent in their State. The article, "The Influence of Wake Forest Upon the Civic Life of the State," gives in an interesting and instructive manner a sketch of the great work that this institution is doing in the State. The editorial departments are very good, but a little short.

The Davidson College Magazine for February is their anniversary number. This college magazine was first published in 1886, so it has been representing its institution for twenty-five years. Judging from its present standard, the magazine must have always been a great credit to the institution which it represents. The first pages are taken up with letters from the different editors of the magazine since its beginning, and they

are very interesting and instructive. The article, "The Magazine in College Life," is very fine and well worthy of close attention. "Work and Its Reward" is also exceptionally good. "Calvin's Awakening" is an excellent little story, illustrating the change in a wild youth's life brought about by association with the quiet sheep. By far the best story in the magazine is "A Picture." The essay, "Is the Mecklenburg Declaration a Myth?" is a masterful discussion of that subject. It shows much study and interest by the author. The poetry in this magazine is fairly good. The best poem, and one which gives good, sound advice, is "Laugh a Bit." "A Snow Message" also deserves special mention. The editorials of this number are among the best that we have noted. The exchange department, however, is entirely too short.

We have received the following exchanges during this month: *The Bessie Tift Journal, The Criterion, The Limestone Star, The Erskinian, The Southern Student, The Ward Sentinel, Ouachita Ripples, The Gallowegian, The Blue and Bronze, The Newberry Stylus, The Reinhardt Mountaineer, The Judson College Magazine, The Erothesian, The Vanderbilt Observer, The High School Student, The Co-Ed, The Hampden-Sidney Magazine, The Wesleyan, The Brenau Journal, The Mercerian, The Davidson College Magazine, The Wake Forest Student, The Aurora, The S. P. U. Journal, The Furman Echo, The Isaqueena, The Chicora Almacen, The Palmetto, The Winthrop College Journal.*

CLIPPINGS

THE MUSIC OF THE PINES.

The woods are never silent. In the hush
  Of the high places solemnly there goes,
In endless undertone, the stately rush
  Of music-windy melody that grows,
And ebbs, and changes, in uncertain time;
  As if some pensive god tried here apart

Vague snatches of the harmonious sublime,
Before he played them on the human heart.
—*Hampden-Sydney Magazine.*

There are many high salaried teachers in the school of experience.

"Daughter, has the duke told you the old, old story yet?"
"Yes, dad; he says he owes about 200,000 plunks."

EVASIVE TRUTH.

You say that I'm fickle and insincere,
But I solemnly swear that's untrue.
I only admire those other girls, dear,
For the traits that remind me of you.

A young man who was just learning to skate was asked to give the principal parts of "fallo."
"Fallo, slipere, rolui, bumptum."

"Ah say, Miz Mandy, am yo' program full?"
"Lordee, no, Mr. Lumley! It takes mo an a san'wich an' two olives to fill mah program."

WHAT IS LIFE?

A dainty kiss, a little hug—
To the parson then skedaddle.
For food and raiment then to tug,
Then o'er the Styx to paddle.

(Scene, small hotel.) Wife (as sugar is passed)—"Use the tongs, William."
Bill (from Wayback)—"W'y? 'Taint 'ot, is it?"

To shave your face and brush your hair,
And then your Sunday clothes to wear;
That's Preparation.

And then upon a car to ride,
A mile or two to walk, beside;
That's Transportation.

And then before the door to smile,
And think you'll stay a good long while;
That's Expectation.

And then to find her not at home—
That's Thunderation.

DESCRIPTIVE TITLE.

He—"I wonder what the meaning of that picture is?"

She—"Oh, don't you see? The youth has just proposed and the maiden is accepting him. How sweet! What does the artist call the picture?"

He (looking about)—"Oh, I see; it's written on a card at the bottom—'Sold.' "

A maiden fair once said to me:
" 'Tis very, very queer,
Whenever I get very mad
No word from me you hear.
For though my bursting mind, indeed,
With lurid thoughts is crammed,
Yet when I try to let them forth,
My flow of words is dammed."

" 'Tis strange, indeed," I said to her,
"But, yet, it seems to me
That what I tell you now will look
Much stranger yet to be.
When I get mad, both mind and speech
With lurid thoughts are crammed;
They come forth thick, yet I can say
My flow of words is damned."

The freshman class in Trig, was reciting.

"And have you proved this proposition?" asked the professor.

"Well," said the freshman, "proved is a rather strong word, but I may say that I have rendered it highly probable."

A THOUGHT.

(On reading certain resolutions adopted by a body of men in S. C.)

If in a prideful moment I
  Should choose as my best hobby
To look up genealogies
  And be quite ultra-snobby.

With Darwin, Charles, I'd rather be
  Descending from a monkey
Than that disgrace of mankind's race,
  A politician's flunkey.

—*D. D. Wallace, in Wofford College Journal, Nov.* '93.

LOCAL DEPARTMENT

Matthew S. Lively, Editor.

GLEE CLUB ENTERTAINMENT.

The Glee Club gave its first entertainment of this season at the Wofford auditorium on Monday evening, the sixth. This is the fourth year of the club as a permanent organization, and it still holds its reputation as one of the most valuable assets of the student body and college as a whole. It is directed this season by Mrs. A. G. Rembert, to whose wise and tactful chaperonage and excellent musical training the club owes its present high standing.

No better or more enjoyable entertainment has been given here than that furnished by the Glee Club on the sixth. The singing was delightful, and the long program of fourteen numbers was nearly doubled by the numerous encores. While the program is rich in variety, quality is not sacrificed for the sake of variety, and it is carried out faultlessly. The individual members of the club possess excellent voices and sympathetic natures, so essential in the ensemble work. And the voices of the quartette and octette blend perfectly. Then Mr. Ouzts, as reader, adds no little to the splendid program. They sang to us, played to us, recited and told stories to us with all the dash and enthusiasm so characteristic of college life. There was not a dull moment during the entire evening, and, altogether, the entertainment will be remembered by all who heard it as one of the most charming and pleasurable our public has enjoyed.

Below is the entire program, which will be used all this season:

PART I.

1. College Songs—
   - *a.* Here Comes the Wofford Club . . . . . *Meakin*
   - *b.* Old Gold and Black . . . . . *Landorff*
2. Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep . . . . . *Knight-Smith*

   MR. DONALD SANDERS AND QUARTETTE

3. The Passing Regiment . . . . . *Macy*
GLEE CLUB

4. Reading—The Suffragette—
MR. DAVID OUZTS

5. Po' Little Lamb . . . . . *Parks*
OCTETTE

6. The Owl and the Pussy Cat . . . . . *Ingraham*
MR. RUFUS HILL AND GLEE CLUB

7. The Rosary . . . . . *Nevin*
QUARTETTE

PART II.

1. Water Lilies (Gavotte) . . . . . *Linders*
GLEE CLUB

2. The Old Kentucky Home . . . . . *Foster-Smith*
QUARTETTE

3. I'se Gwine Back to Dixie . . . . . *White*
OCTETTE

4. Foolish Questions . . . . . *Sloane*
MR. MCLEOD RICE

5 Tenting Tonight on the Old Camp Ground.....
Kittredge-Parks
GLEE CLUB

6. Kentucky Babe . . . . . *Geibel*
QUARTETTE

7. Good Night, Beloved . . . . . *Sired*
GLEE CLUB

PERSONNEL OF GLEE CLUB.

FIRST TENOR

Keller, B. M., Cameron, S. C., '13
Moody, R. E., Dillon, S. C., '12
Rice, C. S., Fort Worth, Texas, '14
Rice, L. M., Fort Worth, Texas, '12
Sprott, J. M., Spartanburg, S. C., '14

SECOND TENOR

Folk, H. N., Bamberg, S. C., '12
Hamer, P. M., Marion, S. C., '12
Hill, R. S., Anderson, S. C., '12
Layton, S. G., Spartanburg, S. C., '14
Liles, B., Spartanburg, S. C., '14
Monroe, J. T., Marion, S. C., '13

FIRST BASS

Humphries, A. L., Camden, S. C., '11
McIver, R. B., Savannah, Ga., '12
Snyder, H. M., Spartanburg, S. C., '11
Thompson, P. H., Spartanburg, S. C., '11

SECOND BASS

Carlisle, A. R., Spartanburg, S. C., '13
Crum, G. M., Orangeburg, S. C., '12
Morris, E. R., Turbeville, S. C., '14
Sanders, D. P., Spartanburg, S. C., '14

READER

Ouzts, D. T., Johnston, S. C., '11

QUARTETTE AND SOLOIST

Moody, Rice, Thompson, Crum, Sanders

OCTETTE

Moody, Rice, Thompson, Hill, McIver, Humphries, Sanders, Crum

---

Mrs. A. G. Rembert, Directress

R. B. McIver, Manager
G. M. Crum, Assistant Manager

WOFFORD REPRESENTATIVE AT GREENWOOD.

Wofford's representative at Greenwood this year will be William V. Dibble, of the senior class. The preliminary contest came off according to schedule on Wednesday evening, the twenty-second, and Dibble was chosen as our speaker. His subject was, "The Transformation of the Criminal," which he will also use at the State contest. He presented his subject with much force and clearness, and if he does himself as much credit at Greenwood as he did at the Wofford chapel, "the Old Gold and Black" will not suffer any embarrassment, regardless of who is awarded first place.

L. C. Wannamaker, of Cheraw, and of the junior class, came second. He spoke on "Cure by Prevention," and proved himself to be "varsity" material. He has an unusually attractive delivery, which is at once pleasing to every one and is equally as clear and convincing.

The contest was very creditable to Wofford in every way. The common opinion of all was that it was the best ever, thus lending much encouragement towards a seventh victory at

Greenwood. The topic of all six of the speakers dealt with some phase of reform of one sort or another, which furnished wholesome food for serious, sober thinking.

"RONEY'S BOYS."

Through the kindness and excellent management of Prof. Gamewell, the Lyceum attendants of Wofford and Spartanburg were given an extra attraction on Thursday evening the second. This was the "Roney's Boys." And if one may judge from the repeated applause and evident pleasure of the entire audience, it was the wish of all that every number of the course could be an "extra," if every one could please as well as did Roney's Boys.

They stand in a class by themselves, in which there is no second. They stand for the highest cultivation of the boys' singing voice and the most masterful execution upon instruments by little fellows that one could wish. The most appropriate adjective that can be used to describe their entertainment at the Wofford chapel on the second is the simple one, "sweet." Sweet, because it was furnished by boys of from twelve to fourteen years of age. Ladies in the audience were indulging in such expressions as "splendid," "adorable," "divine," "heavenly." They agreed with a good friend of the boys when he wrote:

"Only in dreams I've listened
To the music of the spheres,
And harps, and songs of angels—
The voices of happy tears;
But now my prisoned fancy
Has an earnest of their joys,
For I've heard the earthly cherubs
That are christened 'Roney's Boys.'"

Roney's Boys are unique, unrivaled and unapproachable as a popular attraction. They appeal to both old and young. These talented boys not only entertain, charm and fascinate, but they educate, stimulate and inspire the children and grown-

ups everywhere by their wonderful accomplishments in music, especially vocal.

The company, in addition to Mr. Roney, is composed of five boys, from twelve to fourteen years of age. Incidentally, this season, they hail from five different States and represent five different nationalities—English, German, Irish, Jewish and American.

TRIP OF THE GYMNASIUM TEAM.

"On Monday morning, the twenty-seventh of February, the gymnasium team, composed of R. L. Keaton, Holroyd, Anderson, Ayers, Cauthen, Heintish, Thompson, Sprott, Z., Sprott, J., Sims, H. R., Sims, H. S., Nelson and Herlong, left Spartanburg for a series of out-of-town exhibitions at Chicora College, Greenville, Honea Path and Williamston, respectively. We were received most kindly at Chicora College, and in return we had a most enjoyable time. Every one of us fell in love with the Chicora girls, and, if we may judge by the flowers that were thrown at us on the stage, we are almost brave enough to believe that our tender affection was returned.

"On Tuesday morning we took an early train for Honea Path, where the irresistable 'dreams' reign supreme. Here we were entertained royally, in the real Southern manner. It might be fitting to state just here that 'little' Joe Sprott made his annual hit with the girls, and that one of the most interesting things to be found at Honea Path is a copy of the city ordinance.

"Our next stop was Williamston. Not much doing there; prayer meeting night, unfavorable weather and a wedding, especially the latter, kept us from having the expected audience. All in all, however, we had a very successful trip, enjoyable, and everybody on the team felt satisfied on the return to the 'Burg Thursday.

"The following Monday, March sixth, we went to Winthrop College, Rock Hill. Here the boys were delighted with the chance to ride on the famous electric railway, and everybody

was good to us. There was a splendid audience present to see the exhibition.

"On Saturday evening, the eleventh, we have a date scheduled for Converse College. While it will be too late to report before the Journal goes to press, we are anticipating a large attendance and a good time.

"Raymond L. Holroyd, Captain."

COMMENCEMENT PROGRAM.

SATURDAY, EVENING, JUNE 3, AT 8:30 O'CLOCK—
Annual Junior Debate.

SUNDAY MORNING, JUNE 4, AT 11 O'CLOCK—
Commencement Sermon—Bishop John C. Kilgo, D. D., LL. D., Durham, N. C.

SUNDAY EVENING, JUNE 4, AT 8:30 O'CLOCK—
Baccalaureate Address—President Henry N. Snyder.

MONDAY, JUNE 5, COMMENCEMNT DAY—
Morning, at 10:30 o'clock, Commencement Address—Dr. Elmer E. Brown, U. S. Commissioner of Education, Washington, D. C.
Speeches by Representatives of the Graduating Class.
Delivery of Diplomas.
Afternoon at 5 o'clock—Class Exercises, College Campus.
At 6 o'clock—Reception by the Faculty, Whitefoord Smith Library.
Evening at 8:30 o'clock—Alumni Oration—Prof. D. Winston Daniel, Clemson College, S. C.
At 10 o'clock—Alumni Banquet.

While not officially announced, it is probable that the Glee Club will give an entertainment on Friday evening at 8:30, preceding the commencement season.

SOCIETY OFFICERS.

Below are the literary society officers elected for the last quarter of the school year:

Calhoun—P. H. Thompson, president; Vernon Shell, vice-president; G. R. F. Cornish, first critic; E. K. Epps, second critic; H. M. Snyder, first censor; B. M. Badger, recording secretary; C. E. Zimmerman, second censor; J. O. Moody, third critic; J. E. Bethea, corresponding secretary.

Carlisle—J. C. Wrightson, president; N. R. Smith, vice-president; D. P. Wannamaker, first critic; J. E. Cudd, second critic; O. C. Bennett, first censor; R. L. Cox, recording secretary; B. S. Haynes, third critic; H. T. Herlong, corresponding secretary; L. T. Edens, second censor.

Preston—W. P. Meadors, Jr., president; J. M. Mobley, vice-president; Herbert Langford, first critic; W. R. Wightman, second critic; D. M. Turbeville, first censor; W. L. All, second censor; T. B. Humphries, third critic; R. S. Hill, recording secretary; C. E. Edwards, corresponding secretary.

CAMPUS NEWS.

Andrew McCarthy, of the Anderson team of the Carolina League, has been employed to coach the ball team this spring. He reported for duty on the twenty-fifth of February, and will give his services to the team for two months. There is regular practice at the ball park every afternoon that the weather will permit, and Coach McCarthy reports that some excellent material is showing up, which bids fair to make up a strong varsity team.

President Snyder has recently made addresses in Charleston before the Bible Society on the English Bible; in Savannah, Ga., before the Y. M. C. A., on Prevention vs. Cure; in Columbia before the joint session of the legislature in advocacy of the adoption of the report of the school commission. He has been invited to make addresses, or prepare papers, for the Religious Educational Association, which meets at Providence, R. I., in March; the meeting of the General Education Board, at Montgomery, Ala., in April, and the Ecumenical Conference, at Toronto, Canada, in October, 1911.—Southern Christian Advocate.

Mrs. W. W. Duncan has presented to the college a fine old chair, with great sentimental and historical interest attached to it. It was owned originally by Bishop Wightman, the first president of the college; then it was acquired by Prof. David Duncan, the first professor of ancient languages; through him it fell to his son, Bishop Duncan, that ever loyal, generous officer and friend of Wofford. The chair has thus associated with the names of those who, from the beginning, rendered great and lasting service to the college.—Southern Christian Advocate.

J. M. Barr, of the senior class, has had to withdraw from college on account of failure of his eyes. He hopes to be able to return next year.

Dr. Snyder entertained the members of the faculty on the evening of the twenty-first of February.

Lewis J. Cauthen, of the freshman class, paid the homefolk at Anderson a hurried visit while away with the gymnasium team.

The smallpox scare in Spartanburg has not even frightened the boys on the campus. All who needed it have been vaccinated, thus avoiding all danger with the "Cure by Prevention."

Wendell Tiller, of the sophomore class, has withdrawn from college on account of the illness of his father, Rev. Dove Tiller, of Hampton. Wendell was a popular student, and is missed by his friends, who hope to see him back next September.

Y. M. C. A. DEPARTMENT

J. W. Cunningham, Editor.

OFFICERS ELECTED.

Since the last issue of THE JOURNAL the following men have been elected for the ensuing year:

J. L. Glenn, Jr., president; L. J. Stilwell, vice-president and chairman of the devotional committee; E. T. Spiegner, treasurer and chairman of the finance committee; M. B. Patrick, secretary. The following have been elected as chairmen of the various committees: R. L. Cox, membership; R. D. Guilds, personal work; A. W. Ayers, Bible study; G. H. Hodges, mission study; W. O. Henderson, mission work; C. H. Witt, hall; R. B. McIver, handbook; G. M. Crum, music. This is a strong set of officers and cabinet, and we bespeak for them a great success.

One of the delegates to the South Carolina Students' Volunteer convention has written a very interesting account of their trip, and we gladly give him our space:

STUDENTS' VOLUNTEER CONFERENCE.

It was on the morning of the seventeenth of February that the delegation from Spartanburg to the Students' Volunteer Conference, which was to be held at Winthrop College, Rock Hill, S. C., begining that night, met at the station. The delegation was composed of Miss Mayo, from the Wesley House; Miss Sparkman and Miss Patton, from Converse College, and Messrs, R. A. McDowell, Hodges, Merchant, Crane and Langford, Mr. McDowell being the leader of the delegation.

The train was late, but made excellent time on the run to Carlisle, where we were to change cars. The time on this part of the trip was enlivened by the remarks of the flagman to one of the crowd. Seeing Miss Mayo and Mr. McDowell laughing and chatting together, he said to Mr. Merchant: "That sure is a good looking bride and groom up yonder; they seem so happy, too." After a three hours' wait at Carlisle and

one of an hour and a half at Chester, we reached Rock Hill. By this time, by additions at other places, the crowd of delegates had increased to between sixty and seventy, and we had a car to ourselves.

As it was night when he arrived, it was a rush to get to the college in time for the night service, which began with a devotional service, led by Rev. T. C. O'Dell. Next Dr. D. B. Johnson gave an address of welcome, which made all feel at home and assured them that both the faculty and students of Winthrop would do all in their power to make this gathering a grand success, which it was in every respect. After this the purpose of the meeting was very forcibly brought out. Then there were several excellent addresses. Next, every delegate registered, and a few straightaway visited the exhibit room, while others put that off until the morrow.

Saturday morning the meeting was opened by Rev. C. W. Boyd, who led the devotional service. The rest of the morning was taken up by an address, and the conference on the missionary department. Reports from different colleges were heard, the one from Winthrop deserving especial praise. That afternoon at two-thirty Rev. F. W. Gregg opened by leading the devotional service. Discussions of the Volunteer Band and the Union was followed by an address, which ended that afternoon's meeting. From that time until tea the delegates were very kindly shown the buildings and grounds by the Winthrop girls. At six o'clock, having gotten the admission tickets, the delegates went into tea, which was enjoyed by all. It was a great sight to see that dining hall, capable of seating one thousand persons, filled with the beautiful Winthrop girls and the delegates. At seven Rev. E. K. Hardin led the devotional service, after which there were two addresses.

Sunday morning a volunteer meeting, "What It Means to Be a Volunteer," was held at the college, after which all came back to the different church services in the city. That afternoon Rev. A. S. Rogers led the devotional service. At three-thirty the question box was opened, and many interesting questions were answered. This was followed by an address, which

concluded the services for the afternoon. Some of the delegates then left for their homes in the city; for the people of Rock Hill treated the delegates so royally that it makes "home" the only word to be used; while others, especially the boys, stayed at Winthrop talking to their "cousins" until tea time.

That night the delegates met with almost a feeling of sadness, hating to leave such a splendid conference and such hospitable surroundings. Rev. Alex Martin led the devotional service. This was followed by an address by Mr. Frank P. Turner, general secretary of the Students' Volunteer Movement, which ended the conference, but not the good it accomplished and the pleasant thoughts of it.

Monday morning the delegates left for their respective colleges. Part of our delegation, Misses Sparkman and Patton and Messrs. Hodges and Merchant, left Rock Hill early in the morning, but the others, deciding to go by Charlotte, left about ten o'clock, the delay being caused by a broken engine.

At Charlotte we found that the train for Spartanburg had already gone. But the time in Charlotte was greatly enjoyed; for Prof. Hardin was one of the "lefts," and kept every one in fine spirits by his genial manner and hearty laugh. It is said, "Laugh and grow fat," and the convention girls called him "The Mellin's Food Baby." Miss Mayo, Prof. Hardin and Mr. Crane were sent in on the slow "Shoo-fly" and arrived at Spartanburg about eight o'clock Monday night, bearing the news that the charms of Elizabeth College would hold the other two from eight-thirty to eleven, but that they would arrive in Spartanburg about day Tuesday morning. H. L.

ALUMNI DEPARTMENT

T. H. Campbell, Editor.

Class of '07

S. L. Allen taught the Enoree school after leaving college. Sam was a successful teacher, but turned his attention to the study of medicine, and is vigorously preparing himself for "peddling pills."

C. S. Bethea, to the surprise of his teachers and fellow students, developed into a fine teacher and became one of the most popular school men in Marion county. Clyde is superintendent of the Lykesland school, Richland county, married and—is happy.

W. Boyd is the born physician of his class, and is a successful practitioner in the City of Success.

O. G. Calhoun was the philosopher of his class. He studied law at Columbia University, New York, and will practice his profession either in New York or Abbeville.

W. W. Carson, one of Wofford's Greenwood medal winners, is a teacher by profession. For two years Prof. Carson held the chair of history in Central College, Missouri. Winning a scholarship at the Wisconsin University, he is there now, further pursuing his studies.

C. L. Carver is a modest, enterprising farmer near Fair Forest, Spartanburg county.

W. B. Compton was in charge of the Graniteville graded school when last heard from.

P. E. Dukes is in the mercantile business at Branchville, S. C. That Percy will succeed at whatever he undertakes goes without saying.

T. E. Dukes is a teacher. Tom holds the reins over "young America" at Branchville.

D. M. Ellen taught last year at Ridgeway, S. C., but is now in the census bureau at Washington.

W. S. Floyd is a successful business man in Marion county.

M. C. Foster is superintendent of the Bennettsville graded school.

E. M. Fripp is engaged in truck farming near Beaufort, S. C.

R. E. Holroyd is in the fire insurance business in Greenville, S. C.

J. C. Jordan is in the brokerage business in Charleston.

J. B. Koon is at the head of the Holly Hill school. Prof. Koon taught two years at McCormick, and was then called to Holly Hill, with increase of salary.

J. Marion Latimer is a farmer in Abbeville county. We know that he has recently married an Atlanta girl.

I. B. Magness is in the real estate business in Spartanburg.

H. L. Powell is preaching in Cuba. Powell took a North Carolina bride with him to that island.

S. L. Prince is a member of the Lander College faculty. Sam is as popular as a teacher as he was as a student. One lady in Spartanburg said, "Sam is the sweetest boy I ever saw"; but Sam married the other's daughter.

W. C. Rogers is county superintendent of education of Marion. Without discussing the legality of the case, "Calypp" is using the advantages of his position as an aid in winning one of the county's fairest teachers.

C. N. Sapp studied law after leaving college.

R. N. Spigner is in a bank at Jonesville.

P. K. Switzer is practicing medicine at Fort Mott. "Paul sho' do like to come to Spartanburg."

S. W. Taylor is in Washington, D. C., working for Uncle Sam.

A. R. Walden will finish his course in the Charleston Medical College at the approaching commencement. Russell is not married, but 'twill not be long, if reports be true; for his fiancee has already shown a devotion and fidelity that many do not after the "I will." In a recent illness of typhoid she spent many anxious hours at his bedside

"To wile the length from langurous hours,
And draw the sting from pain."

J. C. Watson is a banker at his home town, Ridge Springs.

H. C. Woodley is farming in Sumter county.

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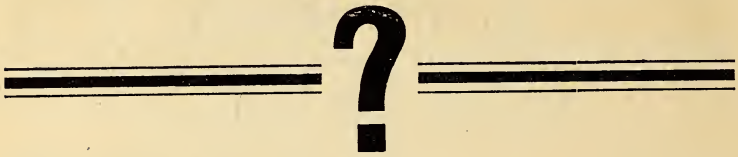

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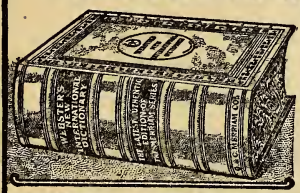

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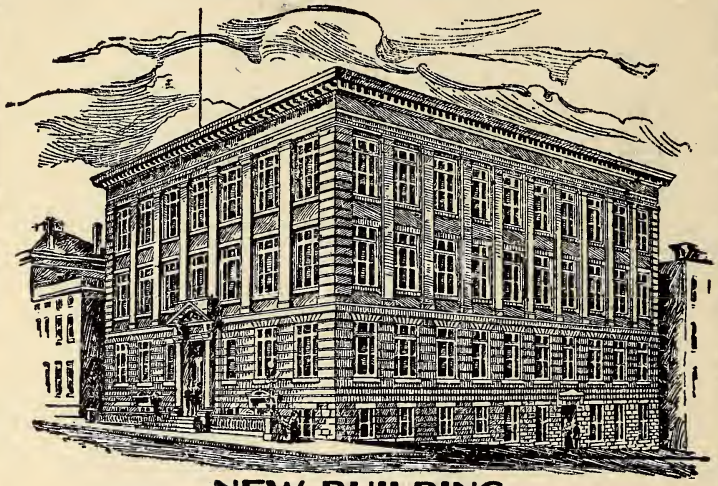

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LITERARY DEPARTMENT

H. M. Snyder, Editor.
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Faith

N. R. SMITH, '11

Sometimes within the veil that lies between
The things that are and those that seem to be
There comes a rent to those who wait unseen
And lets them look into eternity.
But I, who've waited long the veil beside,
Have never seen beyond the inclosing shell;
There is no hand to lead, no light to guide,
There is no one to teach, no tongue to tell.

When thou and I, O soul, have parted here,
Wilt thou then wander o'er some barren plain?
And I, this body left so full of fear,
Can I not ever feel thy throb again?
Can I not ever feel that life within,
That beats and pulses, surging through the whole,
And making whole where sep'rate parts have been,
Fulfilling ev'ry office, thou, the soul?

But then a joyous consolation here
That offers now some rest, some slight reprieve,
And bolsters up the sinking spirit drear,
And makes the doubting heart of me believe
That after all the knower and the known
Shall not remain upon this earth with me,
But casting off this flimsy nerve and bone,
Shall pass into its broad eternity.

Petra

B. D. ALEXANDER, '11

I went to South America for two reasons: the one, because I hoped to learn something of my twin brother; the other, because I wanted to see the world, or a part of it.

By the death of our father, Ned and I were left alone in the world at eighteen. Being of a wild and impulsive nature, Ned at once left on a trading vessel for South America. I remained at home, and after several years obtained my M. D. degree. Then it was that I decided to follow my brother. I had not heard from him in several months—in fact, I did not know if he were still alive. He was running a sheep ranch near the little town of Vesporee, having a good time, so he said, and asked me to come down, as there were big things for a physician. That was his last letter, about eight months before.

So I went. After a long and rather tiresome but pleasant journey I reached Vesporee. There, to my great consternation, I could find nothing of Ned. To my numerous inquiries I was told that he had suddenly left Vesporee, but no one could tell me where he had gone. I was puzzled as to what to do. I thought of appealing to the authorities, but having learned something of their inefficiency, discarded that idea as being time lost. I would trust to myself and blind luck. One thing greatly to my advantage was the fact that few men of our nationality were at that time in those parts. I believed Ned still alive, that he had left only because he had grown tired of the life he was living—that was his way of doing things.

I remained at Vesporee only a few days longer. Finding no further encouragement, I left for Santos, a small town. Ned would have in all probabilities passed through if he had not taken a northern route. But there again defeat was in store for me. No one had been there that answered in any way to the description of how I thought Ned would look. Still there were chances; it had been several months since he had left Vesporee, and if he had not remained at Santos some time

it was likely that he would have been forgotten. But I was at the end of my road. I knew not where to go, or what to do, so decided to remain at Santos and work my profession.

After looking about town, I selected an office overlooking one of the principal streets. It was a pleasant little room, not lavishly furnished, but giving me an excellent opportunity of observing the strange life below.

One morning as I was sitting idly watching the jostling crowd below a man entered and handed me a sealed envelope directed to myself. On tearing it open, I was mystified to find the following written in a clear, firm hand:

"Senor Hathaway:—

"Through a friend I have just learned that you are a physician from the States. Senor, I want you with a patient that will necessitate your staying at my house, but I will pay you well. If you consent to come, my servant will show you here.

"Don Carlos Ricardo."

My first impulse was to go at once, but I reconsidered and sent the servant away with the understanding that he return for my answer at noon. Meanwhile I looked up the chief justice and inquired if he knew anything of Don Carlos Ricardo. "Yes," he knew senor to be a wealthy planter and ranch owner. When in my scant use of Spanish I finally conveyed to him the thought of whether or not I would be safe at Ricardo's house, I was quickly assured that no harm would come to me.

At noon when the man returned for my answer my packing was over, and we soon set out. As my guide, or whatever you may choose to call him, was not very talkative, most of the way was passed in silence. As the sun was sinking below the horizon I was told that we were nearing our destination. I was glad of it, for there was an air of mystery about the whole thing that I wanted to solve.

Why had Ricardo chosen me, a young and foreign physician? It was true that medical men were scarce at that time, but then he knew nothing whatever of me. What could be the nature of the case that demanded my presence at all times? He had

intimated that money would be no hindrance in the way of my coming, which was the trump card of the whole affair.

As we approached the house, I saw by the little remaining daylight grounds beautifully laid off into walks and driveways. Unknown plants and shrubs were everywhere, artistically arranged in squares, circles, rectangles, triangles and every other imaginable figures. The fragrant odor of flowers drifted with every move of the lazy breeze.

I was welcomed by Senor himself, a dark, thick-set little man of fifty or thereabouts. He bade me follow him, and led the way into the most luxurious room I had ever seen. He then excused himself and left me to my own devices for a moment. Those rugs alone must have cost a fortune. I was so absorbed in my admiration of them that I was not aware of his return until a hand was gently laid on my shoulder.

"Senor Hathaway, this is my wife and son."

I was at once struck by the strong features and intellect of the younger man. In conversation he was charming, speaking English with very little accent at all. I wondered where he could have obtained the education and polish that were so manifest in his speech. I was interested so much that it was with regret when I arose to follow Senor to my room.

There supper was served me, and as I ate, Ricardo talked pleasantly of the country and my travels, but not one time did he mention, or in any way allude to the cause of my presence there. When my hearty and much-enjoyed repast was finished he arose to go. "I hope Senor Hathaway will enjoy a pleasant night's rest. Tomorrow I will show you around. There are many things of interest to strangers. Good night."

As might be expected, I did not go to sleep very early, but at last fatigue from my long ride won, and when I awoke the morning sun was shining brightly in my window. I arose, leisurely dressed, and soon found my way to a wide piazza. The beauty of the surroundings was entrancing. Flowers and shrubs were everywhere. A fountain sent its tiny stream of rainbow waters into the air to fall back a shower-bath for the

birds that hopped and twittered about it. I noticed especially a tall, long-necked fellow that strutted among his smaller companions much as a king might do among his humble subjects, stopping every now and then to plume his gorgeous feathers.

A few minutes had passed when a servant approached, informing me that I was expected to join the family in the dining-room. After breakfast and a smoke, I joined Ricardo for a pleasant ramble through those magnificent grounds. But soon we seated ourselves in a large summer house. An awkward silence fell between us; then I knew by the look on my companion's face that part of the mystery, at least, was to be cleared. After his cigar was going good, he cleared his throat two or three times and began.

"Senor, you have no doubt been puzzled over my note of yesterday, but I trust I shall soon be able to clear things. As a physician, I suppose you are thinking of the patient I spoke of. Well, to begin, she is my daughter. She and Don Carlos are the only children I have—but to go back to the story. About eight months ago, a man of your nationality came to my home. He was fever-stricken, so I took him in. My wife and daughter nursed him through that month of illness as if he had been son and brother. After Conway, as he called himself, was able to leave the sick room he and Petra were constantly together. He was a handsome man since recovering health—brown hair and laughing, boyish eyes. I do not wonder that my daughter loved him. Yes, she loved him, as you shall see.

"One day Don Carlos and I were sitting on a rustic seat. He had just returned from Vesporee, where for several days he had been on business. On his return I noticed his worried and troubled look. At the first opportunity he called me aside and told me that he had learned unpleasant things about Conway. We were just discussing what was best to be done under the circumstances when Conway and Petra interrupted us. Both were smiling, and a look of happiness shone on my daughter's face. As they came nearer, Conway took her hand in

his—. Well, there is no use going over the whole scene; they had come to tell us of their love and intended marriage. Angry words followed, and in a heat of passion Carlos felled Conway with a blow of a heavy walking-cane. As I bent over him, I saw at once the man was dead. At my words Petra swooned, and in falling her head struck the sharp corner of the seat. Since then her mind has been unbalanced. We buried the dead man at the little church you see over there. Every day Petra goes to his grave with flowers; she sits there talking as if he were alive, insisting that they understand each other perfectly.

"You have not seen her, Senor. She is as beautiful as ever. What hope can you give us? If you can lift that cloud from my child's mind I will make you a rich man."

I told him that as yet I could not say, but assured him that I would do all in my power. I requested that she not be informed of my presence. I wanted to see her actions at the lover's grave.

That afternoon I made my way to the small cemetery, but she was there before me. As I stood behind a thick shrub I saw a small figure in white kneel and place a bouquet of flowers on a well-kept grave.

"Darling, have I kept you waiting? I am a little late, but you will forgive me, won't you, dear? See, I have brought you a bunch of your favorite flowers; aren't they beautiful?"

I could distinctly see a pleasant smile ripple across her lips. Then in a low, sweet voice she began a quaint old Spanish love song, but before it was finished I slipped noiselessly away. I felt ashamed of myself, as if I had been listening to that which was not meant for earthly ears. Finally she left the cemetery, turning every now and then to waft a kiss toward the grave. When I met her at the gate she was smiling as if in reality she had just left the presence of her sweetheart. Beautiful? Yes, her father was right when he said she was still beautiful. Masses of jet-black hair fell loosely about her shoulders and creamy face. She was swinging a hat in her left hand, while

with her right she held a flower to her face. On seeing me, she looked at me with the mild curiosity of a child. If I had entertained any thoughts as to the sincerity of her strange doings, they were now utterly dispelled.

When I came face to face with her, I tipped my hat and inquired for the home of Senor Ricardo. With a frank smile and in a pleasant voice she told me that she was his daughter, and if I would come with her she would show me to him. During the walk I observed her closely. She was of the simple, trusting nature of a child, laughing and talking with me as if we had known each other always.

Days passed. She and I were constantly together. It was on one of our many walks that it happened. We had taken refuge from a sudden storm in the little church. Rain poured in torrents; thunder shook the small structure like giant explosions.

Petra was standing with her back to the belfry door, when, with an awful crash, a bolt of lightning struck the steeple, knocking it to pieces. I felt my muscles tingle, and at the same time saw her sink to the floor. I reached her as quickly as possible, and as I lifted her up saw signs of returning consciousness. She rubbed her eyes as if awakening from a sleep; a different light came into them. I saw even before she spoke that God in His strange way had restored to her that which was beyond the power of man—a clear mind.

A year passed. Petra and I strolled across the little churchyard and into the cemetery. The sun had just set behind piles of fleecy clouds, and the warm, flower-scented breeze intoxicated me. I was drunk with love of the beautiful Petra, but had never dared tell her. But as I held open the little gate for her to pass, she unconsciously placed her hand on mine. Tingling in every fibre by the nearness of her, I poured forth my story of love. A few minutes later I placed the betrothal kiss on her lips, beside the grave of her one-time lover—my brother.

In Memoriam—S. B. Connor

A stately ship just from the builder's hand
Slid down the ways into the flowing stream,
To buffet with the waves, sail back and forth,
And be a means of service to mankind.
Just from the ways and started on its voyage,
And all the world was shouting loud, "God-speed."

A hidden rock was on the river's bed,
A hidden snare the pilot could not see.
A thud! a shock! and lo! beside the keel
The hull is rent—an opening made. The waves
Flow in. The vessel, battered now, and torn,
Sinks in the stream down to a watery grave.
A stately tree grew on the river bank,
And o'er the forest early spring had come:
And now the tree in gorgeous green was clothed—
A thing of beauty and a living joy
It was to those who passed, and paused, and looked.
Its flowers scattered fragrance on the air,
And those who saw it knew the world to be
A better place because the tree was there.

An unexpected flood came down the stream.
The tide rose high; the waters beat around;
The bank caved in: the stately tree, engulfed,
Was carried down the stream. The place is bare
Because the noble tree's no longer there.

* * * * * * * * *

Just as the stately ship the voyage began,
He just had started on the Stream of Life.
Just as the vessel sank while leaving port,
So death, untimely, claimed him for its own.

Just as the tree to meet the stormy winds,
Ready was he to meet the storms of life;
And as the tree, engulfed by roaring flood,
So was he taken suddenly away.
Noble was he: and now that he is gone
I feel the lonely world grown lonelier,
And from its store of precious gems is lost
A gem which shone with wondrous beauty rare.
He was a *man* and grounded on the Rock
He stood, and bore the buffets of the world,—
But not long. Soon there came the call and he,
Ready always to hear his Father's voice,
Soared to the heavenly mansion in the sky.

F. WARREN DIBBLE, '10.

Cure by Prevention

L. C. WANNAMAKER.

There is much importance attached to the future of the American people. Our nation is now one of the richest and is thought by many to be the most powerful. Our people, as a whole, are happy in their well-being and revel in the glory of the nation.

But the glory of Greece and the glory of Rome is not to be forgotten, and more emphatically, the fall of Greece and the fall of Rome is not to be forgotten. These fair-haired people of the Aryan race, in whose minds originated Grecian science, art, and philosophy, who were masters of the world, and who lived vigorously and prosperously in their well cultivated valleys, were destined to fall from their high pedestal of fame and become an inferior and oppressed people. Similarly, the Romans have been forced from their high rank among the nations of the world. Their's was a power at one time invincible, but with the upward march of the nations since that day the Romans have lagged behind, and the result is that Italy commands little respect among the great Powers of the world.

It is possible that the people of the United States, too confident in their continued happiness and prosperity, should fail to keep pace with the steady march of human progress.

Let us not, in the midst of our prosperity, fail to take notice of some very great evils that are threatening us. Even though millions of dollars are spent in fortifying our coasts and keeping up our army and navy, yet we have enemies already within our very borders.

There are two evils that are a menace to any country in which they exist; the one disease, and the other poverty.

In the past few years great advances have been made to check disease. To keep some of these diseases from geting too much headway requires the cooperation of all of our people, and tuberculosis, or the great white plague, is one of these. More deaths occur from consumption than from any other disease, and statistics show that between the ages of twenty and fifty

years one life out of every three lives is taken away. During the Civil War the total loss of life on both sides was two hundred and five thousand. In the same time, tuberculosis, in the United States alone, destroyed seven hundred thousand lives. Does not this comparison show the alarming magnitude of the disease? Like an invisible demon of death it hovers around our people, and they, innocent and unprotected, are being constantly stricken down.

Yet it is consoling that we have a way to guard off this repulsive and blood-thirsty enemy, and that way is simple and easy in its execution. Having found that the disease is contagious and not hereditary, proper precautions should be taken to keep away from the disease, and clean sanitary surroundings should be observed to keep away this unwelcome guest. Yet the failure of just a few individuals to comply with these preventive measures may aid the disease on in its most destructive course.

Truly it is a Utopian country where every individual does not pursue his own selfish desires, but works for the common good; but why not effect that happy medium between a Utopia and a country whose citizens are so absorbed in their own affairs that they neglect their duty to humanity.

Our government is ruled by the people, and the knowledge of the stronghold of the people's great enemy, disease, ought to lead to an organized scientific movement against him.

The effects of tuberculosis are very apparent. Not only the suffering from the disease itself, but direct poverty sometimes follows in its wake. For truly the chief cause of poverty is sickness or death in the families of the poor. So we see that disease and poverty are closely allied to each other.

Picture to yourself a young boy toiling day after day in a sweat-shop for the support of his aged and infirm mother and father. Their very bread depends on the wages of his ignoble toil. There, almost suffocated in the dirty shop, the deadly consumptive germ finds a way to his lungs. He is entangled in the venomous coil of the disease and forced to leave his

work. All of his former earnings are spent in attempting a cure. Finally his very life is taken away, and his beloved parents are left with the ghostly legacy—poverty.

The great evil, poverty, possibly does not affect the American people, as a whole, as much as it affects some other countries, yet, what gave rise to the slums of the cities? What the cause of many robberies? What the cause of so many low and degraded people, if it be not poverty?

The slums are surely a curse, and although much has been done to alleviate the suffering there, it may justly be said that the philanthropists have hardly made a beginning.

It is not the labor of the poor that should be lamented, for after each day's work there is a sleep and heavenly rest that is inseperable from him, but his spirit has no opportunities. The monotony of his life is not broken by a divine feeling of love for his fellow-man, but his soul is filled with an imaginative fear and an indignation against society.

Happily, a great part of our country is blessed with the gift of nature, the gift of productive soil, so that in our rural districts there is seldom any who have fear of not obtaining a subsistence. But a goodly proportion of our population do not live in the country. The large towns and cities all have their class of poor people. In nineteen hundred and three the number of paupers in almshouses was over eighty thousand. Yet these belong to only one class of the poor. There are unknown thousands striving to obtain the bare necessities of life. But what is to be done to raise the standard of this class who are tending to reduce the vitality of the whole population? Their minds are stagnant; their bodies are undeveloped; and they seldom have a fixed standard of morality.

Is it not conceivable that with advantages for learning, and with opportunities for physical development, our poorest classes would be so elevated that they no longer would be considered a class oppressed with poverty?

Socrates emphasized the idea that a man should be so educated that he would know himself, his needs and his oppor-

tunities. "To have no needs is to be like the gods, and to have few needs is to be near to them."

The oncoming generation of our poverty class should be so enlightened that they would make provision in earlier and active years for their comforts in later years of inactivity. Then old age would be looked forward to with a feeling of pleasure and assurance.

An effective and practicable philanthropy is to aid in all movements that are brought forward for the education of the poor.

Why is there so often found in the upper classes a lack of sympathy with the poor? It is because some do not realize their duty to society. There are many inequalities which are not due to superior virtue, but to difference in educational advantages.

Long ago, man resisted with force the attacks of ferocious wild beasts. However, disease, and all of its attendant calamities, is a far greater enemy to us than all the other forces that have matched their power with man. Let us array ourselves against disease and poverty, and may our environment be such that those higher tendencies, which broaden the mind, while exciting the ambitions, will make way for that feeling of divine brotherhood which is able to overcome petty vanity.

The Rainy Day

H. D. HIGH

Today the rain is gently falling,
  And the clouds hang dark and low,
Shutting out the rays of sunshine
  That ever makes the world to glow.

'Tis this kind of day that makes me
  Sit and dream and wonder why
This old world is ever changing—
  Pleasure followed by a sigh.

And it makes my mind to wander
  Through the changing mist of years;
When a child I knew not sorrow,
  And had no part in sorrow's tears;

And still onward to the future,
  All along life's broad highway,
I can see still ever present
  This void, dreary, rainy day.

The House in the Wood

"My observations have convinced me that dreams are almost instantaneous," said the professor of psychology as he sat with a coterie of doctors in the lobby of the Columbia Hotel during the recent convention of the South Carolina Medical Association. "It is my belief that time is not an element in a dream. You can live over days or even years in a few seconds of actual time in a dream. I don't believe that a dream ever lasted as long as thirty seconds. In holding to this theory, I appreciate the opinion to the contrary held by many eminent psychologists, but I believe the evidence in support of my theory is unanswerable.

"A few nights ago I dreamed that a friend asked me to meet him at his office in the skyscraper at three o'clock the following afternoon. I could repeat almost verbatim our conversation, which lasted perhaps fifteen minutes. Next day at the appointed hour I went to his office. Not finding him in, I took a seat and picked up a book with which to while away the time until he should return. I had read about six pages when I heard a noise somewhat like a large gong struck by a hammer. I thought nothing of it at the time, but went on reading. Fifteen or twenty minutes later I became aware of an unusual commotion in the street below, and going to the window, saw three streams of water playing on the lower floors of the skyscraper. Without seeing more, I knew that the building was on fire and that I had heard only a stroke of the alarm. Hur-

riedly I ran out into the hall, but already the flames were shooting up the stairway and elevator shaft. Realizing that my only hope of escape was through some contrivance of the men below, I ran back to my friend's office and managed to attract their attention from the window. The next I remember was that several were calling to me to jump, and looking down, I saw a score or more men holding the sides of a sheet. Thinking I had as soon die by falling on the pavement as to be burned to death where I was, I leaped from the window. When I awoke, I was on all fours on the floor of my bed-room. Switching on a light, I found that the clock in my room had just struck two and that the second stroke had scarcely died away. Now, gentlemen, what I have told you of covered about thirty hours, but I dreamed it between the strokes of the clock."

A few questions convinced the professor that all of his hearers except Dr. B—— accepted his theory.

"I admit the probability of your dream," said Dr. B——, "but it is only an isolated example and, though good evidence, in itself proves nothing. I have had similar dreams myself, as has perhaps everyone here. But let me tell you of one of my dreams that points the other way."

All were at attention, for they knew that when it came to telling of racy experiences Dr. B—— had them all beat, hands down. "About five years ago," began the doctor, "I was practicing down in Berkeley, on the Santee River, in one of the wildest, most God-forsaken countries you ever saw. One night I came in from my rounds completely worn out. Since long before daylight I had been on the go, and I was now completely unstrung. I was just from a death-bed, and had seen a man die who knew that he was leaving his wife and four young children without a dollar or a relative in the world. I thought before that I had seen much of the tragedy of life, but never had anything affected me as had this. When I reached home, I threw myself into a Morris chair and relapsed into unconsciousness almost before I touched the cushions.

"After a while I became conscious of, rather than heard, a

timid, but persistent tapping on my door, which opened on the piazza. Opening the door, I found a girl of perhaps ten years, wasted almost to a shadow. I tried to persuade her to come in to the fire, for it was a bitterly cold night, but she persistently refused. When I asked what I could do for her, she managed to say through her sobs, 'Mamma's sick.' I tried to get her to tell me more of her case, but she would only repeat the words, 'Mamma's sick.' I realized that the only thing for me to do was to go with her to her home, but whether it were one mile or fifty I had no idea.

"I told Mrs. B—— the nature of my call and that she must not be worried if I did not get back before morning. With my saddlebags in my hand, I walked to the stable with the child and again tried to get some details from her, but with the same result. Saddling my horse, I motioned to her to let me put her up in front of me, but she would not, and ran out into the road. Seeing that she would not ride with me, I mounted and asked her to show me the way.

"For nearly three miles she led me along a little-frequented road which I had never traveled before. During the time she kept at a uniform distance of six feet in front of the horse's head. Again and again I tried to get her to ride with me, but she always met my pleadings with the same uncanny words, 'Mamma's sick.'

"Finally she turned off into a dense woodland. Following her further on horseback was now out of the question. So I tied my animal to a tree and went on foot. Still she kept just about six feet ahead of me, and I was unable either to increase or diminish this distance. Several times I tried to overtake her or to lag behind, but, without looking back, she seemed to anticipate my action. I finally reached the conclusion that she was possessed of some supernatural power.

"After we had been in the woods about an hour and a half and had traveled four or five miles, I saw indications of an opening a short distance ahead. As I was looking at this, my guide gave a half-articulate cry, and looking at me, pointed to the opening. Then she ran ahead and was soon lost to sight

in the underbrush. That was the last I ever saw of her.

"On reaching the clearing, I saw a little, dilapidated log cabin, surrounded by something like an acre of corn. I called repeatedly to my erstwhile companion, but could get no answer. Then I decided that the only thing for me to do was to explore the house which, in my estimation, held little promise of a patient.

"The house had but one door, which was covered only with gunny sacks nailed at the top. Inside, a candle, almost burned out, revealed the most crudely furnished room I have ever seen. In the middle was a crudely constructed affair that presumably served both as dining table and bench. The only thing else in the room in the way of furniture was a stool made of a split log. In the corner was a large tub, half filled with dirty water.

"Looking around further, I discovered a rough ladder that led through a hole into the loft. Up there, the uncertain light that came through an open window in the gable revealed what looked like a pallet made of corn shucks and two or three quilts. For some time I stood looking on, wondering what to make of what I had seen. As I turned to go, a scamper of rats attracted my attention to a dull white object in the further corner of the room that had hitherto escaped my attention. I struck a match, and using my hand as a reflector, threw the light on an odd-looking object.

"What I saw almost made my blood run cold. It was the face of a woman. Most of the flesh had been eaten away by the rats, leaving the skull exposed in places. Apparently she had been there but a few hours.

"In a very few seconds I was out of that house. How I did it I don't know, but I had no trouble in finding my way back to the tree to which I had tied my horse. In a short while, completely unnerved, I was sitting again in the chair from which I had been so unceremoniously called a few hours before.

"Next thing I knew Mrs. B—— was calling me to breakfast. I was still in my Morris chair. As I managed to eat a light

breakfast, my mind was engrossed with my adventures of the previous night, but I said nothing of them.

"As soon as the meal was over, I saddled my horse and set out to find the house in the woods, which I had left so unceremoniously the night before. My conscience hurt me for having left the child in such a place, and I was now anxious to make amends.

"I had been the only traveler on the road since a heavy rain had fallen the morning before, so I now had no trouble in finding my way to the tree to which I had hitched my horse the night before. Tied to the tree I found my handkerchief—I had the presence of mind the night before to leave it, so that I might more easily recognize the point at which I turned off into the forest.

"Then I left the road, following my tracks of the previous night. At first I had little difficulty, but after going a little over a mile I found myself in a dense pine forest, where my tracks could scarcely be followed, and before long I had lost them completely. But I knew, or thought I knew, the approximate direction in which I had gone, and pressed on. But by noon I had been able to find nothing of a clearing with a little cabin and corn field in the middle, and decided to give up the search until after dinner.

"Immediately after dinner I resumed my search and kept it up until darkness made further efforts futile. But again it was all in vain. I had almost reached the conclusion that the earth had opened and swallowed the house and its ghastly contents.

"I was putting the horse in the stable when it came to me like a flash that I had, during my whole search, seen nothing of the girl's footprints, though mine were always plainly visible. Hers should certainly have shown, for the ground was very soft all along the road.

"When, a few hours later, I was seated in the library with Mrs. B——, I casually asked if a child had come to our door just before I left the previous night.

"She answered in the negative.

" 'Are you certain?' I asked.

" 'Absolutely,' she replied. 'We were sitting together in the room, you apparently asleep. I noticed you start up and, after listening a moment, go to the door. I followed you, but there was no one there, for I looked closely, and the moon made the night almost as light as day. Then you came in and told me that you had been called away and might not be back before morning, or something to that effect. Then you got your bags and went out. You came home about four o'clock, but I did not see you until I called you for breakfast.'

"Then I knew why I had been unable to find the house. It existed only in my dream. The dead woman who terrified me was only the product of my overwrought nerves. The child who led me through the Santee swamps for nearly half the night was but a figment of the mind.

"Now, professor, you can explain this any way you want to, but to my satisfaction the fact remains that the whole affair was a dream, and that I was actually dreaming from the time I thought I heard the child knocking at my door until I got back next morning."

All eyes turned to the professor. But he neither saw nor heard. His eyes were fixed on space, and he was wrestling with one of the puzzles that has vexed minds of all ages.

Betty's Burglar

Betty lay back in the luxurious leather arm-chair before the fire, with eyes half closed. She had turned out the electric light so that she could enjoy the warmth and mellow charm of an open grate, before retiring. Dalton Ferguson, with whom she had just returned from the opera, had left. Dalton Ferguson, the inscrutable, had proposed! She had rejected him. He had taken it in his quiet, dignified, resigned manner. Dalton was, beyond question, the handsomest man she had ever met. He stood over six feet in his shoes, with great, broad shoulders—a perfect type of an athlete. His raven-black hair gave a peculiar setting to his very pale face. His features were of

a classic mold, the most prominent of them being a fine Roman nose, with its delicately turned nostrils.

Nobody knew anything of Ferguson's history before he came to X— some five years ago. He was a lawyer, and seemed to have plenty of money to spend, although his practice was known to be small. Not that Ferguson was a poor lawyer, for he had plenty of cases thrown his way, but he would only take certain kinds—criminal. He was never known to lose a case.

At first the society set looked rather askance at Ferguson, but gradually they got over that, for he made himself pleasant in many ways. He was accomplished, spoke German and French like a native, and could dance well. But it was his rich baritone voice which attracted the greatest attention. It was chiefly through their mutual love for music that he and Betty were thrown so often together. They soon became warm friends, and afterwards lovers, although Dalton had never made any profession of it before tonight. She didn't know exactly why she had refused him. In fact, she had almost accepted his proposal, but there was something about him that she did not understand. Of that something she had a vague, indefinable fear.

Thus musing, Betty sat half asleep until she was aroused by the droning of the chime-clock. She arose with a slight yawn, when she heard a peculiar noise. She listened intently, trying to locate from where the sound came. She was terrified, for her father was away and only her invalid mother and a few silly servants besides herself were in the house. The sound kept up and Betty concluded that it must surely be a burglar. Recently several acts of burglary had occurred on her street, and the perpetrators were still at large. Betty thought quickly. If she attempted to telephone, the burglar would probably try to stop her, for he would have succeeded in getting in by that time. Her father's pistol was in a room upstairs, and she would have to awaken her mother in order to get it. This was the very thing that Betty wanted most to avoid.

Still undecided as to what she ought to do, Betty tip-toed

into the pantry. Here a little electric lamp was kept burning all night. She stood and listened again. Yes, surely it was a burglar, for the sound of the filing was unmistakable. Suddenly her eyes rested on a little bottle, "Poison—for insomnia. Three drops in a glass of water." A sudden thought flashed through Betty's brain. She had heard that burglars were fond of wine. Why not put some poison in the decanter? It would not really hurt him, only put him to sleep while she could telephone the police. The burglar had not quite gotten in yet; she could still hear the filing. Stealthily she tip-toed back into the dining-room, and carefully taking the decanter from the side-board, emptied the contents of the bottle into it. She placed this, with a glass, on the table.

The filing ceased, and Betty barely had time to secrete herself in a closet before the sash opened in the next room. The fire had burned low, but there was light enough for Betty to see, through a key-hole of the closet, a tall, heavily masked figure enter the room. He flashed a dark-lantern about for a minute or so and then opened the side-board and took the silver service and plate. These he put into a bag. Betty was terrified lest he should examine the contents of the closet next. But no; luck was with her, for he turned to the table next, and with a pleasant ejaculation reached for the decanter. Twice he drained his glass, and then turned to the side-board again. All of a sudden he let a fork which he held in his hand drop, and with a groan grabbed for his head. Then he staggered for the arm-chair and sat down.

It seemed hours to Betty before she would trust herself to cross the room, for fear of arousing the burglar. He made no movement, so she finally ventured past him to the telephone in the hall. She called up the police. They promised to come right away, but centuries rolled by, as it seemed to Betty, before they did come. Betty met them at the door and they silently entered the dining-room and surrounded the burglar. The light was turned on, and they commanded him to surrender, but he paid no heed and was apparently in a profound sleep. His head hung over his breast. They felt him. He was

dead. The officer pulled off the mask, which completely hid the burglar's features. It was a contorted likeness of what had been—DALTON FERGUSON.

I Love Those Good Old Hymns

ROBT. L. COX

I love those good old hymns
That mother used to sing;
The tender accent of her voice
Will in my ears forever ring.

"Must Jesus bear the cross alone"—
Gladly His cross she'll share,
And in hours of sorrow fraught,
Breathe His holy name in prayer.

"Jesus more than life to me"—
Again her face grows bright;
Dark though the shadows be,
Yet in the darkness there's no night.

"Jesus lover of my soul"—
How sweet it used to be!
Those good old hymns that mother sang
Can ne'er grow old to me.

The Commission Form of Municipal Control

A few years ago James Bryce said to some young Americans who were just leaving England: "Go back to the splendid world across the sea, but don't you make a failure of it. You cannot go on twenty-five years more in your great cities as you have been doing. Don't you do it. If you do, you will set us Liberals back in Europe five hundred years."

This warning sounds the key-note to the danger to American liberties. One of the greatest problems now before the American people is that of reforming our city governments. The municipal control of the present ward system is not satisfac-

tory, nor is there incorporated in it the efficiency, either in legislative or administrative affairs, that is demanded by our great modern cities with their various complex problems coming up for solution. A form of government must be instituted which will be less open to abuse and which will secure better protection to the people.

When our Federal constitution was framed we had no large cities, and naturally neither laws nor regulations were provided for our great cities of today. Since then villages and towns have grown into large, progressive cities. The state governments, seeing the necessity for some direct legislations, have attempted to provide such legislation for almost every phase of municipal affairs. That the result has been ignominious failure need not be said. Furthermore, the city grew up and copied from national and state constitutions, having a council and board for everything. This is unnecessary, as a city's affairs are almost wholly administrative. There is no need for large policies or far-reaching legislation. The administrative side must, of necessity, be carried on by a few men. No branch of city control can be carried on properly except by experts, and experts are best selected by a few men. The lack of such a system has been a recognized source of failure in the United States.

The city may be said to be an almost distinct political unit. Then why should it not have distinct powers, and broad powers at that? As the state constitutions are under and subservient to the national constitution, so should the city charter, or constitution, be under or subservient to the state. The city should not be entirely independent of the State, but the State should have only restrictive powers. Such powers are necessary in order that the people may be protected against unjust legislation. But why should the city be compelled to await the action of State legislatures on almost every conceivable and insignificant affair? A strong objection to State legislation is the time lost in introducing and getting passed in the legislature bills permitting certain cities therein named to levy a certain tax, or to issue bonds for the erection of certain needed buildings, to

pave the streets, etc. In one State legislature over two hundred bills were introduced concerning purely local affairs of one city. Much time is necessarily lost; and then perhaps some of these bills may fail to pass, when in being enacted into law they could not have effected any other city or section except the one by whose delegation they were introduced. Such methods are out of harmony with good government, and should be remedied. Dispatch in execution is essential to a city's well-being, as is also the power of local legislation.

To a form of municipal control that will provide both the above stated needs in city government and secure the city for the people, the eyes of the public are now being turned. This is government by commission. This commission charter usually provides:

First—For the election of a few responsible men, a mayor and four or five commissioners, elected from the city at large.

Second—Non-partisan elections.

Third—Initiative and referendum, including submission of all franchises to the people.

Fourth—The recall.

Fifth—Home rule on all purely local subjects.

These principles are all apparently sound and tend towards the strengthening of a city's government.

In the first place, under the commission form, better men will be put into office. The voters have the chance of choosing the best men, even though they all come from one or two wards. In nine cases out of every ten, those chosen would be strong, able men; for a ward politician would stand no chance in the vote of an entire city. As things now stand under the ward system, decent men often shrink from becoming candidates for positions on the council. In some of our cities the ward politician has so degraded the office of alderman that many aldermen are looked upon as inferior, ignorant, or corrupt and selfish men. And in many cases the opinion is not unfounded. When such men are elected they are no proof against bribery and graft. The corruption brought to light a few years ago in the case of the street railway franchise in Phila-

delphia may be cited as an example. The fact that this valuable franchise was given away though Mr. John Wannamaker offered $50,000,000 for it, shows that something was seriously wrong. The council was evidently being influenced in some way. In such cases the guilty men are hard to find, for the number connected with the transaction is so great.

Under commission government such conditions cannot so easily prevail. The central idea of this scheme is to elect only a few men—four or five, perhaps—give them the privilege and power to act, and then hold them responsible for their jobs. All finances are to go through their hands, and the people may be reasonably sure that these funds will not be misused. The guilty parties would be found too easily. In some cities, to each member of the commission is given a certain department of affairs to oversee. Then the people know to whom the blame should be given in case of careless and inefficient work. And again, the mayor may not put the responsibility on his alderman, as may now sometimes be done. With only a few men on his board, he may reasonably be expected to keep in touch with everything done by his men and with the expediency of the expenditure of the large sums spent at the suggestion of the commission whose duty it is to attend to particular kinds of work in specified sections of the city. Nor could the commissioners lay the blame on the mayor; for they are in direct league with him.

Often in our large cities the elections are conducted along the lines of political campaigns. National politics are almost always introduced. Democrats and Republicans vie with each other in electing their respective men. And, here again, comes in the ward politician and the machine. What part do national issues really have in a city government? The city officials are, or should be, men who devote their time to purely local affairs, without meddling with state and national problems. And naturally these men should be elected on local issues, not national. With the passing of the ward system and the substitution of the commission form, the "boss" and corporation will not have their present power in influencing votes. When men are elected

regardless of wards, these long-felt, tyranic despots will be dethroned, the political machine will, as a consequence, lose its right-hand agents, and non-partisan elections will become a possibility.

The initiative and referendum are gaining in favor as good accompaniments of the commission form, and are now incorporated in the commission charters of several cities. The referendum, however, is the more important. It has a restraining influence against any tendency towards improper or unjust legislation on the part of the commissioners. Under the referendum all franchises must be referred to the people before they become effective. In Des Moines all franchises must be on file for public inspection several days before taking effect, and monthly statements must be given out to papers. This plan not only secures efficiency—it secures democracy.

In Des Moines the recall is also used. This serves as a safeguard against carelessness and improper conduct on the part of the commissioners. The recall provides that, if at any time an official becomes objectionable to the people for any misuse of, or neglect in official duty, he may be required to hand in his resignation and stand for re-election; else give up his place. Cities adopting the commission form would do well to consider the recall.

Again, the commission should have a controlling voice in all subjects of purely local nature. This phase was treated at some length toward the first of this essay. There was brought out the right, from the legal side, of a city to manage its own affairs. Here we wish to emphasize the economic side. Under State legislative control, country members largely control the city. The greater part of our population live in the country, and are in no position to understand and appreciate city needs; yet they largely influence our city affairs by their votes in the legislature. The several wards in the city have different and distinct needs, and only those in the city are in a position to know and rightly to provide for these needs. The State should be an entirely neutral party and interfere only when there occurs an unconstitutional regulation, or when some individual

or group of individuals are being imposed upon. A city should have a right to levy taxes and special assessments as large as they are able and willing to bear. Rarely would it be that taxes would rise too high. But if we are to continue in our present form of city control, State restriction also must remain. Dishonest councils must not be given free reign to rob the people by unjust and unreasonable assessments from which those assessed would not receive just returns. The subject of well regulated city improvement is one of the strongest pleas for the commission form of city government.

But some may claim that to elect the commissioners from the city at large would be unfair to those wards not directly represented. This plea may be answered by asking if it is to be supposed that any ward or section of the city will suffer more under an administration which has the welfare of the whole city in its keeping, and which is composed of able, upright and honest men. It is very likely that under a rule providing for the councilmen to come from the city at large, without respect to wards, and also with non-partisan elections, men of recognized leadership and business ability will, as a rule, be chosen. Certainly the rights of the people in the poorest and most degraded wards are more secure under the rule of these men than that of the common, every-day ward politician.

A few cities have tested the commission system and have found it the best form of city government yet before the American people. When Galveston was destroyed by flood, she saw the folly of wards and ward politics, and abolished them. The result was that under the commission form, which she was the first to adopt, she soon had rebuilt her buildings and streets and also cleared herself of debt. Houston, in two years, reduced her taxes from two dollars to one dollar and eighty cents on the hundred, and at the same time cancelled old debts amounting to about $500,000. Des Moines in one year gained two hundred and fifty thousand dollars in reduced expenses, and had better service and better paid employees. Columbia, South Carolina, adopted the commission form about a year ago, and in the short time under this system has come out of

debt for the first time in several years. Evidently in these cities the system is working well, and if a business form has done so much for these three, why should it not follow that it would be an advantage to other cities? Many other municipalities in the last two or three years have adopted this system and are unanimous in its praise. Almost every daily newspaper contains the news that some new city has fallen in line and is working for good government.

Finally, we believe that with a commission consisting of a few men, who shall be elected by the city's popular vote, and whose duty it shall be to have charge of all municipal affairs, to consider franchises and see that the people have a voice about their sale, to ascertain that all charges against the city are just, to issue regular statements concerning expenditures, and who shall be restrained and restricted to their proper sphere by the system of recall, our municipal government may be run on a more honest and a safer basis than the old form has given us. Certain it is that results could be no worse than they have been. The commission form stands for efficiency, for directness, and for getting away from confusion, and must be in the right direction.

The Lily

I saw a lily by a river,
  That slowly flows toward the sea;
"Lift up your head, O pretty lily;
  The world is gay for you and me."

Behind her lay the meadows,
  At her feet the waters gay;
All around her laughing lilies,
  But not one smile from her today.

"Tell me why, O gentle lily,
  Why those eyes so bashful hide?
Why conceal thy beauteous visage,
  Thou fairer than a new-made bride?"

The lily answered me in sorrow,
"See you not that I must die?
A cruel mortal tread upon me
As he passed so gaily by."

When Love was Blind

FRED GOSNOLD, '14

"Where is your croquet court?" I asked.

"We have none," answered the clerk.

I must have looked somewhat amazed. It seems to me that a hotel in one of North Carolina's most famous summer resorts should have provided its guests with the means of enjoying this popular pastime. The clerk, who, as I learned later, was also the proprietor of the hotel, did not consider it necessary to offer any apology for the shortcomings of his hotel.

"Have you a tennis court?"

I had carried my racquet as well as my croquet set.

"No," said he.

"Well," said I, in a rather unpleasant manner, "I am of an active turn of mind and must be doing something; I think I will go driving and take a look at the surrounding country."

"Sorry," said he, "but there is no livery run in connection with the hotel. In fact, there is none in the town. You see, the so-called roads we have here are so hilly and rough that a livery stable would not pay."

I looked at him rather indignantly, I fancy, and asked, "Would you mind telling me what your guests do for pleasure?"

"Oh, that's easy," said he, laughing. "They sit on the veranda most of the day and talk and watch the cattle graze on the opposite hill, and listen to the song of the mocking-bird, if one happens to be singing. Sometimes the ladies go for a walk while the gentlemen go rabbit-hunting."

"Huh!" said I, for I was already disheartened.

"Yes, that's what they all say when they first come here from the coast. But if you should stay long enough to get the 'North

Carolina habit' you would not go back to your home. However, there are much lovelier resorts above here."

"I fear I must find some of them," I said. "Get my trunk to the 10 o'clock train in the morning." Then I found a seat on the veranda, where I was soon indulging in the exhilarating pastime of watching the cattle graze.

Among the members of the younger set was FatherDrexel. The clerical cut of his coat led me to understand that he was a priest of the Roman Catholic Church. Judging from this priest and some other members of the party, it seemed to be an ideal section for a "saint's rest." I managed to pass the remainder of the day quietly, devoting much time to writing post cards which I had bought on my way.

At four in the afternoon the northbound train stopped to let three passengers off. These persons were a well-to-do Charleston merchant, his wife, and daughter, Dorothy. I shall not attempt to describe Dorothy's beauty. It occurred to me that it would have been altogether supernatural for nature to have endowed her with a more perfect type of feminine loveliness. The new arrivals made their way to the hotel. I followed after with the hotel boy, who was bringing their baggage on a hand-cart. As I sat on the veranda waiting for the supper hour to arrive it seemed to me that I was beginning to discern a greater degree of beauty in the surroundings. The sky was of a softer blue (more nearly the color of her eyes), the river more sparkling, and the great grove of magnolias and live-oaks across the little stream were of a more pleasing green. Such a solitude, thought I, might be endured and even enjoyed temporarily, if there was only a congenial soul to whom one might whisper, "Solitude is sweet."

I was wondering if I should be permitted to meet the girl when she came down to supper, when I observed that she and her parents were being introduced to the guests of the hotel at the other end of the veranda. Presently the hotel proprietor led the trio to where I was sitting. A few minutes later Dorothy and I were chatting happily.

"I see that you brought your tennis paraphernalia with you."

"Yes, I am very fond of outdoor sports," she replied.

"So am I," I said, "but there is nothing of the kind to be found here."

"How bad!" she said. "I fear our stay here will be very brief."

"Yes, and mine, too," I said. "In fact, I have already decided to go farther up"—I was about to say "tomorrow," when it occurred to me that I had better not be too definite about my time of departure, and I said "soon."

The next morning I told the hotel clerk not to send my trunk to the train until further instructed. Early in the afternoon I smoothed off a little spot of ground so that we could enjoy a few games of marbles. All the guests acted as spectators except Father Drexel, who was always very grum.

A new guest came in in the afternoon, whose name was Johnson. I introduced myself, and proceeded to tell him about the place. Of course I painted the picture as dark as possible. He said that he would go farther up the next morning. I did all that I could to prevent him from meeting Dorothy, but he was introduced to her at breakfast. It was now almost train time, so I hastened to get him off. At nine-thirty he told me that he was a bit tired of travel and would remain a few days. I began to feel blue. At 10 o'clock he had managed to lay hold of some old seines, of which he made a net for a tennis court, and by noon he had made a very nice court. I tried to go into partnership with him, but he managed to keep me out. I now found that Dorothy held him in a higher estimation than she did me.

After playing a few games, she said she was liking the place fine. I wondered if I had caused her to change. One day, after playing a game of tennis, she said, "It's a shame that there are no saddle horses here." "Yes," I replied, and fell to thinking. That night I went to the village stores and made inquiries regarding where I could procure two saddle horses. Late in the night I heard of a horse that a woman had once ridden. By and by I got on track of another horse that was saddle-broke. I arranged with two negroes to have them at the

hotel the next morning. I lay awake all that night thinking over my plans. I was determined to do something to win the admiration of Dorothy. Perhaps I might win her hand. Happy thought! I could picture in my mind's eye how sad Johnson would be when he saw Dorothy and myself ride off together. The sun was well up on the following morning when I was aroused by the shout of a negro.

"Whoa! does yo' want ter kick somebody?"

From my window I beheld what at first sight appeared to be a whole herd of horses in care of a band of negroes. In fact, there were six horses and twice as many negroes. My rival was on the ground when I got there, and I had to explain that I wanted two horses for Miss Dorothy and I to ride. "The more the merrier," said Johnson, as he proceeded to select a horse for his own use. At 10 o'clock, Dorothy, Johnson, and myself started off for a free-for-all gallop. Dorothy's horse went along well, but the other two were "plugs" of a low order. Before we had gone a mile my horse was puffing like an auto when pulling a 45 per cent. grade; Johnson's had stumbled and rolled him in the mud twice. At times Dorothy would be far ahead of us, and rarely were we all by the side of each other.

Two weeks of this keen rivalry passed. I had no doubt that Johnson was in love with her. I knew I was. Sometimes I felt that I was the favorite, then again I would see her smiling upon Johnson in the same pleasing manner.

Something must be done at once. The New York firm with which I was employed telegraphed me to come at once or my place would be filled. My two weeks' vacation had grown into three. Every day I felt that I must "screw my courage to the sticking place" and learn my fate. Occasionally I would see Dorothy enjoying a heart-to-heart chat with Drexel. "Fortunate man," thought I, "not to be disturbed with this strange fire in your heart." After supper one evening Dorothy went to her room and remained quiet awhile before returning. I was standing at the foot of the stairs when she came down.

Something sparkled on her finger. At my suggestion we went into a writing room. We were alone at last.

"What does it mean?" I asked.

"Must I tell," she said, blushing rosily.

"Don't you think I should know?" I asked.

"Well, then, if you must know, it means that I am engaged to be married."

"Well," murmured I in agony, "it is Johnson."

"You must guess again," said Dorothy.

"Oh, then you have been most unkind to both of us! Since you came here an engaged woman, you should have been honest enough to wear your ring at the start."

"I was not engaged when I came here."

"Pardon me," I said; "it has been brought about by letter?"

"No, my fiance in person placed this ring on my finger."

"In this hotel?"

"On the piazza of this hotel an hour ago he placed it there. I am sorry if I have caused you any distress."

"He? Who is he?"

"Have you never guessed? It is Father Drexel."

"Oh, you foolish girl!" I cried.

A night train for Jacksonville was due in half an hour. It carried my trunk and me away with it.

Spring

D. L. EDWARDS, '13

Springtime now hath come among us,
  With its soft and soothing power;
Winged heralds tell us of it,
  By the music of each hour.

Winter dieth, flowers blossom,
  And each field, so lately fallow,
Now is clad in dewy freshness,
  Now is bathed in sunlight mellow.

And the meadows all are verdant,
  Forests teem with life and beauty,

While the brooklet, trickling softly,
Teaches us a patient duty.

Let us then but look around us—
Joyous mirth is everywhere;
Gift of God, and pride of Nature,
Springtime comes but once a year.

"Savonarola: The Moral Leader"

C. H. W., '12

In 1487 the liberal-hearted spendthrift, Lorenzo de Medici, was ruling in Florence. Lorenzo was noted for his patronage and kindness to artists, painters, sculptors and scholars. The most noted men of the time had gathered around him. Among them such names as Fra Angelico, Leonardo de Vinci and Michael Angelo stand out most prominent.

But with all this search after the beauties of life, instead of being uplifted and ennobled, society became more selfish and more sensual. Lorenzo himself became a leader in all that was sensual, corrupt and degrading, and it seemed that all Florence followed in his footsteps.

Such was the condition of Florentine society when the news of the wonderful lectures the priest Savonarola was delivering at the convent of St. Mark reached Lorenzo. He immediately sent an urgent invitation to the lecturer to come to see him. But if Lorenzo thought he had invited one by whom he would be aided in the accomplishment of his policies he soon saw his mistake. By every means in his power he sought to gain the favor of the priest. He attended his lectures, sent him gifts, praised his oratorical ability, but to no avail. Savonarola would not degrade himself by becoming a sycophant. He would respect the ruler of Florence but would not stoop to flatter him.

On the contrary, the priest spoke out his whole heart in condemnation of frivolity and sensuality of every kind. To some of his acquaintances who asked him to refrain from speaking in such direct terms and deal in generalities he is reported to

have replied, "Shall the dog turn from his master because a stranger throws him a bone?" Little wonder that his terrible earnestness won him many followers.

Strange as the statement seems, very few of his sermons have been preserved. Those that have been taken down are mostly fragments. The first part of his discourse is in the dry, ordinary style of the preachers of the time, but as one reads further he is struck by the growing, fiery earnestness of the orator, and just as his interest becomes most intense he is mortified to read this statement, "Here I was so moved that I could write no further."

Lorenzo, though he came to hear these sermons and professed to be much interested in them, was never able to gain much favor with Savonarola. A story handed down by tradition well illustrates the relation between these two men. While on his death-bed Lorenzo desired Savonarola to come and shrive him. Savonarola came. But, not even while Lorenzo lay dying did the priest soften his heart. "Lorenzo," said he, "I will shrive you when you comply with three requests I shall make of you. First, you must repent and have faith in Christ, next you must promise to give up all your illgotten gains, and lastly you must restore to the Florentines their former liberties." Lorenzo acceded to the first and even to the second condition, but to the third he would not accede and he passed to the other world unshrived.

Pietro, who succeeded his father, was a weak ruler, having none of the sagacity of his father. His one aim was to unite Florentine and Naples into principality, and this policy made him many enemies.

Savonarola, with his keen eye, saw how things were going and soon he startled all Florence by a terrible prophecy. "From over the Alps," said he, "soon shall there come a king, like Cyrus of Old, who shall rush down upon this wicked city and destroy it."

Florence laughed. "Why we are at peace," said she, "we are wealthy, we enjoy ourselves as we have always been doing.

There is no need for us to be alarmed. This man must be crazy if he is prophesying such disaster."

But when Charles VIII. had crossed the Alps and was at the gates of the city, Florence ceased her laughing. Soon Charles had captured Pietro and had wrung a promise of 200,000 ducats from him. Only by Savonarola's influence was Florence saved from actually being sacked. Sent to Charles by the alarmed citizens he is said to have turned that superstitious monarch from his purpose. Tradition has it that Savonarola met Charles and speaking to him with characteristic boldness said, "A year ago I foresaw the coming of an invading army and preached it to the Florentines. But few of them believed me. Take this as another prophecy from me, if you sack Florence disaster will soon seize your legions. Depart and leave her alone and your army will become a French scourge," and the superstitious Charles dared not plunder the city.

When Savonarola returned from his successful mission he found himself the most popular man in Florence. Pietro became an object of Florentine hatred and scorn, and Savonarola was placed at the head of the government.

Idealist though he was, and conscious of his great and sudden popularity, Savonarola decided to establish a government based on principles of moral obligations and truth, whose head was to be Christ—in other words a Theocracy. But from the first he should have seen the difficulties which beset such a system. In the first place, the conscience of every individual is not alike; for the conscience of each man is very much the product of his environment and his home training, and it is therefore wrong for any one to try to make the religious belief of a few the religion of all. In the next place, Savonarola was excessively narrow minded and did not scruple not only to attack the still powerful Medici faction, but even directed his satire against the Pope himself. Thus, instead of trying to conciliate his enemies, he was enraging them.

Despite these obstacles, however, Savonarola for a time succeeded admirably. By his preaching he had won the hearts of the common people so that they adored him. Even the richer

classes were wonderfully moved by his eloquence. Florence, as a whole, became so deadly in earnest in religious matters that her whole population brought together every article that savored of worldliness and piled them in the public square. The young men brought their cards, dice, and backgammon boards; young ladies, their perfumed water, false hair, musical instruments, harps, lutes, licentious tales, (especialy those of Bocaccio), dream books, romances, and popular songs—all these things were placed in one great heap and the torch applied to them. Florence had turned from unrestrained licentiousness to model purity; from worldliness to Godliness. Theatre going, card playing, and dice throwing became almost unknown. Love of fasting became so general that no meat was sold in the city. Florence was God's city—its government, a Theocracy.

Such acts show how wonderful an influence this strange ruler exerted over his people. So well did his government succeed that the most famous men of the time came from all the neighboring states merely to catch a glimpse of Savonarola and to look into his system of government. But woe to a man when he attains such sudden and complete popularity; for it is the most dangerous thing that can happen to him.

As long as a person is universally admired disaffection is cowed and hides itself. Let there once, however, be a lessening in popularity and this hidden disaffection will be immediately emboldened to show itself, and even those who have been before the truest of friends will quickly lose their attachment. This was just the case with Savonarola. The ambitious Medici family and its followers had all the time been watching with secret jealuosy the new government, and Alexander VI., the ruling pope, was daily becoming more hostile as Savonarola rose in power and influence. The attack of a priest on the church and its head was of little consequence, but when the priest became the head of a powerful government it was a different matter. Alexander first gave orders to the Jesuits to preach against this fanatical priest, but their preaching had no effect. Savonarola's popularity continued. Finally orders

came from Rome for him to stop preaching. Florence desired him to preach on, but as he was a loyal son of the Church, he gave it up.

Disaffection rose when he ceased to preach, and he was attacked on all sides, some of his assailants going so far as to say openly that if he had been preaching the right he would never have stopped. Amid all these trials and troubles there were a good number of friends who remained strongly attached to him. It was to the zealousness of one of these that Savonarola's downfall is due. One of Savonarola's enemies through this friend offered a challenge to the priest, and this friend in behalf of Savonarola accepted the challenge. Savonarola and the challenger were both to walk through fire, and the teaching of the one whom the fire did not harm was to be proclaimed as right—the teaching of the other, false.

Savonarola himself would not have accepted the challenge, but his friend pictured to him what a wonderful influence he would have if he accepted the challenge and successfully passed through the flames. "God," said his friend, "will surely justify His servant's teachings, and your enemies will be crushed. Accede to my request, for I have already accepted the challenge for you, and I know you will have the most glorious triumph of your life."

Savonarola halted. If he did not accept, what would the people say? Would they still have their old faith in him? "No," argued he, "they will say that I was afraid, and they will lose all confidence in me. Surely, under the circumstances, God will work a miracle and justify His servant."

There is little wonder that, in an age when men believed in miracles, such a man as Savonarola was should fall into such a trap. Religious, narrow-minded ascetic as he was, and looked upon as the great moral leader of Florence, strong, morally speaking, in one particular he was weak—he dreaded the censure of the multitude. This weakness overcame him, and he accepted the challenge.

On the day set for the trial thousands assembled to see Savonarola as he passed through the fire. For a long time

the great leader and his followers waited for the challenger's appearance. But he never came. As the people were becoming tired with the long wait, toward the close of the day Savonarola decided that, as the challenger had not appeared, he was not bound to carry out his part of the agreement, and hence he called off the contest, to the disappointment of the thousands who had gathered to witness the trial. A moment before the multitude adored him; now they cursed him. After this the rabble was a tool in the hands of his enemies. And in a short time his downfall was accomplished and the Medici family was again in power. Savonarola, in accordance with the Pope's demand, was captured and placed in the hands of the inquistion. Weak and frail and nervous man though he was, he endured the terrible tortures with wonderful fortitude. Seven times was he put on the rack before his torturers wrested from him a recantation. This practically ended his sufferings, for on May 23, 1498, he was hanged, and afterwards his body was burned.

No other character in history stands out as does Savonrola, and yet no other character ever had so unworthy an end. From an obscure priest to the position of a great moral leader, next to the rulership of a great city, and then to a violent death—this was the record of Savonarola. Unlike Luther and Zwingli, his movement died with him. Looking back over his life, some may be tempted to say that he was a fanatic. "But if his was fanaticism, it was such a fanaticism as redeems the world."

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EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT

Compulsory Education

For several years past there has been in South Carolina a considerable revival of interest in the matter of common school education. But no concerted action has been taken towards compulsory education. Our senators and legislators are beginning to realize our real condition and are increasing appropriations for the public schools. Those who are already in school will be benefited; but how about the thousands who never enter a schoolroom? They never know any other than a life of toil under the scorching sun of summer and amid the snow and ice of winter, on the farm and in the cotton mill. They never associate with other children of their own age who have parents of education and enlightenment. Association with those of high ideals and pure morals is a great force in the building of character. By allowing the child to remain at home, we not only deprive him of the benefit to be derived from books, but

also of this association. Deprived of all this, we need not complain that the moral life of this class is not what it should be.

Some claim that a compulsory law would do but little good, that all the education of the universe could not raise the children of some of our population from the low level of their parents. There are some few children whose parents, grandparents, and great-grandparents have occupied positions in life so low that, in one generation, no earthly influence could lift to the level of decent citizenship. But if we see that the children of this generation have their rights and attend school, by the laws of heredity their children and their children's children will live on a higher plane. No one can gainsay the assertion that, under a law compelling every parent to place his child in school at least sixty days in the year for seven years, many a boy would be saved from the gutter, many a girl from a home of filth and squalor; that the dirty rags would be torn from many children of the next generation and they be clothed in garments of decency; that many a man who otherwise will lead a life of vagrancy and crime would become a thrifty and intelligent citizen, many a woman who will lead a life worse than death would be a light to some home.

Shame upon South Carolina that she is willing that the black flag of ignorance and darkness should continue to wave over her teeming thousands, when she could frame a law that, at least, would aid in pulling it down and hoisting in its place the banner of an educated and more highly enlightened citizenship.

No Final Exams. for Seniors

A few days ago the faculty decided that the Senior class would be excused from the final examinations. This has been the custom for two previous years, but we understand that there was some consideration of reinstating the finals with our class. However, when all reports from the March period of examinations were in, the faculty saw fit to reconsider their action. And it seems that they were justified in so doing. Perhaps for the first time that a class has done the like, in several years at least, out of the Senior class of forty-four members,

not one had the distinction of "flunking" on any examination or any part of any one. The class felt that it had made a record worthy of consideration and voted to petition the faculty to be excused from the finals.

College Spirit—Baseball

From time to time much is said and written about college spirit. Some seem to have an idea that college spirit means only to get out and celebrate by yells and songs when the ball team wins. This is all right and proper. But it seems that the only true college spirit is that which causes one to stand to his college, and whatever his college gets out, even though success should not always come its way. THE JOURNAL needs men with college spirit to help in making it a success. *The Annual* must have support such as only real college spirit can furnish. The Glee Club needs the boys behind it. The ball team must have support.

As was said above, some seem to think that if they get out and yell when the news comes that we have won a game they are showing college spirit. Well, they are. But what do those men do when a game is lost? Here is where their real college spirit is put to the test. If they begin to "knock, knock" the team as a whole, or individual men of it, they are showing very poor spirit. We all know that we have one of the best teams in the State this year, but we cannot hope to win every game. Let's stand to the team even though it loses once in a while. Now, for the next few weeks the team will need support. We have a good, strong team, a team that will play good ball, and clean ball, an honest game all through. We are proud of it. Let's help it to win. And even if it should lose, let's stand by our college team until the third man is down in the ninth inning of the last game.

"Mr. Carnegie and Wofford"

"Mr. Andrew Carnegie, recognizing the work and worth of Wofford College, yesterday sent his check for $20,000 as a contribution to the endowment of the college. This ought to

be suggestive to all friends of Wofford, particularly those in Spartanburg. The working endowment of the college is approaching the $200,000 mark, $100,000 of this amount having been added in the last five years. To keep pace with the growing demands upon it, this endowment should be increased in the near future to at least $300,000. Besides, a modern dormitory should be built to furnish the many students who come from a distance with ample and fitting accommodations.

"Wofford is not only doing a great service to the entire State, but is also an inestimable asset to this community. It has helped to make Spartanburg what it is, contributing largely to its best intellectual and moral life and spreading its fame abroad. An investment in the expanding future of Wofford is really an investment in the progress of the city. For, of all the forces cooperating toward making Spartanburg the chief city in South Carolina, not one is more vitally influential than this well-known institution of higher learning. More and more will thinking people come to recognize this, people who are wise enough to estimate real values in a city's progress, and from this standpoint they will add their gifts to such gifts as Mr. Carnegie's, knowing that they are furthering the community's best interests."

The above appeared as an editorial in a recent issue of the *Spartanburg Herald.* Besides calling attention to Mr. Carnegie's recent gift to Wofford, we hope it is an expression of the common sentiment of the citizens of Spartanburg towards the college.

EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT

C. H. Carlisle, Editor.
R. L. Meriwether, Assistant Editor.

In looking over the exchanges on our table we found tucked away, yea, verily, lost among the magazines there assembled, a tiny pamphlet. On closer inspection this turned out to be the *College of Charleston Magazine* for February. We immediately sought the table of contents and found a very surprising list of short stories and poems. Let us say that the surprise was occasioned by the shortness of the list. This magazine contains only seventeen pages in the literary department. There are three short stories and one very short poem. Did we write that it was a poem? Well, since it is written—let it go at that. We hoped that the quality of the magazine would make up for lack of quantity, but, sad to say, we were again to be disappointed. "In God's Image" is the only story that is dignified with even a fairly good plot. We might say, a very familiar plot. The stories are poorly written, and it seems that the writers had very little interest in their work. The entire literary department of this magazine is, to say the least, disappointing. The editorial departments, however, are far better. In fact, they are above the average for college publications.

The March *Criterion* contains some very good material—but there is such a little bit of it. The literary department, although it contains seven articles, is only twenty-three pages. This department is, however, made up of excellent material. There are two poems, two essays, and three stories. The stories, "Little Mother," and "A Story of the Sixties" deserve special praise. The plots are good and the development is well done. The other story, "The Elopement," is excellently written, but is out of place in a college magazine. The poems in this magazine are only fair. The editorial department is too short, and we note that it touches on nothing but local sub-

jects. This is a mistake. The other departments, as usual, are good.

The Collegian is a very attractive and interesting magazine. The best article is the essay, "Justice or Mercy." The author shows great interest in the subject, and has given us a masterful discussion. We should have in our country, not only justice, but justice combined with mercy. Better say justice and mercy. The stories in this magazine are all good. The verse, however, is not up to the standard set by the rest of the magazine. The editorials in this magazine are especially strong. As a whole, this is a very excellent magazine.

One of the best of our exchanges is *The Palmetto*. The March number is filled to the brim with excellent material, well developed. The poems are good, the stories are better, and the essays are best. The editorials also are good. The best of the articles, however, is the masterful essay, "Public Libraries, Museums and Art Galleries Should be Open on Sunday." The writer has an excellent subject, and has handled it in a most pleasing manner. Few college magazines reach the high standard of *The Palmetto*.

Many other good magazines lie before us on our table, and our only regret is that we have not the time to discuss them every one, for we are sure from past experiences that they all contain some excellent material.

We are glad to acknowledge the receipt of the following exchanges this month: *The Vanderbilt Observer, The Mercerian, The Blue and Bronze, The Concept, The S. P. U. Journal, The Gallowegian, The Davidson College Magazine, The High School Student, The Emory Phoenix, The Chronicle, The Brenau Journal, The Orange and White, The Winthrop College Journal, The Erothesian, The Wesleyan, The William and Mary Literary Magazine, The Wake Forest Student, Ouachita Ripples, The College of Charleston Magazine, The Criterion,*

The Furman Echo, The Collegian, The Newberry Stylus, The Palmetto, The Limestone Star, The Isaqueena, The Carolinian.

CLIPPINGS

"When 'Omer smote 'is bloomin' lyre
He'd 'eard men sing by land an' sea,
An' what he thought he might require
'E went an' took—the same as me."

Ancient Marines—Yes, mum, we'd eaten all our provisions, and we'd eaten our belts, and then the old ship turned turtle, so we eat her, too.

It seems that the members of a certain poker-playing set at an Eastern university were in the habit of keeping rather late hours, but nevertheless appeared at chapel with unfailing regularity. But a short time ago chapel was made half an hour later, and the authorities were astonished to find that not a man of the set appeared.

"You see, it's like this," one of them explained when they were called up about it, "when chapel was at seven-thirty we could just manage it, but we can't keep awake till eight."

A green little Freshman in a green little way
Some chemicals mixed just for fun one day;
And the green little grasses now tenderly wave
O'er the green little Freshman's green little grave.

The resident of a frail habitation
Of vitreous transparent substance framed
Should not amuse himself with wild jactation
Of silicious fragments rudely aimed.

"See here, Mister Casey," said Pat to the tax assessor, "shore and ye know the goat isn't worth eight dollars."

"O'm sorry," responded Casey, "but that is the law." Pro-

ducing a book, he read the following passage: "All property abutting on Front street should be taxed at the rate of two dollars per foot."

NICELY STARTED.

Aunt Mary—Why, Ethel, dearie, you have grown so I hardly knew you! You pretty rosebud! And what progress have you made toward matrimony?

Ethel—Well, auntie, I'm on my fifth lap.

THE RULING PASSION.

The visitor was being shown through the insane asylum. "This," said the guide, "is the new automobile ward for victims of speed mania, gasolitis, etc. We have a hundred beds, always full."

"But," queried the visitor, "where are the patients? I don't see any."

"They are not often visible," replied the attendant, "they are mostly beneath the beds fixing the springs."

Dog-gone you, I hate you;
I wish you had died;
You told me you loved me—
Confound you, you lied.

"You are a pretty sharp boy, aren't you, Tommy?"

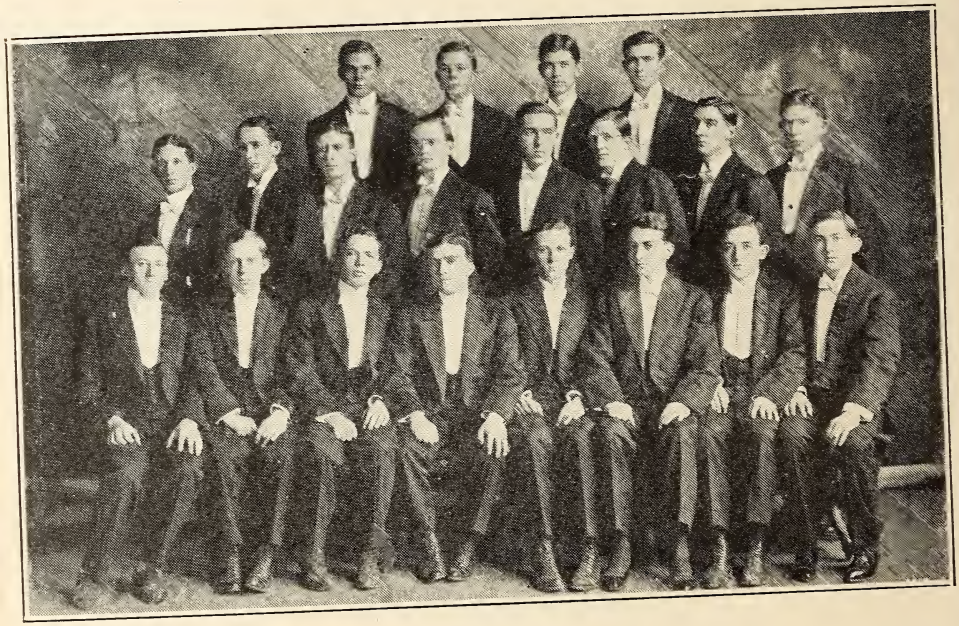
"Well, I ought to be; pa takes me out in the woodshed and straps me three or four times a week."

OLD GOV. COLE.

Old Gov. Cole is a merry old soul,
Yes, a merry old soul is he;
Everyone's wondering what he'll do next,
This ruler of Fiddle dee dee.
One thing is sure, the job can't endure,
As we all can plainly see,
For if he stays in Columbia many more days
The prisoners will all be free.

LOCAL DEPARTMENT

Matthew S. Lively, Editor.



GLEE CLUB

PERSONNEL OF GLEE CLUB.

FIRST TENOR

Keller, B. M., Cameron, S. C., '13
Moody, R. E., Dillon, S. C., '12
Rice, C. S., Fort Worth, Texas, '14
Rice, L. M., Fort Worth, Texas, '12
Sprott, J. M., Spartanburg, S. C., '14

SECOND TENOR

Folk, H. N., Bamberg, S. C., '12
Hamer, P. M., Marion, S. C., '12
Hill, R. S., Anderson, S. C., '12
Layton, S. G., Spartanburg, S. C., '14
Liles, B., Spartanburg, S. C., '14
Monroe, J. T., Marion, S. C., '13

FIRST BASS

Humphries, A. L., Camden, S. C., '11
McIver, R. B., Savannah, Ga., '12
Snyder, H. M., Spartanburg, S. C., '11
Thompson, P. H., Spartanburg, S. C., '11

SECOND BASS

Carlisle, A. R., Spartanburg, S. C., '13
Crum, G. M., Orangeburg, S. C., '12
Morris, E. R., Turbeville, S. C., '14
Sanders, D. P., Spartanburg, S. C., '14

READER

Ouzts, D. T., Johnston, S. C., '11

QUARTETTE AND SOLOIST

Moody, Rice, Thompson, Crum, Sanders

OCTETTE

Moody, Rice, Thompson, Hill, McIver,
Humphries, Sanders, Crum

GLEE CLUB FOURTH ANNUAL TOUR.

"As the northbound train steamed into the station on the afternoon of March the 29th a happy, bright-faced group of college boys were awaiting it. With hearty anticipation of a successful trip they boarded the train, and the Wofford College Glee Club started on their fourth annual tour. Seeing the numerous "grips," some forty in number, one would have supposed it to be a female "cemetary" aggregation, but those dress-suits—ah, me!

"Our efficient manager, McIver, was on the alert to make all comfortable, and too much cannot be said in praise of the business-like way in which he conducted the 'tour.' No unpleasantness of any kind marred the trip.

"First, Gastonia. Here we were treated most courteously, and while our audience was not so large, it was most appreciative. Numerous encores showed its sympathy and enjoyment.

"Leaving Gastonia on an early morning train gave us an opportunity to see the thriving city of Charlotte. Auto rides and the electric cars were most popular. Great was our enjoyment, and as the girls say, 'We had a dandy time.' Here G. W. Esaw saw another 'Kate.' The evening concert was pronounced a great success, and we appreciate the fine 'write-up' of the *Charlotte Observer*. Last, but by no means least, was the reception tendered us by the Presbyterian College girls. All of them are so charmingly charming that the evening will long be remembered by every member of the club.

"Tired, but happy, we were up with the dawn to catch an early train for Fort Mill. Shall I tell it? Our directress was left—'a slow clock' was the excuse offered, but we all strongly believe 'the electric motor' and some kind friends used persuasive power. However, we enjoyed the joke. Professor Mason Crum met and escorted us to our home, and made our stay most delightful—being an 'old Wofford boy' we were kindred spirits. The ladies of Fort Mill treated us royally—such teaing and dining! My! it is beyond description. A reception was given us after our concert, and gay conversation and happy laughter were indulged in until the wee small hours of the

morning. An evening for next year was mentioned. We spent two days here, leaving for Chester on the afternoon train of 'All Fools Day.'

"Well, what shall we say of Chester hospitality? One thing we must tell, and that is there were not enough boys to fill the homes opened to us. Everyone seemed to vie with each other in their efforts to give us a great, good time. A large audience greeted us, and we sang all we knew, making up some extra verses to meet the demands for encores. A most glorious spring day heralded in the Sabbath morn, and we all attended church, some of us helping with the music. Our hosts gave many of us 'a spin' over the city and the surrounding country. Others of us enjoyed the charm of 'brown' and 'blue' eyes. We have a cordial invitation to return on our next trip, and 'here's hoping' we can.

"Monday morning found us on our way to old Columbia, where we are always most cordially greeted. Again the thoughtfulness of our manager was in evidence. Everything was arranged for our stay at the Columbia Hotel. Here Second Tenor Sam mistook the contents of his finger-bowl for a new brew of tea. After calmly chewing up the green leaf which floated in H_2O, he proceeded to drink the colorless liquid—a shout of laughter—curtain drops. An august Senior ordered eggs boiled on one side, and great was the pitying look of the waiter. For desert 'Pinkey' Liles insisted on *hot* rolls and ice cream.

"At 4:30 o'clock in the afternoon Mrs. Daniel and the Senior class of Columbia College gave us a reception. Two hours were spent in merry chatter, while delicious refreshments were served. The Columbia College girls are always especially thoughtful of our Wofford boys, and we wish they would come to Spartanburg so we could return their hospitality.

"Then at our concert a very large audience greeted us, and we did our best to entertain. Never have we sung to a more enthusiastic audience, and we certainly did appreciate its attention. Immediately after the concert, a general reception was given. Dr. and Mrs. Daniel were most courteous and kind to

us. We were loathe to leave the old city, but after bidding adieu to our 'cousins' we made our departure.

"The Carolina Special brought us to the town of Union. Here we were met by the ladies and carried to our homes in autos. Such entertainment! Well, all know of the hospitality of this little city shown in its kind welcome given to strangers. A fine audience, enthusiastic and appreciative, greeted us. We determined to make our last concert on the trip our best, and we succeeded. Here another reception was given to the B. Y. P. U. delegates and Glee Club. It was great—only little 'Rufie' failed to get served. If we could write half our enjoyment of the trip this article would be long enough to fill THE JOURNAL. So we will close with three cheers for our directress and the Glee Club. "THE CHAPERON."

BASEBALL.

"The Wofford College baseball team, under the care of Manager Meadors and Coach McCarthy, left the city at noon Saturday, the 1st of April, going to Newberry for the initial game of the season. The team went immediately from the train to the ball park, and with the Newberry College team engaged in one of the fastest games that has ever been played on that diamond. The game was called on account of darkness at the close of the twelfth inning, the score standing 0 to 0. The game was really a pitcher's battle between Eidson for Newberry and Stilwell for Wofford. Edens, our fast second sacker, starred. Batteries: For Newberry, Eidson and Hazel; for Wofford, Stillwell and Glenn.

"On the next day, which was Sunday, several members of the team visited their homes, returning to Clinton on Monday, where they defeated the Presbyterians by a score of 1 to 0. Here the team was entertained most hospitably in private homes. The second game, like the first, was a pitcher's battle, Smith and Stackhouse being the contestants. Edens again starred—this time by making a wonderful stop. Steele played a fine, consistent game throughout. Batteries: For Clinton, Smith and Wynne; for Wofford, Stackhouse and Glenn.

"On Tuesday afternoon the 'tables were turned,' when Clinton defeated us by the score of 4 to 3. Russell went into the box and delivered the sphere with steam, but the Presbyterians managed to score three times in the first three innings. In the fourth, we piled up three scores, making it an even break. Stilwell was sent in to relieve Russell. Several costly errors led to Clinton's making the winning score. Batteries: For Clinton, McGowan and Wynne; for Wofford, Russell, Stilwell and Mobley.

"Wednesday's game with Newberry was an example of one of those unaccountable things that now and then happen in baseball. With Stilwell in the box and Glenn on the receiving line, the ninth inning was begun with the score 2 to 0 in favor of Wofford. Then IT happened—one error was followed by another, and in a few minutes it was all over—three Newberry men had crossed the plate. It was a heart-rending finish, especially in view of the fact that during the entire nine innings Stilwell allowed only one hit, and that a scratch. Batteries: For Newberry, Eidson and Hazel; for Wofford, Stilwell and Glenn.

"The team was greeted on its return with warm words of praise from every side, as it should have been, for it is beyond dispute that this year the team has the goods. If they continue to play the game as they have begun—and we do not doubt that they will—we need not fear the results. The results will come. And so we only need to repeat our slogan, "Watch Wofford win!"

F. C. BEACH.

It is with pleasure, and with no little gratification, that the local department is devoted principally this month to contributed articles on the recent trips of the Glee Club and that of the baseball team. Too much cannot be said in praise of both organizations. As stated in this department of last month, this is the fourth year of the Glee Club as a permanent organization, and it has increased with each year as a strong asset to the college. Both the faculty and student body are proud of its success and standing.

For several years previous to this one, Wofford has been very unfortunate in not having a winning ball team. While we had a creditable team every year, somehow we ran up against "hard luck" on every side and on almost every occasion. We could show up all right everywhere except in the percentage column. But we have the WINNING team this season, and if the "Old Gold and Black" does not stand at the top in the final count-up of the S. C. I. A. A. it will at least make some of them lift their heads and take notice.

The following dialogue is reported to have occurred between Prof. DuPre and Prof. Gamewell:

Prof. DuPre—Gus, I'll bet you are older than I.

Prof. Gamewell—No such thing, Dan! What is the first thing you remember?

Prof. DuPre—Why, about the first thing I recall is the first time a railroad train was run in South Carolina. How about yourself, what is your first remembrance?

Prof. Gamewell—The first thing I remember was hearing my mother say, "There goes old man Dan!"

Y. M. C. A. DEPARTMENT

J. W. Cunningham, Editor.

SOUTHERN STUDENT CONFERENCE.

In the last month the booklet announcing the student conference for the Southern colleges has been received.

Every year this conference is held at Montreat, N. C., in the "Land of the Sky," and this student department of the Young Men's Christian Association has charge of the conference. To aid those who have only a vague knowledge of its aim, we will give several of the purposes as stated in the booklet: "To make real to college men the fundamental facts of Christian experience; to train Christian men for leadership in the Christian activities of the individual college; to bring these leaders into personal touch with some of the greatest religious statesmen of our time; to help each man to find his place of largest service." To accomplish these aims a program has been arranged giving an hour each morning to Bible study; to conferences and discussions; to study of various life callings; and to inspirational addresses.

To add play to the work the afternoons are given over to baseball, tennis, mountain climbing, etc. After the recreations of the afternoons the evenings are given to mission study and life-work addresses.

The aims and purposes, as well as the program of a conference, can be excellent, but men with great personalities and consecration are needed to make it a success. This year the array of leaders and speakers is extraordinarily good. Two of these are Robert E. Speer and John R. Mott, both of whom are known too well for further comment. Others are Dr. O. E. Brown, of Vanderbilt; Rev. R. W. Hague, rector of Episcopal church, Chapel Hill, N. C.; S. W. McGill, who has added much to the interest and spirit of the past conferences with his songs; C. G. Hounshell, who spent several days on the campus last fall in the interest of the students' volunteer movement;

and others of prominence; while Mr. W D. Weatherford will have general oversight of the conference.

The expense attached to attending the conference is very small and in easy reach of all. There is a program fee of $5.00; ten days' board, $10.00, and railroad fare, which is a small amount, as the roads offer reduced rates.

Last year Wofford sent a delegation of twelve men. Why should this number not be doubled this year? Several nights ago you heard them tell of the great good and large visions they received from attending and, at the same time, of their rich experiences. Why not take your summer vacation at this conference, where you will build up body, soul, and mind? One of the committee will see you, and they expect a hearty response. Make your preparations to attend this Southern students' conference June 16-25, Montreat, N. C.

ALUMNI DEPARTMENT

T. H. Campbell, Editor.

CLASS OF 1908.

H. B. Atkins is in the real estate business in Asheville, N. C.

C. E. Bethea has an important position in the Murchison National Bank, Wilmington, N. C.

W. C. Doyle is connected with a large livery business at Sumter.

R. A. Brown is a successful teacher in the lower part of the State.

C. P. Calvert is a newspaper man, being connected with the *Spartanburg Journal.*

R. L. Carter is teaching—principal of the school at Carlisle, S. C.

G. S. Coffin, Jr., is further perfecting his electrical course in Cornell University.

A. B. Copeland is a member of the firm of Smith-Copeland Shoe Company, Spartanburg.

J. W. Crum, though just beginning his career, is making a success as a lawyer at Denmark.

J. L. Dukes, who was the jolliest man of his class, is an attorney at Orangeburg, and gives promise of a brilliant future.

E. H. Harley is teaching somewhere in Louisiana.

J. L. Hydrick holds a Rhodes scholarship at Oxford University, England. This is John's third year, and he is making a splendid representative for his State.

Tom Hamer, he with the tenor voice, is superintendent of the St. Matthews school.

M. O. Jackson is in the mercantile business at Bennettsville.

L. K. Jennings graduates this year from the law department of the University of South Carolina.

C. E. Klugh, the mathematician of the class, after teaching two years in the city schools of Greenwood, is now cashier of a bank at that place.

D. E. Knight is also looking toward the law, studying at Bowman.

E. R. Mason is a member of the South Carolina Conference, Darlington Circuit.

W. A. McKelvey, Jr., is farming in Greenville County.

G. R. McKewn ("Bob"), the smallest man, but one of the most popular in the class, holds a responsible position with the Edisto Savings Bank, of Orangeburg.

F. B. Morgan, Jr., is a promising young merchant at Central, S. C.

R. F. Morris, the best singer in the class, is principal of the high school at Sardis, S. C. Fred has recently married.

S. A. Nettles since graduation has been taking a course in law at Harvard University.

J. L. Nettles, his brother, is also in the law department at Harvard. Abe and Joe will be among the best equipped young lawyers in the State.

J. McD. Owen has a good position in the postoffice at Orangeburg. McDonald fell in love with one of the Spartanburg girls, as most of the boys do, but was more successful, having recently "copped the prize."

M. P. Orr, the tallest man in the class, standing six feet seven, is in the cotton mill business in Anderson county.

B. B. Patterson, the "original," when last heard from was teaching in Western North Carolina.

J. H. Remseur is a banker at Central.

H. C. Sheridan is manager of Sheridan's Teachers' Agency, Charlotte.

H. C. Simpson is in the real estate business in this city.

C. D. Smith, "the genial," graduates this year from the Charleston Medical College.

Yates Smith is a partner in the Smith-Copeland Shoe Company, this city.

LeRoy Stanton is enjoying the pleasures of farm life—a large planter in famous Marlboro.

J. T. Taylor, John, "the steady," after teaching successfully two years, is working for a Ph. D. at Vanderbilt.

L. H. Tolleson is in business in Arizona.

J. J. Welch is a happy planter near Union, S. C.

J. A. Willis, known as "Archie the Poet," is editor of the newspaper at Woodruff. Willis is the youngest man in the State Legislature—representative from his county, Laurens.

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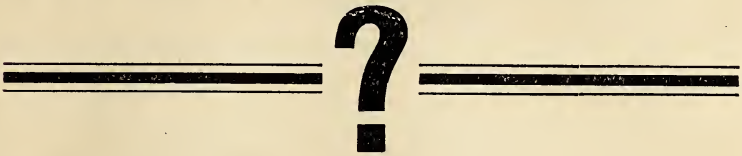

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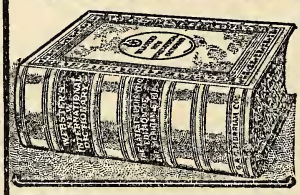

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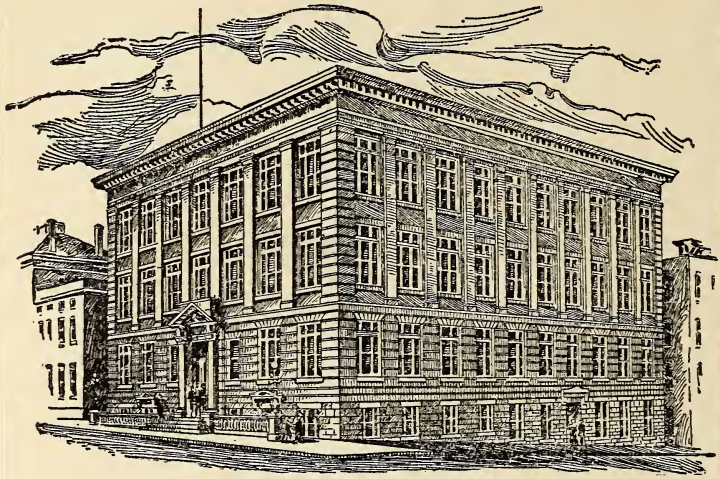

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PUBLISHED BY

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SPARTANBURG, S. C.

1911

The Wofford College Journal

FOR

MAY-JUNE

NINETEEN HUNDRED AND ELEVEN

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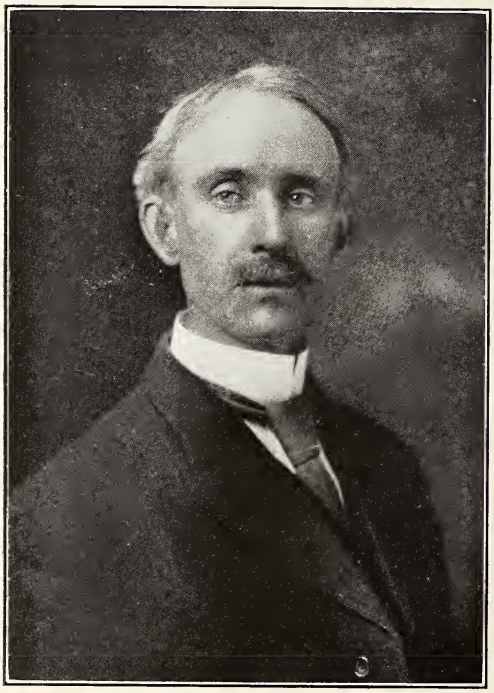

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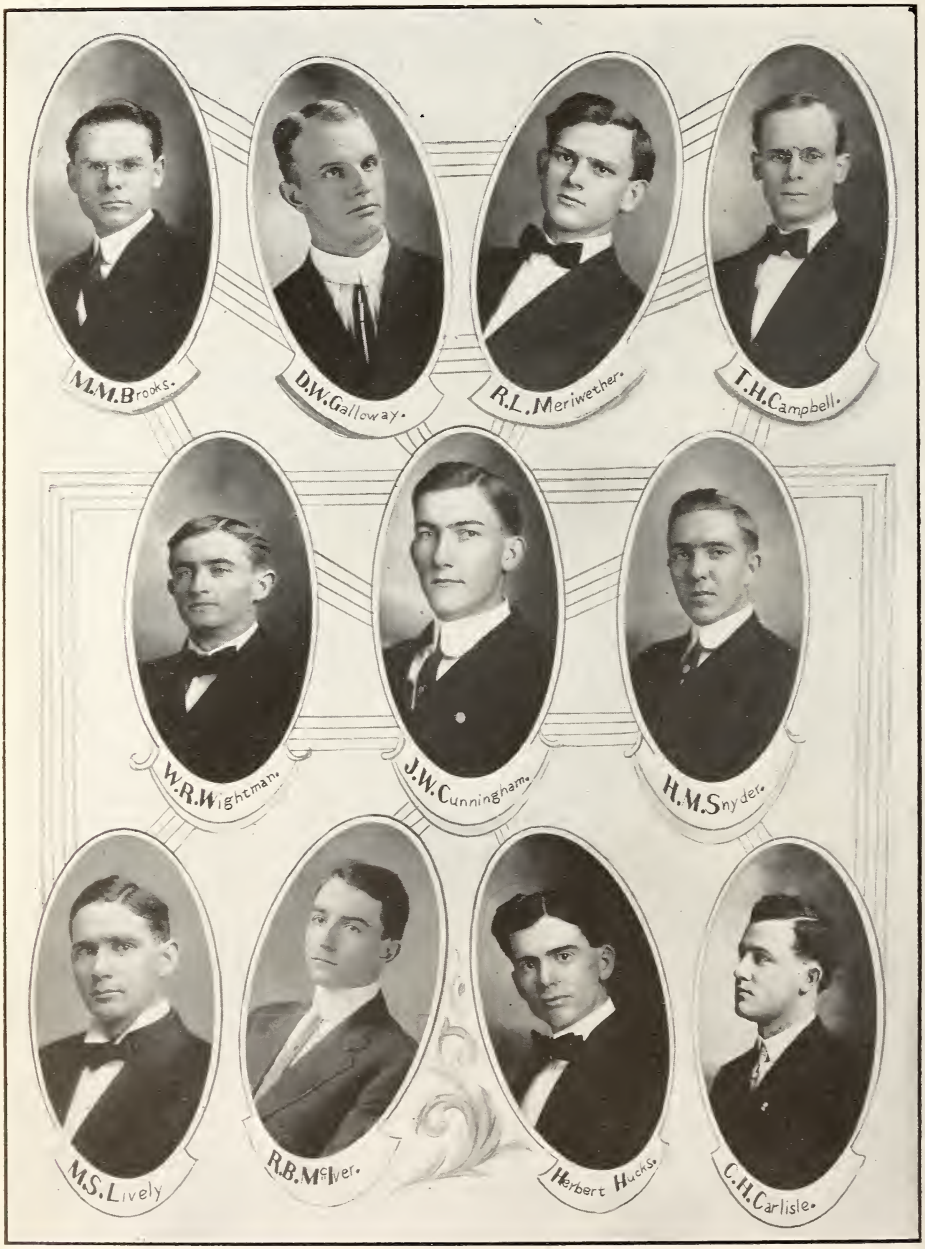

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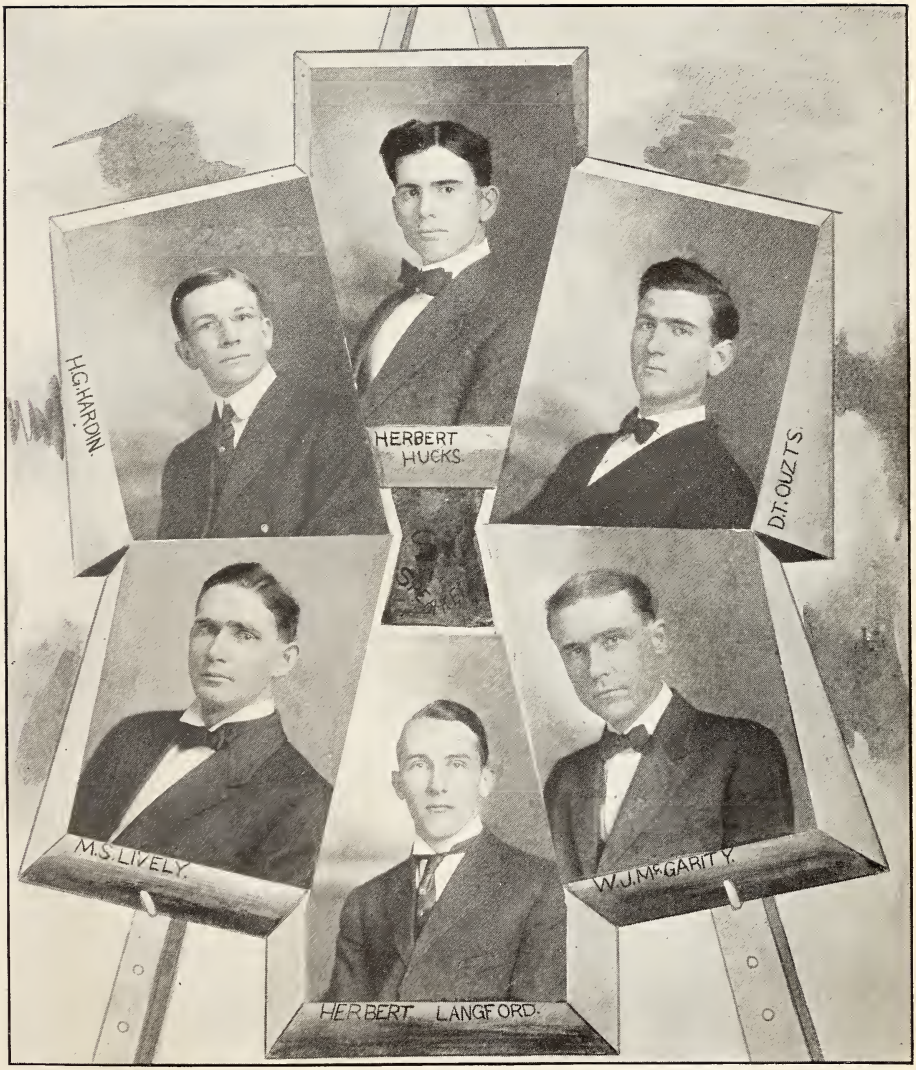

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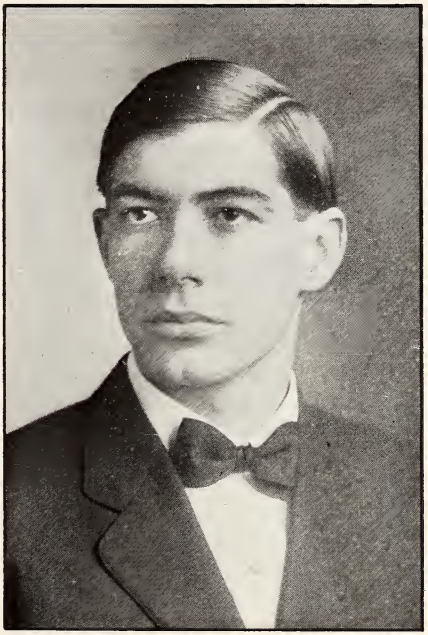


BROADUS DeWITT ALEXANDER

WOODRUFF, S. C.

"The muscles of his brawny arms,
Are strong as iron bands."

Vice-President, First and Second Critic, Recording Secretary, Sophomore Orator of Calhoun Literary Society. Winner of Calhoun Essay Medal. Class Football Team '07-'08, '08-'09, '09-'10; Captain of Senior Team in '10-'11. Member of Gym Team '09-'10. Basketball Team.

Broadus DeWitt Alexander, alias Alex., alias B. B. Aiken, hails from the metropolis of Woodruff, S. C., on the trunk line of the C. & W. C. Railroad. "Alex" is not really dangerous, although the fact of his having so many "aliases" would seem to point that way. The only thing the matter with "Alex" is that he is addicted to writing short stories, and the sad part of it is that often they get into the JOURNAL.

HORACE BROCKMAN ANDERSON

MOORE, S. C.

"His speech was a fine sample, on the whole,
Of rhetoric which the learned call rigmarole."

First Censor of Preston Literary Society, Historian of Class, '09-'10; Member of Senior Baseball Team '10-'11.

Horace claims to be a hard student, but if he is, it is studying how to spend the most time down street without missing any classes. On rainy days he stays in and says: "There'll be no Converse girls out this day; so I'll stay in." His other specialty is writing letters muchly filled with quotations from other poets as well as from Mr. H. B. Anderson.

LEONARD PORTER ANDERSON

RICHBURG, S. C.

"Like a flower that cannot all unfold."

Member of Preston Literary Society; Member of Y. M. C. A. Cabinet.

This face certainly looked simple, surely we have seen it before. O yes, this is Anderson, the Porter Anderson. He was in a class ahead of us, but when he saw us he decided he wanted to be our Porter, hence he dropped aside and waited for us. He has made us a good one and we gladly recommend him for such services.

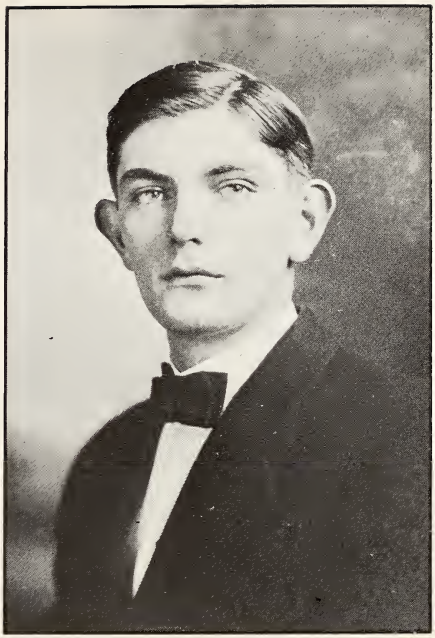
OLIVER CARLISLE BENNETT

GREER, S. C.

"How this spring of love resembleth
The uncertain glory of an April day,
Which now shows all the beauty of the sun,
And by and by a cloud takes all away."

Corresponding Secretary, Third Critic, Treasurer, President Carlisle Literary Society; Freshman Marshal; Sophomore Marshal; President of Class, '09-'10; BOHEMIAN Staff, '09-'10; Business Manager of BOHEMIAN, '10-'11; Class Basket Ball Team, '09-'10; Class Baseball Team, '09-'10; Class Football Team, '10-'11; Member Executive Committee Athletic Association; Lyceum Marshal, '09-'10; '10-'11.

Bennett, the silent. But that does not mean he is not thinking of "Her." The "Her" changes constantly, but this does not keep him from taking it seriously. "Ben" is a very early riser, getting up at six o'clock every morning—for what, no one knows, unless it be to get the fire burning brightly for his roommate when he chooses to arise, generally about eight-thirty.



SAM ORR BLACK

SPARTANBURG, S. C.

"Bowed and bent as the mighty oak,
And full of wind as its branches."

Corresponding Secretary, Monthly Orator, Second Censor, Recording Secretary of Calhoun Literary Society. Speaker on preliminary Wofford-Emory Debate, '09. Captain Fresh Baseball Team, '07'08; Member Soph-Junior and Senior Baseball Teams; Member of Fresh, Soph and Junior Football Teams. Member Junior-Soph Football Teams, '09-'10. Member Varsity Baseball Team, '07-'08, '08-'09, and Captain of Team, '09-'10. Member Annual Staff, '09-'10.

"Sammy" is another one of the Spartanburg boys, and the most handsome of the whole bunch. He never did try to "hoodoo" a professor, and never attempted to answer a question indifferently, as if he knew all about the subject. A "living joke" is distasteful to him. It might be well to mention just here, also, that Sam is one of the future "great" physicians of his class. He expects to emigrate to Jupiter and improve the sanitary condition of that planet.

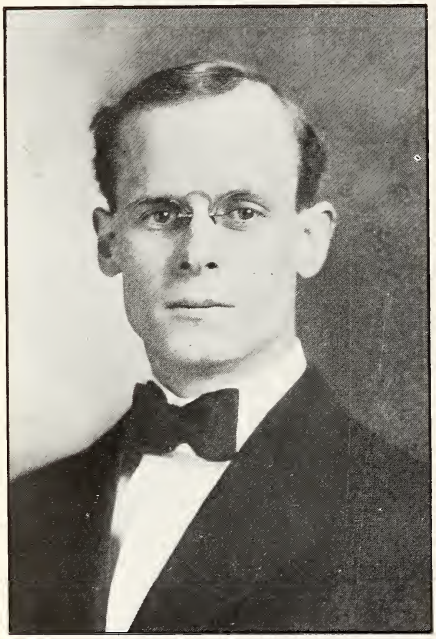
MAXIE McBRYDE BROOKS

BELTON, S. C.

"There goes the parson, oh illustrious spark."

Entered 1906. President Freshman Class, '05-'07. Dropped out '07-'08. Reentered in fall of 1908. Second Censor, First Critic, and President of Carlisle Literary Society. Treasurer Y. M. C. A. '09-'10; Member Y. M. C. A. Cabinet. '10-'11. Member Inter-Society Committee, '10-'11.

"Parson," gentle reader, is not near so stubborn as he looks; he has a big heart, plenty of brains, and the greatest supply of jokes that any Methodist preacher ever dared carry. He has already accepted work as circuit rider in the South Carolina Conference and it is said that he is beating the h-he-heathen out of that particular district. We thought he would because the parson is a good old d-de-dev-deviser.



THEODORE HODGES CAMPBELL

MULLINS, S. C.

"Manhood, when verging into age, grows thoughtful."

Entered 1904. Dropped out '06-'09. Y. M. C. A. Editor *Bohemian* 1909-'10. Member Y. M. C. A. Cabinet, '10-'11. Alumni Editor JOURNAL '10-'11. Vice-President College State Press Association, '10-'11. Class Prophet. Member Preston Literary Society.

"Camp" doesn't belong to this class as you can readily see from his expression, just dropped in to take a course in the etymology of words and technicalities of parliamentary rules. Camp is all right, but we have never been able to see his point of argument. However, some people do and Camp will no doubt make a specialty of convincing people that the Latin gerundive is of more benefit to man than is the perfect tense.

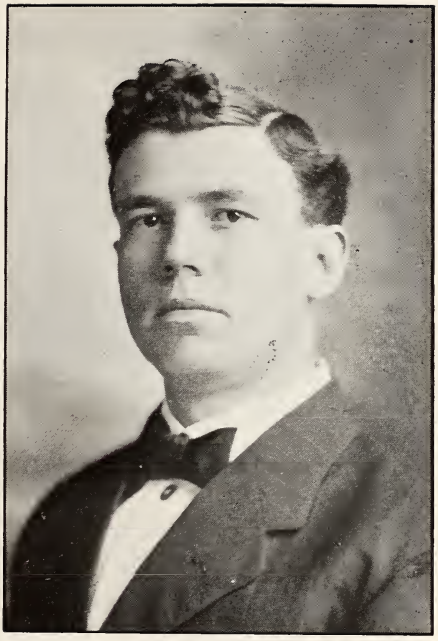
CHARLIE HEBER CARLISLE

SPARTANBURG, S. C.

Boo! ! !

First Censor Calhoun Literary Society. Member Inter-Society Committee, '09-'10; '10-'11. Secretary Class Freshman year. Exchange Editor JOURNAL, '10-'11. Class Football Team, '08-'09; '09-'10. Junior-Soph. Football Team, '09.

Lord Charles Heber Carlisle! Behold him! Fail not to view every detail of his wonderful face, look at the beautifully shaped nose, and the marvelously strong expression of the upper lip. But don't you dare let him know you are the least interested in him; for he is such a modest chap! His voice actually blushed one time when he was called upon in the class-room. He has been accused of being unnecessarily humble, but why not call that one of his charms? And then, too, he is such a smart boy!



THOMAS JEFFERSON CARTER

UNION, S. C.

"Work is my recreation,
The play of faculty."

Member Preston Literary Society. Contributor to THE JOURNAL.

Tom hails from somewhere "down the line." Just how far down we do not know. Anyway he came up the line one day and entered college never to be "downed" again, but instead, to prove the greatest hustler of the class. Tom doesn't talk much but says that he has learned for a fact that the rooster crows for midnight every night in the college year. He cannot prove this by us, but we do know that Tom has been seen leaving the newspaper office in the wee sma' hours of the night. He will some day no doubt be editor of the *News Before Day.*

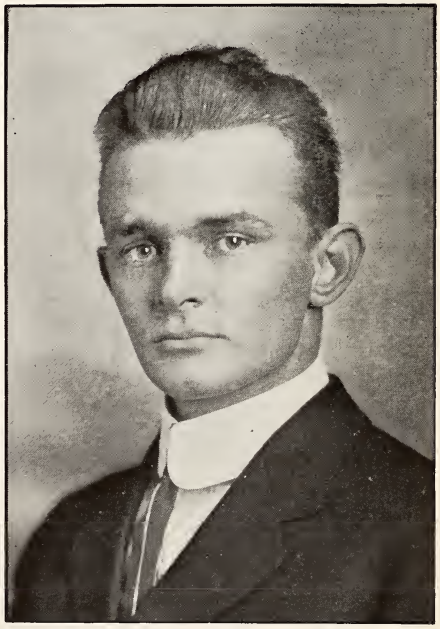
GEORGE RAINSFORD FAIRBANKS CORNISH

ABBEVILLE, S. C.

"I'll answer him by law,
I'll not budge an inch."

Attended University of the South (Sewanee), '05-'06. Member Kappa Alpha Fraternity. Entered Wofford 1909. First Censor and First Critic Calhoun Literary Society. Member Class Football Team, '10-'11. Contributor to JOURNAL.

George came originally from "Chall'son" which perhaps accounts for his semi-Dutch brogue. The "Bottry" is one of his favorite resorts. Being a poet, George has a morbid imagination, and dearly loves to take medicine for imaginary ills. That is why he "cuts" classes. All the doctors are his personal friends. But if you want to see him nervous sure enough, just mention carbolic acid.



THOMAS EDWIN CRANE

WAXHAW, N. C.

"Look, he's winding up the watch of his wit,
By and by it will strike."

Entered '06. Dropped out '08-'09. Corresponding Secretary, Second Censor, Recording Secretary, First Critic, President Preston Literary Society. President Senior Class; Vice-President Y. M. C. A.; Editor-in-Chief *Bohemian* '10-'11.

"Tom" is a well rounded fellow, being very liberal in his attitude towards his studies, that is, not fond of any, unless it be Greek, over which he spends long hours, and even visits the Greek teacher at night for extra recitations. Much learning has not made him mad; for he is always in a good humor—that's "Tom.'

JAMES ERRIC CUDD

SPARTANBURG, S. C.

"You behold in me only a travelling physician."

Jim says he expects to study medicine and make a "crack" doctor. It is feared, though, that he will come nearer making a "quack" doctor. But still Jim is pretty fond of chemistry, often asking to be shown "the chemistry of the situation." There is one thing in which he will succeed in the medical profession, and that is in being prompt to answer calls. If he is as prompt about this as he is about attending chapel he will be *right there*—now don't ask me where.

JAMES WILBORN CUNNINGHAM

WAXHAW, N. C.

"Remembering all his greatness in the past."

"Tall" is a great debater. He will even argue that a newspaper article is true if he has an idea that it is not. He likes to go to chapel once a month to see how things look, but says that it would not be good for his morals to attend oftener. His worst habit is associating with Alexander, but he has a hard time in this, and his regular question is "Where's Alex? By gorry."

ROBERT FLEETWOOD DARWIN

GAFFNEY, S. C.

"When I know a thing, I know it."

Member Carlisle Literary Society.

"Doc" is the kid of the class in size and age, but when it comes to a real knoweldge of things the "Gentleman from Gaffney" is strictly there. "Doc's" most characteristic feature is his walk. Picture the pompous stride of Julius Caesar, and you can see "Doc" coming up Church Street. Rest assured, though, "Doc" Darwin is about as shrewd as they ever get to be, and when you hand him the ragged end of a business transaction, you will be "going some."

WILLIAM VIRGIL DIBBLE

VERDERY, S. C.

"Character is higher than intellect."

Speaker on Freshman Exhibition, Member of Glee Club, '08-'09; Monthly Orator, Winner of Oratorical Contest, '11; Second Critic of Preston Literary Society, President of Ministerial Band, Member Y. M. C. A. cabinet, '10-'11.

"Dib" is from Orangeburg or Charleston, or somewhere down there, anyway he was badly affected by the Charleston Earthquake. He has always been afraid of work but has never failed to do it. "Dib" has already signed up with the Methodist Chicken Eaters of South Carolina, and now has a charge on which is a nice little parsonage in which is a nice little room which "Dib" hopes to ornament with a "nice little piece of *furniture*." When he has been successful in getting this particular piece of furniture he will not likely accept any place but a city church.

WILLIAM YOUNG DILLARD, JR

SPARTANBURG, S. C.

"He that wants should not be bashful."

President, Vice-President, First Critic, Third Critic of the Calhoun Literary Society. Speaker on Sophomore Exhibition, Junior Debater. Class Basketball Team, '09-'10.

The better one knows "Biley" the more he likes him. His one failing is his bashfulness. He blushes on any and all occasions—doesn't mean any harm by it, but cannot help it. It is said that he starts to blushing when he is yet three blocks away from Converse College, as he, with others, goes for a promenade. Also that he fears to talk with the girl of his choice only less than he hates for her to be out of his sight.

CHARLES EDWARD DuPONT

SPARTANBURG, S. C.

"Bald-headed and redder
Than a windy morn."

President Freshman Class. Third Censor, Corresponding Secretary, Recording Secretary, First Critic, Vice-President and President of the Preston Literary Society. Class Basketball Team, '07-'08. Class Baseball Team, '10-'11. Vice-President Student Body, '09-'10. President Y. M. C. A. '10-'11.

"Bill" is the only man in the class who can pull anbody's "years." He amuses himself pulling the boys' ears and once or twice was about to pull Rembert's. Bill says he never has time to study; goes to Whittington's corner in the afternoon, "Jit" shows at night, and holds office hours during Chapel exercises in the mornings. But Bill will get over these things for he is known to have preached two sermons of one hour each on one Sunday.

ERNEST KEY EPPS

KINGSTREE, S. C.

"His heart as far from fraud
As Heaven from Earth."

Monthly Orator, Corresponding Secretary, Treasurer, President Calhoun Literary Society, Class Basketball Team, '09-'10; JOURNAL Staff, '09-'10; Art Editor the *Bohemian*, '10-'11, Class Poet.

"Ham" is the pianist of the class, playing faithfully at Chapel exercises and Y. M. C. A. meetings. He, while a Freshman, took music at Converse, but becoming too bashful to "face the music," gave up that course. Besides, knowing that he was a musician, the Faculty organized as an encoring club for his special benefit which did not suit "Ham" in the least.

LUCIUS GASTON GAGE

CHESTER, S. C.

"All things come to him who waits."

"Loosh" goes along in the same old way, never worries and takes all things easy. He gets there, all the same, you may be sure. In addition to his regular work and his Senior dignity "Loosh" has taken on two more great responsibilities, viz.: the management of "Gage's up-to-date Pressing Club" and the supervision of his little brother George. "Loosh" has done justice to these tasks as well as to his other duties.

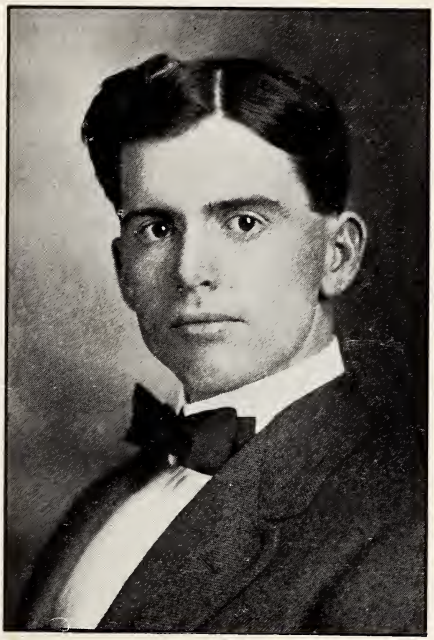
HENRY GRADY HARDIN

ROCK HILL, S. C.

"When he speaks,
The air, a chartered libertine, is still."

Speaker on Fresh Exhibition. Vice-President Sophomore Class, Secretary Y. M. C. A., '09-'10; Assistant Business Manager Annual, '09-'10; Winner Oratorical Contest, '10; Winner South Carolina Intercollegiate Oratorical Contest, '10; Treasurer South Carolina Intercollegiate Oratorical Association, '10-'11; Literary Editor Annual, '10-'11; Second Censor, President Preston Literary Society, Preston Representative at the Dr. James H. Carlisle Memorial exercises, Y. M. C. A. Cabinet, '10-'11; Vice-President Senior Class, President Student Body, '10-'11; Senior Speaker.

Let me introduce you to "Kernel" Henry Grady Hardin from Clover, Batesburg, Rock Hill, and elsewhere. He is the real Henry Grady of the Class, too—a born orator. Whenever his classmates needed an eloquent speech made on any occasion, they invariably called on "Kernel." He was the third Hardin to go to glory at the State Oratorical Contest, and even to accomplish such a feat as that, he didn't find hard. The South Carolina Conference has waiting for him a circuit, to whose romantic service he intends to report as soon as he can secure the proper credentials. By 1920, if he is not branded one of the "big guns," his class will sue the Church for damages.



HERBERT HUCKS

STALVEY, S. C.

"All is not gold that glitters."

Monthly Orator, Second Censor, Corresponding Secretary, Recording Secretary, Third Critic, and President of Carlisle Literary Society, Winner Freshman Declamation Contest, '07-'08; Speaker on Sophomore Exhibition, '08-'09; Speaker on Oratorical Contest, '09-'10; Speaker from Carlisle Society in James H. Carlisle Memorial Service '09; Speaker on Oratorical Contest, '10-'11; Winner Carlisle Society Essay Medal, '09-'10; Member Inter-Society Committee, '10-'11; Editor-in-Chief WOFFORD COLLEGE JOURNAL, '10-'11; Contributed twenty-five articles to the JOURNAL. Senior Speaker.

Hucks is from Horry County, just what part of the "sticks" we have so far been unable to find out. But since coming to college he has learned the names of some of the principal towns in his county. His specialty in school is writing stories, essays, just anything so long as the JOURNAL Staff will take it. At home, he is a fisherman, having caught by himself, to hear him tell it, six hundred and seventy-nine two-pounders in an hour and three quarters.

GEORGE FRANKLIN HUGHSTON

SPARTANBURG, S. C.

"I profess not talking, only this,
Let each man do his best."

Look at that face good and long; for here you behold a wonder. Don't be surprised, now, when I tell you that he is one of the best students, and doesn't study because he's dull, either; for really, he is almost the smartest we've got. Yes, sir, Hughston is "there with the goods" when it comes to brain, and one of these days you are sure to hear from him. Look out for Hughston—he's coming!

ARTHUR LEE HUMPHRIES

CAMDEN, S. C.

"I'll look to like, if looking liking move."

First, Second and Third Censor, and Second Critic of Preston Literary Society. Member Class Baseball Team, '08-'09, '09-'10, '10-'11; Captain '09-'10; Manager, '10-'11. Member Class Football Team, '09-'10, '10-'11; Member Varsity, '08-'09; '09-'10, "10-'11—Captain, '10-'11. Member *Bohemian* Staff, '10-'11. Member Glee Club, '10-'11.

"Hump" is the baseball artist, a star third sacker. He dreams of ball when his dreams are not of girls. He is rather fond of "the other sex," but hates to let it be known that he is "crazy about" one for fear another in whom he is interested will find it out. Just cautious—that's all. With all his failings he goes to church—where the "verse" goes, and was even known to go to Y. M. C. A. one night, whereupon the boys being surprised elected him their Editor on the *Bohemian* Staff for this year.

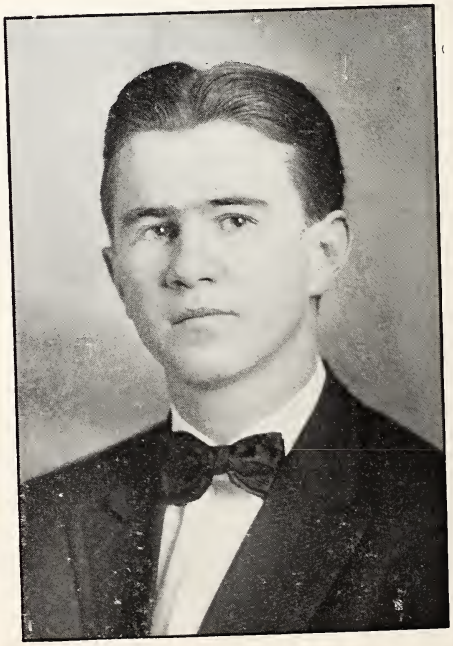
WILLIAM DAVID HUTTO, JR

SPARTANBURG, S. C.

"Seek not to please the world, but your own conscience."

Vice-President, First Critic, Recording Secretary, Second Censor, Monthly Orator, Carlisle Literary Society, Speaker on Freshman Contest, Oratorical Contest, '09 and '11; Junior Debater.

No, he is not going to cry, he is just fixing to smile. "Bill's" smile does not come off, sometimes, but it is always coming on again. "Bill" divides the Faculty into two classes: the unfavorable and the favorable class. Possibly his greatest achievement was winning "Clink" to the favorable class. A number of the boys say that if they could get "Bill" present they would prove to him that the first bell rings at eight-thirty and that Chapel exercises begin at nine.



HERBERT LANGFORD

PROSPERITY, S. C.

"Never wedding, ever wooing,
Still a love-lorn heart pursuing..

Vice-President Junior Class. First Critic, Monthly Orator, Junior Debater of Preston Literary Society. Chairman Inter-Society Committee, Assistant Editor of *Bohemian,* '10-'11. Contributor to the JOURNAL. Senior Speaker.

"Lank" says he is from Prosperity and we do not doubt it, for he has been prosperous all through his college course, having developed in the sporting line to the place that he shaves twice on Sundays, makes two or three party calls and goes to see another girl that night.

"Lank" is the text-book worm of the class. He usually digests the sentences, paragraphs, leaves and all and then in reciting begins with: "It says" and follows the text from the first word of the first line of the first page—sometimes stopping but more often going on. We recommend him for any position in a woman's college of Utah.

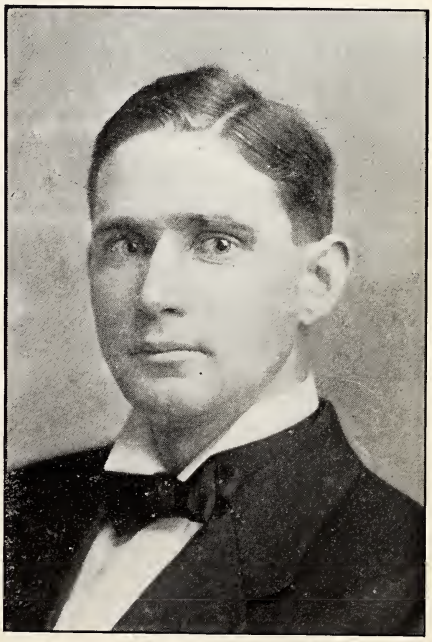
MATTHEW STUBBS LIVELY

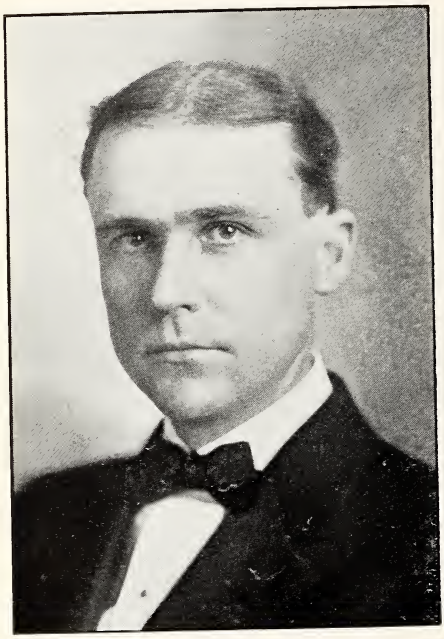
SARDIS, GA.

"I would make reason my guide."

Corresponding Secretary, Monthly Orator, Second Censor, Second Critic, Recording Secretary, Vice-President of Carlisle Literary Society. Freshman Marshal, Society Essay Medal, '08-'09; Art Editor *Bohemian,* '08-'09; Assitant Business Manager JOURNAL, '09-'10; Chief Marshal, '09-'10; Secretary Inter-Society Committee, '09-'10; Junior Debater; Junior-Senior Story Medal, '09-'10; Local Editor JOURNAL, '10-'11; Secretary Athletic Association, '10-'11; Senior Speaker.

Here's that "Lively Georgia Cracker" preparing to take unto himself a diploma. It was never thought, however, that Lively would not graduate; for he is a sturdy fellow and always accomplishes that which he starts out to do. He is one of the *men* of the class, being far removed from the kiddish state in manners as well as in experience and otherwise. A wide experience (and surely it's only this) enables him to express an opinion on almost any subject up for discussion.





WILLIAM JAY McGARITY

RICHBURG, S. C.

"He was a scholar, and a ripe and good one."

Entered in 1902. Dropped out after one year until 1908; then entered the Junior Class; dropped out again in 1909. Taught school during the years out of college. Has been a member of three classes during his college course. Contributor to JOURNAL, Monthly Orator and twice president of the Calhoun Literary Society, Presiding Officer of Junior Debate, '09; Historian of Senior Class, Senior Speaker.

As firm and as strong as "Gibraltar," even if he is so sporty looking. He is a genius for making friends, just as he is an adept at keeping so neat and clean. In fact we don't believe a grain of dust would dare light on him. "Mc" should have finished with the '10 Class, but he has too much pride for anything so unworthy; besides, he is a good business man. His specialty in college was history, and "Dunc" Wallace. Another thing, he walks to the postoffice in the afternoon.

WILLIAM PASCAL MEADORS, JR

KINGSTREE, S. C.

"I am not now in Fortune's power,
He that is down can fall no lower."

Second Censor, Treasurer, Second Critic, Vice-President, President Preston Literary Society; Class Historian, '07-'08; President of Class, '08-'09; College Marshal, '08-'09; Member Glee Club, '08-'09; '09-'10; Vice-President Musical Association, '09-'10; Member of JOURNAL Staff, 09'-'10; Athletic Editor of *Bohemian*, '10-'11; Manager of Baseball Team, '10-'11; Executive Committee of S. C. I. O. A., '10-'11.

Bill's College course has been rather checkered. As a Freshman he was a student, as Sophomore he was a moving picture show inspector, as Junior he took a correspondence course in "Converse"ation, and now in his Senior year he is finishing up his college career in great style. He has thrown in with his regular work, athletics, despondency, and some sleep, in such mixture as only an "all round" man like Bill can do.

JESSE MUNNERLYN MOBLEY

HEATH SPRINGS, S. C.

"It is good to lengthen to the last a sunny mood."

Vice-President Preston Literary Society, Class Baseball Team, '08-'09, '09-'10, '10-'11; Captain Senior Baseball Team, Class Football Team, '07-'08; '08-'09, '09-'10, '10-'11; Manager Junior Football Team, Member Junior-Soph Footba'l Team, '09-'10; Member of Senior-Fresh Football Team, '10-'11.

"Jake," as familiarly known, cares little for the streets or ladies, saying: "Ladies and books will not mix," but likes to stay on the Campus telling stories and enlivening all with his smile "that won't come off." His limit in church attendance is three times a year, once a term and even then he selects special occasions for the time of honoring church with his presence.

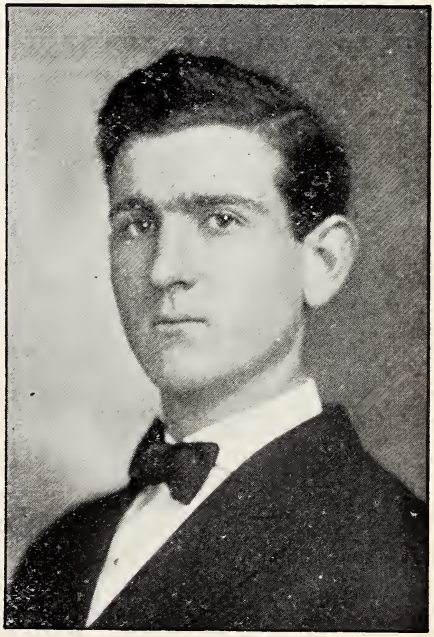
DAVID THOMAS OUZTS

JOHNSON, S. C.

"He danced without theatrical pretense,
Not like a ballet master in the van
Of his drilled nymphs, but like a gentleman."

Entered 1908. Monthly Orator, College Marshal, Recording Secretary Preston Literary Society, Class Football Team, '09-'10, '10-'11. Junior-Soph Football Team, '09-'10; Senior-Fresh Football Team, '10-'11. Lyceum Usher, '09-'10, '10-'11. Glee Club, '10-'11. Secretary and Treasurer of Class, '10-'11. Advertising Manager of *Bohemian*, '10-'11. Senior Speaker.

"Ikey" and "Stansell" are his nicknames, both given him because of his great ability in bargaining. If you are in doubt as to where to get anything, go and see "Ikey." He will either have it or order it cheaper than any one else. Dave is writing a book entitled, "Fact and Fancy of Johnston." "Bill" will be the hero of this book, which is sure to be popular. Dave himself is popular, and popular among both sexes, too. "Stansell" will get there. Three cheers for "Ikey!"



JAMES MARION RUSSELL

HOLLY HILL, S. C.

"Here's a farmer that hanged himself
On the expectation of plenty."

"Jim" until this year, when he tried to put on Senior dignity, could tell you when each train was due, how long it remained at the station, and all other particulars of the happenings at the Union Station. He is one of the few really smart boys of our class, and would be one of its leaders, if he would devote even a little time to his studies. He says he is going to farm, but from his talk one can tell that he is thinking more about driving a fine horse with the right one riding beside him than he is the science of farming.

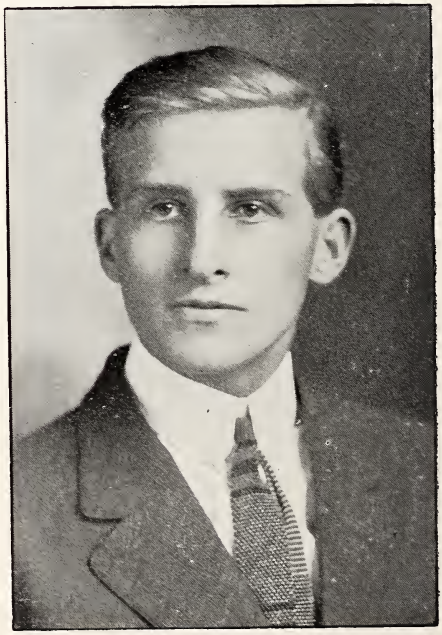
VERNON McTYEIRE SHELL

SPARTANBURG, S. C.

"I'll speak, tho' Hell itself should gape,
And bid me hold my peace."

First Censor, Monthly Orator and Vice-President of Calhoun Literary Society, Gymnasium Team, '07-'08, '08-'09, '09-'10.

Vernon started his college course while still a boy wearing short pants, but in the four years has become a full fledged Senior with the customary derby. As he does not have to put the average amount of time on his studies, he delights to get with a crowd of boys and tell experiences and discuss plans for future greatness. He says he is going to succeed as a farmer, but we doubt it; for that is said to require consistent work.



NEWTON ROSSER SMITH

COTTAGEVILLE, S. C.

"From the table of my memory I will wipe away all kind of books."

Monthly Orator, First Critic and Vice-President of Carlisle Literary Society.

N. Rosser Smith, the meek boy of the class, hails from Cottageville, located somewhere in Colleton County. "Smithy" is harmless enough, as his looks bespeak, but woe unto the man that dares censure Governor Blease. Then tame "Smithy" becomes a veritable lion and with excitement and force cries out, "Now see here, fellows, Cole L. Blease is the best Governor South Carolina has ever had." If brought to bay his inevitable rejoinder is, "That's merely a matter of opinion."

HUGH McCREA SNYDER

SPARTANBURG, S. C.

"What I most prize in woman
Is her affection, not her intellect."

Freshman Marshal, Secretary and Treasurer of Class '08-'09; Monthly Orator, Corresponding Secretary, Recording Secretary and Second Critic of Calhoun Literary Society, Member Annual Staff, '09-'10; Member JOURNAL Staff, '10-'11; Inter-Society Committee, '10-'11; Vice-President Glee Club, '10-'11; Member Glee Club, '09-'10, '10-'11; Class Football Team, '08-'09; Class baseball Team, '07-'08, '08-'09, '09-'10; Class Basketball Team, '09-'10.

Have you ever seen a real flirt. Well, heres one. He cannot help it now; for it has been his game so long that it is his second nature. So look out girls! But leaving out this failing "Mack" is a fine companion, true friend in the time of need, and has a great deal more than the ordinary amount of common sense and insight into character.

WILLIAM OTIS TATUM, JR

COPE, S. C.

"To beautify him only lacks a cover."

Entered 1905. Dropped out 1907, and reentered 1909. Member Preston Literary Society and of Y. M. C. A. Delegate to Student Volunteer Convention at Clemson in 1906. Member Class Baseball Team, '09-'10, '10-'11; Class Football Team, '09-'10, '10-'11; Basketball Team, '05-'06, '06-'07, '09-'10; Senior-Fresh Football Team, '10-11.

On cold frosty mornings when the bed did feel so good, and when all was peaceful and quiet, the sound of the 8:30 bell was a most unwelcome one, and called forth many sayings which must be left unprinted. The object of all those cuss-words was none less than our own Tatum. We call him our own although he did not join us until we had fought over two years alone. On entering our class he had a rather dangerous look, but two years had a wonderful effect and he is gradually getting tamed down.

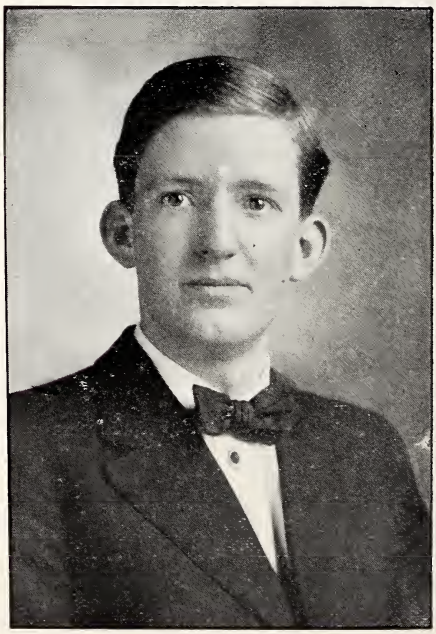
PERCY HOUSTON THOMPSON

SPARTANBURG, S. C.

"They always talk who never think."

President, Vice-President, First Critic, Second Critic, Recording Secretary, Corresponding Secretary, Second Censor, Monthly Orator of the Calhoun Literary Society. Junior Marshall. Class Football Team, '09-'10, '10-'11. Class Basketball Team, '07-'08, Captain '08-'09, Manager '09-'10, '10-'11. Member of Varsity Basketball Team, '08-'09. Member of Glee Club, '09-'10, '10-'11; Baritone on Quartette, '10-'11. Contributor to JOURNAL.

"Perk" is the puzzle of the Class. Just why so much foolish prattle should come from a heart as his we do not know. Outside the class-room Perk never says anything sensible except when he is singing. He is the "handy man" for the Glee Club. Sings all the tenors, is used on first bass and catches well—the girls' eyes, and can even bat the piano when it is necessary. Some men do deceive their looks.



DAVID McSWAIN TURBEVILLE

TURBEVILLE, S. C.

"Do nothing today that you can put off until tomorrow;
For you might get out of doing it."

Corresponding Secretary, Second Censor, First Censor and Vice-President of Preston Literary Society. Secretary and Treasurer of Class, '09-'10. Assistant Art Editor of *Bohemian,* '09-'10. Member of Inter-Society Committee, '09-'10. Secretary of Inter-Society Committee, '10-'11.

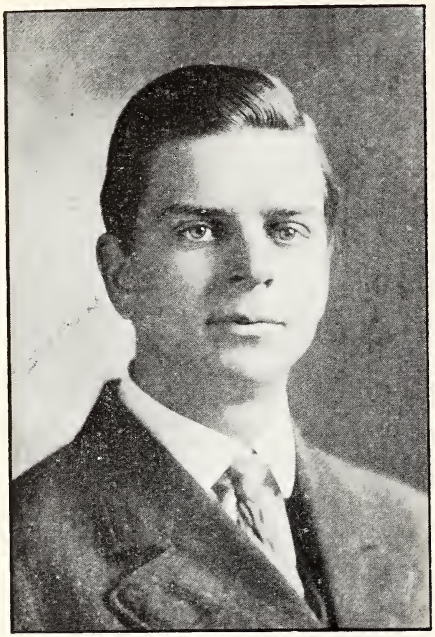
"Tub" is in a class all to himself, but whatever else he may be, he is a "Tubby." His college career is so checkered that you could call him anything and not be far wrong. There isn't a phase of college life that he hasn't touched—from Y. M. C. A. to dancing school. He played tennis with the ladies on Main Street; was captain of the "Naborhood" baseball team one season, is one of the sports of Wofford College; and actually passed on all of his exams at Christmas of his Senior year, just to see how it would feel. "Tub" expects to be a tobacco manufacturer, and has already begun to smoke "two fors" in order to become more acquainted with the business.

WILLIAM ALLEN WALKER

GAFFNEY, S. C.

"Tomorrow comes, and we are where?"
Then let us live today."

"Shad" comes from Gaffney, a place famous for many other Geological specimens found there. But Shad is about the best looking fish you ever saw. He cannot help it, but the girls are wild about him. He hates to spurn their affections, but he has it to do. Just wait, some cute little "ditty" will come along and make a sure enough "fish" out of him.



D'ARCY PIEMONT WANNAMAKER

SAINT MATTHEWS, S. C.

"Tho he seemed dead,
He did but sleep."

Corresponding Secretary, Second Critic of Carlisle Literary Society.

D'Arcy isn't dead "and doesn't know it," and gets there just the same, although his movements seldom show he cares even to get to his meals on time. He doesn't have to hurry to get to studying his lessons; for the activity of his mind, always being clear by plenty of sleep, makes up for the delay in starting the work.

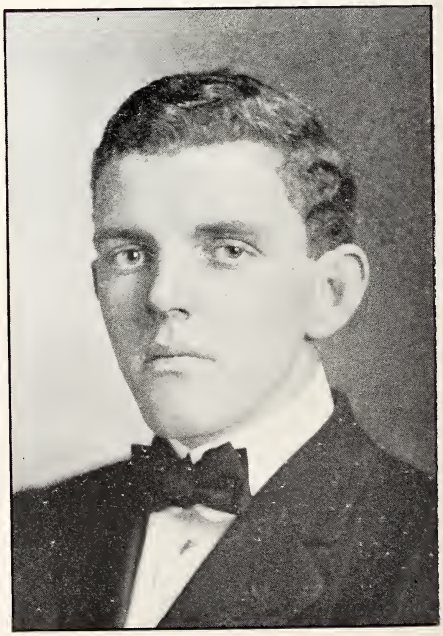
ROBERT HARRISON WHITLOCK

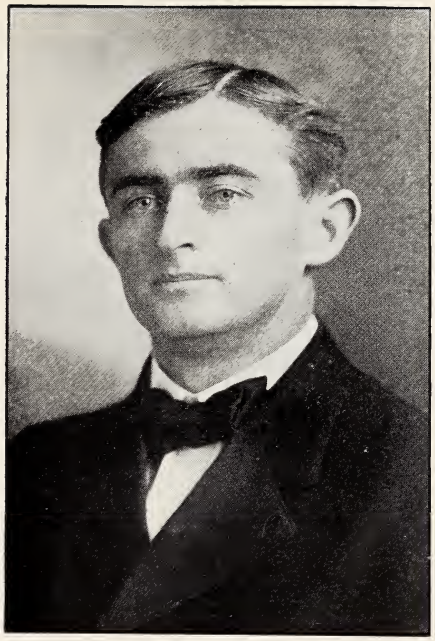
GREENWOOD, S. C.

"Being one too many,
By my weary self."

Second Critic of Calhoun Literary Society. Member of Class Football Team, '09-'10, '10-'11.

"Shylock" hails from Greenwood. Oho, perhaps that should not have been said. Well, we will beg Greenwood's pardon. They need not be ashamed of Whitlock though; for some day they will need him to improve their electric light plant. He is full of electricity, so full indeed that a look from his eye causes a current to pass through you though you may be non-conductive. After graduation his first business will be to induce some poor, unfortunate girl to become Mrs. Whitlock.





WALTER REID WIGHTMAN

BATESBURG, S. C.

"Long shall we seek his likeness—long in vain."

Second Critic, Second Censor, Recording Secretary, Monthly Orator Preston Literary Society, Speaker on Sophomore Exhibition, Junior Debater, Business Manager JOURNAL, '10-'11.

G-e-n-t-l-e-m-e-n! Here is he. But "Old Lady" can't help this expression for it is the result of four years' labor trying to train himself to take Calhoun's place in the Senate. And now he has the noble bearing and steady thought of a statesman, and when he speaks, he holds his audience in "exquisite" pleasure. Some day you will hear Old Lady's voice—possibly when the South tries to secede again.

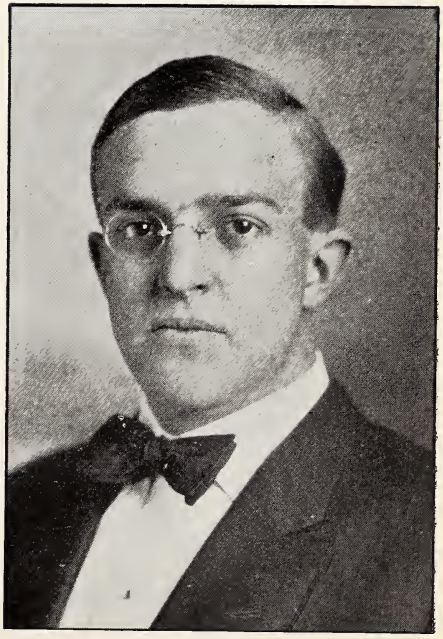
JOSEPH CARLISLE WRIGHTSON

SPARTANBURG, S. C.

"As well be out of the world as out of fashion."

President, Vice-President, Second Critic, Recording Secretary of Carlisle Society, Society Marshal, '08-'09. Class Basketball Team, '10; Class Football Team, '08, '09, '10; Captain Junior Football Team, '09. Davidson Debate, '10.

"Polly" has attended classes regularly —for the last two years, and not long ago got to Ethics, on time, which comes the first hour in the morning. He is a great debater, going into it with vim as he does in the football teams, which makes him a leader in both lines. He is distinctly the best in the class when it comes to wearing the latest styles of clothing, being always clothed "up to the minute."



Wofford College Journal

LITERARY DEPARTMENT

H. M. Snyder, Editor.
D. W. Galloway, Assistant Editor.

Class Poem

The evening shadows lingering have gone,
  The golden sun sinks slowly in the blue,
How glows the parting gleams! How calm the breeze!
  Then night lets fall a robe of deepest hue;
This toilsome day we've tottered with our tasks,
  And wearily we've climbed this lofty peak;
We've sighed and watched the slowly moving sun,
  Till now this sunset brings the end we seek.

This college day of four long years is o'er,
  To watch its sunset we have waited long;
How calm! How peaceful is the end! How sweet
  Its lingering moments make our parting song!
We've fought so long the blasts of this hard life,
  And though through strife we've gained the long sought goal,
Classmates 'tis sad—but we must say farewell,
  Ere we shall part to climb life's rugged knoll.

Farewell to thee our old Alma Mater,
  How long we've labored in thy stately halls,
'Twas thou who took us by our youthful hands,
  And led us forth to face the world's great calls;
Though still we love thee we must each be gone,
  To face the tasks of life God doth assign,
There toiling we shall ever think of thee,
  And ever proud to know that we are thine.

To you kind masters we must say farewell,
  How faithful you have toiled to lead us on!
Always with care and patience, you have led
  Us back to lofty paths from which we'd gone.
We'll miss you when we face the battling world,
  For there we'll find no hand to guide us through.
And not till then we'll truly give you thanks,
  For friendly deeds you've never failed to do.

And now, classmates, a last farewell to you,
  Our ever toiling days are over here,
But this old world is strong and hard to move,
  And we'll unite our strength again out there;
So put aside your grief and deeper plant
  Some kind and noble thought of friends who're true,
Then pause and think that we perhaps may part,
  No more to meet while earthly tasks we do.

Remember, classmates, as you face this world,
  There's nothing grander than a noble life;
So then strive not for fame, nor earthly wealth,
  But help to free men's souls from crushing strife;
And soul to soul live with thy fellowman,
  And hand in hand walk with thy Saviour blest,
Thus friend to God and man a voice we'll wait:
  "Come unto me and I will give thee rest."

Class History

INTRODUCTION

Four years of college work have been spent. Have these years seemed to any of us "an age?" To many of us they have seemed short; to others long. To the men of our class who have been given to study these years have been but a fleeting moment, so to speak. During this time we have made a history. Is it a record of events that in after life we shall be ashamed of, or is it a list of deeds that we can look back on with pleasure? Have we made the most of our opportunities since we

have been in college? If not, it is now too late, the sun is hiding behind the western horizon. "A lost opportunity can never be replaced again." There is no going over what has been done here. Our work and conduct in the class-room, in the literary societies, on the athletic field and campus and among our fellow-classmates and the students have either been for good or bad. If we have neglected our opportunities here, we should mend the broken ways when we go out to battle with the world. During our stay in college many of us have not recognized the fact that these have been the golden years of our life—the springtime of our existence.

It is history that every man in a nation cannot have his name enrolled on the book of fame or recorded on the pages of history. In the study of the men who make up the class of nineteen-eleven we are sure that something could be said about each member, and to his credit. Should I, as the historian, overlook the deeds of any that should be recorded in our history, I ask you

"Not to view me with a critic's eye
But pass my imperfections by."

CHAPTER I

THE FRESHMAN CLASS

Soon after we had matriculated it was found that we numbered one hundred and eight. After a few days spent on the campus we decided that we would elect class officers. It was a great day for some of us, especially those that had been elected to office. At our first meeting we elected the following officers: President, C. E. DuPont; Vice-President, M. L. Stuckey; Secretary and Treasurer, C. H. Carlisle. Every year a medal is offered to the best Freshman declaimer. The contest is held on the evening of Carlisle Day. At the contest this year Mr. DuPont, the class president, presided and introduced the following speakers: From the Calhoun Society, L. C. Brady, Jr., and H. I. Ellerbe; the Carlisle, H. Hucks and W. D. Hutto, Jr.; the Preston, W. V. Dibble and H. G. Hardin. Mr. Hucks was the winner of the medal.

CHAPTER II

THE SOPHOMORE CLASS

After having spent out first summer vacation as college students we returned in September, 1908, determined to do better work than we did in our Freshman year. Our class this year numbered but fifty-eight. It was gratifying to some of us to know that we would not be called "Fresh" again. This year our class officers were: President, W. P. Meadors, Jr.; Vice-President, H. G. Hardin; Secretary and Treasurer, H. M. Synder. The Sophomore exhibition was the event of the year that we looked forward to with great interest. The societies elected the following speakers: Calhoun, W. Y. Dillard, Jr., and E. K. Epps; Carlisle, H. Hucks and C. W. Rankin; Preston, G. C. Bull. W. P. Meadors, Jr., was the presiding officer.

CHAPTER III.

THE JUNIOR CLASS

Just one half of our college course has been spent. It has been said that "the work of the third year in college is the hardest in the college course." We found it pleasant. We were beginning to study. The silver lining behind the cloud could be seen. Our class officers were: President, O. C. Bennett; Vice-President, H. Langford; Secretary and Treasurer, D. M. Turbeville. We sent Mr. H. G. Hardin to Greenwood to win the State Oratorical Contest medal, "and he did," being the third brother and sixth Wofford representative to win the honor. The Junior debaters were: Calhoun, C. H. Carlisle and W. Y. Dillard, Jr.; Carlisle, M. S. Lively and W. D. Hutto, Jr.; Preston, H. Langford and W. R. Wightman. The debate was presided over by O. C. Bennett, who made the farewell address to the Senior class in behalf of the three literary societies, after which he presented to each of them their society diplomas.

This year we witnessed the opening of the Whitefoord Smith Library, a long felt want at Wofford. This is one of the handsomest and best equipped library buildings in the State.

Near the beginning of the year, God in his wisdom saw fit to

remove from our midst our "Grand Old Man," Dr. James H. Carlisle. During the previous years of our college course he met us regularly and lectured to us in his own characteristic style on the book he knew and loved so well, the Bible. Among his last words to the Wofford students, delivered from the college rostrum, were "Wofford students are gentlemen." Are we measuring up to these words? We shall never look upon his like again. 'Twas an inspiration just to see him, to say nothing of having been in his lecture room. He is gone but his memory lives. The pall bearers from our class were: M. S. Lively and D. T. Ouzts.

CHAPTER IV

THE SENIOR CLASS

We are Seniors. What does it mean? Soon we say goodbye to the college we have learned to love so well.

Our officers this years are: President, T. E. Crane; Vice-President, H. G. Hardin; Secretary and Treasurer, D. T. Ouzts; Poet, E. K. Epps; Prophet, T. H. Campbell; Historian, W. J. McGarity; H. Hucks is Editor-in-Chief of the Journal with W. R. Wightman as Business Manager. The Editor-in-Chief of the Bohemian is T. E. Crane and O. C. Bennett Business Manager. H. G. Hardin is president of the student body, and C. E. DuPont president of the Y. M. C. A. The literary society presidents have been Calhoun, E. K. Epps, W. J. McGarity, W. Y. Dillard, Jr., and P. H. Thompson; Carlisle, O. C. Bennett, M. M. Brooks, H. Hucks, and J. C. Wrightson; Preston, H. G. Hardin, T. E. Crane, C. E. DuPont, and W. P. Meadors, Jr. Mr. Wrightson was one of the representatives in the Davidson-Wofford debate, and W. V. Dibble goes to Greenwood this year to represent us in the oratorical contest. Our commencement speakers are: H. G. Hardin, H. Hucks, H. Langford, M. S. Lively, W. J. McGarity and D. T. Ouzts.

CONCLUSION

We are standing at the close of our college course. Ere long we begin alone the work which lies before us. Success is brought by continued labor and continued watchfulness. We

must struggle on, not for one moment hesitate, nor take one backward step; for in the language of the poet:

"The gates of hell are open night and day,
Smooth the descent and easy is the way;
But to return and view the cheerful skies,
In this, the task and mighty labor lies."

Our long and happy association is nearing an end. We have esteemed each other, loved each other, and must with each other part, and we feel that the separation soon to take place between most of us will be final and forever.

W. JAY MCGARITY.

Class Prophecy

SOUTHERN COMMERCIAL UNIVERSITY,
Birmingham, Ala., June 29, 1937.

JUDGE HERBERT HUCKS,
Guthrie, Oklahoma.

MY DEAR FRIEND:

I regret very much that you were not able to be present at our reunion held at dear old Wofford the seventh of this month. I received your letter upon my return home, explaining why you were prevented from attending. I trust the court has finished the now famous case and that the decision was in favor of the Alexander, Wrightson Real Estate and Development Company. According to the reports of the daily press it seems that our old college chums have made quite a success in their new fields of endeavor. It is good to know that this is so; however it is just like them. Your questions were referred to my department—political economy; the answers have been prepared and are being mailed under separate cover.

According to the request of the class I am preparing a brief record of the success and good fortune of each member, and I am sending this as a reply to your letter. I was able to see every member of the class but one while on my trip. All were not at the reunion for matters of great importance prevented a few from being present.

I was accompanied to Carolina by Mrs. Campbell and the children. We left Birmingham on the morning of the third over the Southern as the weather was too uncertain for flight. While on the way I had the rare good pleasure of meeting a few of the boys of former days, and soon that happy, careless college feeling returned to us. Just before reaching Atlanta, I felt a firm hand grip my shoulder, and turning round was gladly surprised to see the manly face of Porter Anderson. This trip was the longest he had taken on land for many years; but it was toward the scenes of his boyhood, and he was all aglee—not the grim sea captain any longer. He is captain of a trans-Pacific liner plying between San Francisco and Manila.

When we reached Atlanta, our party was joined by Hutto and Walker; and of course our conversation quickly drifted to college days, our course of life since, and the reunion on the old hill again. They stated that Lively had a few minutes before sailed for Spartanburg in his private 'plane, the Sardisian. Our friends, the "Bills," are commercial tourists whose abilities are attracting the attention of the leading mercantile houses of the country. During the conversation, I learned that they had received many flattering offers to become corporators in some of our great industries; but because of the large salaries in their present work they had refused all. They are general agents for the South with headquarters in Atlanta, for the Linneux money counting machine. Lively has been unusually successful since leaving college. He entered the teaching profession for a few years, but deciding that he could do other things better, turned his attention to industrial and political interests in his native Georgia. He is now President of the First National Bank of Statesboro, and has represented his county in both houses of the State legislature.

As we were nearing Spartanburg, the first glimpse of the city gave us the gray towers standing more majestic than ever in the last rays of the June sunset. And now we were on the campus once again! Old scenes and new faces greeted us. The same old college building but a different name—Wofford University. The same campus in the main, but students and pro-

fessors of the younger day. A few of our old professors are living on the campus. The others have entered the "silent portals" or sought foreign fields of endeavor. But soon familiar faces were seen—"1911" was on the campus. Old handgrips were felt, old friendships revived, and we drank from the Pierian Spring once more.

The city was astir with glad expectancy of the reunion and the commencement then going on. The graduating class numbered one hundred and ninety; many States and a few foreign countries were represented by the class, friends, and alumni. It was especially fitting that the two principal speakers at the commencement should be members of our class. Bishop Grady Hardin preached the Baccalaureate sermon and Dr. Vernon Shell of Lander College made the literary address. The efforts of each were eloquent and scholarly.

Several of the class still live in the "City of Success," and these entertained their visiting classmates in a royal manner. We were met at the station by "Pert" Thompson whose hospitality we enjoyed while there. Thompson is at the head of the city government and is making the city a strong mayor. He lives on his large plantation bordering the suburbs on the southeast of the city; his home is blessed with a noble wife and seven bright, happy children. Snyder is superindent of the Spartan Traction Company, and Dillard is the company's chief engineer. Through the efforts of Mack and "Bially" the city is now provided with that novel and efficient system of city transportation of which we have recently heard. It is interesting to watch the don't-stop-to-take-on-the-passenger car in motion. Really, there are three, each beside the other. The first car, or platform, two feet wide, with a continuous hand-strap, moves at the rate of three miles per hour; the second is like the first, but moves six miles and the third, or car proper, has a speed of nine miles per hour. The track is elevated having two car lines which run on the principle of a chain. Of course, when the people learn "to trip the track" the speed can be increased.

The class has furnished only one editor—Thomas Carter,

who is editor of the Sumter *Daily Tribune*. It is said that his paper is one of the people's best champions. I saw a political advertisement of Turbeville's in this paper; the headline was "Votes for Men." "Turby" is running for county auditor of Clarendon on the men's ticket and is having a race more strenuous than the one he had for his wife. Cornish is still under the shadows of his Alma Mater as assistant professor of history and constitutional law. George has just finished a history of South Carolina which is now in the hands of the publishers. Wannamaker is the best looking and wealthiest bachelor in Calhoun county. It seems the ladies cannot capture D'Arcy for the wealthier he gets the shyer he becomes. Tatum who was always tearing down and making combinations of one sort or another, has combined all the short mail lines of the air from Charleston, to Washington and New York, into one large "trunk" line. It looks as if Otis is to be the Vanderbilt of the air.

No one thought while Holroyd was in college that he ever expected to be a lawyer and maybe he did not, but however that may be, such is the case. Though this is not a day for lawyers and doctors, Raymond is making a success in his chosen profession at Belton. One of the most distinguished men of the class, McGarity, was at the reunion and was called on for a speech. Jay is just finishing his first term in the United States Senate. He is unalterably opposed to Socialism and says it is to be one of the main questions of the near future. Congressman Langford is of the same opinion. Herbert says that the divorce evil is destroying the moral fibre of a few of our best statesmen. Langford and McGarity are making themselves felt in the counsels of the nation. The speech of Darwin in which he gave the history and methods of his "missing link" researches was interesting even to the romantic. He believes that he will at last find the link, but—

I did not see Wightman. He has been away from his native land for three years. He turned his attention to law and though his ability was not early recognized, struggled on until his keen legal insight became known to the President who

appointed him to a judgeship in the Galapagos Islands. The following letter was received from Humphries:

"KERSHAW, S. C., June 8th.

"I very much regret that I cannot be in Spartanburg tomorrow. It was my purpose to go, but have just received wireless from my exporters at Charleston that a shipment of hosiery has been lost. I am sending this by my old friend "Jake" Mobley. Health and happiness to all.

A. L. HUMPHRIES."

Arthur is president of the Kershaw Fancy Hoisery Company. Mobley still possesses that cheerful, sunny disposition that makes friends wherever he goes. It is to be regretted that the class did not have many men to go to the farm and there do as much toward developing and making country life attractive as has Mobley. I understand there is no plantation in all Lancaster county which is better to look upon, or which yields a larger income. One of the largest and most up-to-date clothiers for men in Johnston is "Dave" Ouzts. Dave would have nothing but the best while in college, and he has carried this out into his business life. So there is a reason for his success.

The class has not furnished as many preachers as was supposed. A few who entered the ministry have been forced to withdraw because of ill health or otherwise. The pastor of the First Methodist church, Mullins, is W. V. Dibble. William has won the hearts of his people and is doing noble, conscientious work. Maxie Brooks is serving his first year as presiding elder of the Abbeville District. It is reported that he presides over his conferences, not only with the modesty of a churchman, but also with the firmness of a judge; and that he has the interest and cooperation of preachers and laymen alike. "Professur" Crane has never lost that deep seated interest and love for young college men. "Tom" is traveling secretary for the Y. M. C. A. of the Carolinas. His genius for friendship and exemplary character are accomplishing great good among the colleges of the two States.

Greenville, because of her tremendous business advantages,

has induced two men of our class to cast their lots with her. The real estate and brokerage firm of Bennett and Anderson, though not long established, is making a noteworthy record. Both Carl and Horace possess large holdings of farm lands in Spartanburg county to which they frequently give their attention. One of the most intelligent and happy planters in the county is Hughston. We all remember what a bright, yet retired young man George was in college, but nothing appealed to him more than the quietness and pleasures of country life. It is men of his type that are making "back to the farm" real. "Jimmy" Cudd, after spending several years in the employ of the government down at Panama, returned to Spartanburg and is now a large wood and coal dealer. Jim was doing well "down on the canal," but decided that South Carolina was the place to spend his declining years.

On the afternoon of the tenth, after bidding farewell to a few remaining friends, we left Spartanburg for a short trip through the State for the double purpose of looking once more upon familiar scenes, and to visit and find out what the other classmastes are doing. On reaching Columbia, as fortune would have it, one of the first men met was genial "Sam" Black. A rapid, rambling conversation followed in which most of the past and present were covered. I found out from Black that he was chief demonstrator in the State for the improved Thought Measuring Machine of Carlisle and Whitlock. Charlie and "Shylock" have made a great improvement on the old device, and will soon be rich as well as famous, in spite of themselves, but much to their satisfaction. Possibly one of the greatest surprises of the class is Lucius Gage, now Governor Gage. That sounds well and 'tis true. Gage never seemed to realize his ability nor the need of the world for real men until it had buffeted with him for a few years. Of course we soon let him know that an old college chum was in the city. This is his first term, but if his administration continues strong and able as at the present, it will not be his last.

From Columbia we again turned out faces southward and on reaching Denmark found Meadors—and much to our pleas-

ure, as pleasant as ever. "Bill" possessed a modest, care-free disposition while in college, but just enough to make a good dentist. After spending two delightful days with him, we journeyed over to Holly Hill to see "Jim" Russell. Jim was out at his beautiful country home, a few miles north of the city training a thoroughbred for the track. His main business is farming, though he gives almost as much attention to his stock farm. When one is enjoying life as much as Russell it can truly be said that he is happy. And certainly he should be, for presiding with him over that material wealth is one of earth's real queens.

On our way to Kingstree we met up with Smith who was returning from the North, where he had been on a business trip combined with pleasure. Rosser is a successful merchant and planter at Cottageville, and still writes poetry, not amatory any longer, but pastoral. When we reached Kingstree our old friend Epps met us at the train. Imagine my surprise when up came Cunningham, who used to say that Waxhaw was the "Hub of the Universe." "Ham" has induced "Tall" to leave the Old North State to engage in business with him. They are large cotton brokers under the firm name of Epps and Cunningham, and each is also interested in other enterprises. Our stay there was short, but long to be remembered, because they spared no effort or expense to make our visit all that one could wish.

Upon our arrival at Dillon on the morning of the twentieth, we had almost finished our State tour. One of Dillon's best and truest citizens is Charley DuPont. Charley is cashier of the American Loan and Trust Company, the largest of its kind in the Pee Dee section. I was told that this is due to the strict business integrity and foresight of its cashier. Dupont still has that friendly smile and has the confidence of the entire community.

And, comrades, thus runs the record. Because of the uncertainties of the future, I have seen too far or not far enough, with regard to particular ones; however I hope a fair average has been made, for I have been dealing with immeasurable pos-

sibilities. We are standing today at the unlocked door with our faces toward the sunrise. Rainbows of promise bestride the future. Another and longer race is before us toward the final and last commencement. Each must thread life's course in his own way. Treacherous shades falling upon us will often deceive the weary traveler, but there will be no time for delay for "The Bird of Time * * * is on the Wing." Weak and discouraged at times we will be, yet let us live in the hope and

"Welcome each rebuff
That turns earth's smoothness rough."

T. H. CAMPBELL.

W. V. DIBBLE

Wofford's Representative in the State Inter-Collegiate Oratorical Contest.

The Transformation of the Criminal

ORATION SPOKEN IN S. C. I. O. CONTEST.

Ordinarily men are filled with horror and disgust at the mere suggestion of the prison or criminal. With Emile Gautier, they feel that "the prison is a hot-house for poisonous plants." But such an attitude only indicates their failure to see the true aim, the real purpose of a prison, at least from the modern standpoint. The prison has been heretofore, a place of confinement in which men have been kept waiting their final disposition. But to a growing number of right thinking people, its real purpose is not so much a place of detention as of correction. And in using that word we do not mean the subjugation of men through trying discipline, but the transformation of them by implanting noble ideals. Realizing, then, that this is the chief intention of this institution and, looking into the present system, we readily discern evils which are placing in the way of the possible transformation of the criminal obstacles scarcely surmountable.

In the first place, the buildings have usually been entirely inadequate to meet the demands. The deficiency has often necessitated crowded cells, which afford opportunity for prisoners to receive from each other such ideas as will lead them to even more crime when released. Sad to say, nevertheless it is true, often a young child sentenced for some insignificant cause, is placed in the same apartment with hardened criminals, only to receive from them impressions that practically ruin him for life. Moreover, not only is there this indiscriminate crowding; but the very gloominess of the narrow cells produces a depressing effect upon the prisoner; the bare walls do not arouse his spirits nor awaken his interests; his filthy quarters, closed in by iron bars, lead him to look upon himself, not as a human being, but rather as a mere beast.

Again, solitary confinement, as practiced in some places, necessarily works with a most degenerating effect. Closely adhered to, this system offers in itself a punishment of the severest nature, being tested sufficiently to prove that cellular confinement, when very prolonged, leads to insanity. Think of

the criminal, surrounded by four dismal walls, with nothing to cheer or to inspire him, no one with whom he can converse, repeating over and over again in mind his atrocious act! Can we wonder then, that insanity follows a continual meditation upon some heinous crime?

But further—a most watchful eye is ever kept upon the prisoner. Who acts as his guard? Frequently men unfit for the position, who look not upon the culprit with humaneness, but regard him as nothing more than a brute, a subject for the rod. Often the morals of these guards themselves are most debasing, thus altogether preventing them from doing any thing to uplift the offender. And what is still worse, the modern "Egyptian taskmaster" will not allow the criminal one moment in which he may exercise his honor.

Such conditions surely ought not to exist. Therefore it behooves us to inquire how the present system may be changed. It is certainly a self-evident fact that under conditions as they are, the true ideal for the betterment of the prisoner will never be attained. The existing criminal code may be a help to society in so far as it relieves society of the socalled "outcasts;" but the unfortunate ones themselves are placed in a more or less hopeless condition.

It should be considered, first, that many opportunities, protective in character, may have been withheld from the criminal before he became a criminal; the bare necessities of life may have been unattainable; and for the mere relief from his unhappy surroundings he committed the crime. Who can understand the true motives in an offender's heart? In such surroundings he thought his way wise; but the axiom "to err is human" remains true of him as of every man, and surely it is possible for the fallen one to be so dealt with by some practical process that will arouse in him righteous feelings and enable him to see life in a new light. We should regard him as an

"Heir of the same inheritance,
  Child of the self-same God,
Who hath but stumbled in the path
  We have in weakness trod."

The maxim "as the parent, so the child" has often been repeated; but we have paid little attention to it. The inheritance of the characteristics of the parents by the child is one of the first laws of nature, and these influences do not always tend to uplift and enlighten. The sins of the father are playing havoc with many a life today, causing shame and disgrace that might have been prevented. Surely those suffering under such disadvantages—disadvantages due to no act of theirs, should have the protecting arm of society about them, assisting them, if possible, to a sounder life.

It should also be noted that the great world about us is watching with keen and expectant interest the problem of prison reform as America solves it, ready to pursue the systems and plans promulgated by our great nation. At the International Prison Congress, the time-honored nations of the old world, Russia, Germany, England, Spain, and France, looked to this young republic of the West to disclose her plans for the transformation of men condemned by law to confinement. Much has been accomplished by the meeting of different nationalities to discuss this question. The character of the discussions and the work actually accomplished by such gatherings as the International Prison Congress indicate that this is a vital matter with which society is deeply concerned.

Whatever the causes underlying this practical interest, one of the most potent is, that men have awakened to the fact that it scarcely matters into what abject circumstances a human being has fallen, there is still within him some element of good, which by tactful and patient means can be fostered. When men begin to see in fallen humanity traits worthy of development, we may well realize that a radical change in the handling of them will soon follow.

Having taken into consideration some of the evils of the existing prison system and realizing why a radical change is necessary, we may now turn our attention to some suggestions, practical or theoretical, that may be serviceable in bringing about the desired end.

Among the first suggestions is a change in structure. Our

prisons should be so constructed as to afford plenty of room and not necessitate crowded cells. Of course, they should not be so attractive as to allure one to commit a crime that he may be sent there, but they should be equipped with comfort and decency for the inmates. Not only that; there should also be apartments where trades may be taught and at least elementary educational advantages given. In teaching trades in a prison the offenders are prepared for some kind of work which will enable them, on their release, to begin life anew. Many of our criminals are ignorant, but with some training could be shown a new world, and thus be liberated with a fair degree of education. These elements will aid wonderfully in transforming the criminal.

Another remedy may be found in the plan practiced by the warden of the Colorado State penitentiary. In giving the convict a chance, the honor system is used. Three convict camps have been established and those stationed there wear no chains nor stripes to cause shame, nor even have a guard to keep close watch. There is an overseer, who merely superintends. The only gun in the camp is in the hand of a convict himself who guards at night, not to keep the convicts in, but to keep out marauders. For the faithful discharge of duties and obedience to laws part of their sentence is revoked. "Since the organizaton of these camps not one complaint of a crime or misdemeanor has been reported as committed by an 'honor' convict." The reports convince us that placing responsibility upon the prisoners tends to develop their manhood; and that confidence in them is having a wonderful moral effect, working in such a way as to return to society men better equipped to mingle with the public. Should one of the "honor" convicts rebel or attempt escape, other means of punishment are used; but the character of the man is well tested before he is allowed this privilege; hence very few are ever recalled to the prison. 'Tis true that in different sections of the country the race problem would have to be considered; but surely it is possible to build up the much needed honor system of reform. The time has come when close surveillance must decrease and the con-

science of the prisoner must play its part in his transformation.

One of the most needed reforms is to strip from our courts the power of fixing a definite term for any prisoner. It is impossible for those vested with authority to know the peculiarities, dispositions and environments of the number brought to them for trial. Hence not infrequently an unjust and undeserved sentence is pronounced. Many States have already adopted the plan of the indeterminate sentence and find it most helpful in dealing with the criminals. This act prevents the courts from definitely fixing the term of sentence, leaving the question of his release to be determined by the manager of the reformatory with reference to his progress, improvement and skill. With this method must always be associated conditional liberation, that is, liberation by ticket of leave or on parole, liable to revocation in case of misbehavior. Why should a criminal be sent to prison for a definite period any more than a lunatic to a hospital for the insane or an invalid to an infirmary? Our prisons, if rightly conducted ought to be "moral hospitals" to which delinquents should be sent to be cured. Many a man imprisoned for life, to his own misery, the ruin of his family and the cost of the state, might, with absolute safety to society, be liberated today.

Thus we have seen how the prisoner has long been treated wrongfully by allowing evil conditions to exist that are entirely incompatible with the ideals set for prisons, and shown causes why these causes should be remedied. Our purpose, however, has been to formulate plans for the alleviation of these conditions. There should, therefore, be adequate quarters suitably fitted with a view to training the inmates for a larger life. Then, too, confidence should be manifest in the prisoner by instituting, as far as practicable, the honor system for the sake of the stimulating effect upon his conscience. Again, the fixed sentence with its various injustices should be abolished and the indeterminate sentence be used. Whatever results these changes may bring about there is yet one other which may probably be considered greater than all; for upon it these reforms largely depend. I mean a complete change in the attitude

of society toward the criminal. When men can look upon the culprit with a sympathetic eye and see in him the image of his Maker, then such changes will be brought about that will enable us no longer to see the hardened criminal, but a man transformed, made anew.

The Vanished Dream

N. R. SMITH, '11.

When the dull black shroud of woe comes down
  On the dust of a shattered dream,
An the hope that dwelt in the heart has fled
  In the van of the things that seem;
There is no rest for the wondering mind,
  No life in the life-loving frame;
The things that are gone, the things that were,
  Are naught but a vanishing name.

Low the dust of a vanished dream that glowed,
  And shone as a lustrous star,
That built its house 'neath another sun,
  In a distant land afar;
Now the goal is gone, for another passed,
  And took for his own the prize
That sparkled and lured through the darkest night,
  Like the light in a demon's eyes.

But some day a rift will come in the cloud,
  And the heart will rise again;
Or surely the light of another hope
  Will come, and maybe then,
That hope will build it another house
  As fair as a jewel's beam,
In a far off future time perhaps,
  On the dust of its shattered dream.

"A Little Child Shall Lead Them"

A cold misty rain was falling, and the dim twilight was fast merging into darkness, when I turned from the highway towards what was at one time a splendid home. No signs of prosperity, or even of comfort, were now visible. The enclosures were all gone, the barns tumbling down, and the house itself bore the mark of years of neglect. Through a shutterless and curtainless window, I saw a dim, flickering candle burned half way to the base.

I went up to the door and knocked, and the quivering voice of a woman bade me enter. Upon entering I found myself in a long dark hall; but soon a door opened to my right, and an old lady, clad in ragged black, met me. "Are you the new doctor?"she asked, before I had time to speak. "No," I answered, and when I saw the look of disappointment and the eagerness of the tear-stained eyes, I knew that she was in deep distress.

"I am glad that you have come anyway. Julian has gone to ask the new doctor to come to see my husband. The old one refused, saying that he had no time to lose on paupers, and I have no idea that the new doctor will come, either. You will stay, won't you, until the end comes, which can be but a little while?"

"Mary, come quick!" came in a weak and smothered tone from the bed. With the old lady, I quietly approached the bedside. There on a hard, uncomfortable bed I saw the most pitiful human being I have ever seen. As we approached, the old man threw out one hand and attempted to rise, but fell back, exhausted.

"Did he come?" he gasped. "No," replied a boy of about ten, who had slipped in unobserved.

"May God forgive him," murmured the sick man in broken tones, and then fell asleep.

How long he slept I do not know. We sat in perfect silence; the candle was flickering low and the corners of the room were growing dark and gloomy. I sat near the bedside where I could see plainly the dying man's face; such a face have I not

seen but that one time. A thin, but snow-white beard, and long, flowing white hair, added a peculiar beauty to the calm, serene, and resigned countenance. From time to time, a faint momentary smile played on that face; then he awoke.

"Wife, children, come close to me."

"And, who are you?" he added, noticing me for the first time. "Ah, yes," he continued, "I remember all now, you have come to take the children to the orphanage, and I must go—no, I will never go there, but Mary,"—here his voice broke. "Mary it's hard, hard to die and leave you here for the Poor-house, and Agnes and Julian for the Orphanage. But I must go, the angel of death is at the door. Listen! Hark! Don't you hear him knocking?"

Truly the angel of death had entered. The old man was dead. All again was silent, save for the sobbing of the widow and children. The candle flickered and went out, but the sky had partly cleared, and the moon now shed a pale, sickly light through the window. I crept over to the bed and drew a cover over the corpse. We then went out on the piazza into the chilly night air; but for my part, almost anything was a pleasant relief from the depression of such a death chamber. After a while I offered my services in preparing the dead for burial, and asked after the neighbors, as to whom I should go for assistance.

"Oh, sir," the bereaved woman sobbed, "it is so hard that he should have had to die as he did. When I think of our prosperous days, when we had all that we could desire, then of how we lost it all, I sometimes question whether God is just. Once we had friends, now we have none. We have had a hard, bitter struggle these last years, but John would never sell this, our old home. Somehow I am glad that he has gone, and will never have to depend on public charity. When we have seen him buried, we shall leave forever—I, for the poor house, the children, for the orphanage."

She left off here, and for some time, it seemed to me, for half an hour, no one spoke. A silence, the most awful I have ever experienced, fell upon this dreary and gloomy scene. It

was the stillness of death, yea, and of worse than death, of awe and heart-broken despair. As we sat there, the only sounds that broke in on our sorrowing silence, were the occasional rustling of the last leaves of autumn as a low and mournful wind blew through the boughs of some giant old oaks that stood in the yard, and far away in the night the shivering cry of an owl. I could endure it no longer, and again spoke of getting in some neighbors to assist in preparing the body for burial.

"Sir," she replied in a tone of distress, "our nearest neighbor is two miles away. Little Julian can't go alone in the night, and you must not leave us here alone." There was nothing else to do; so I, alone, laid out the corpse.

Early the next morning two negroes, who were passing, were called in, and asked to spread the news of the death, and ask aid in the burial, also to prepare a coffin. By four o'clock, the negroes had made a crude coffin, and a grave had been dug. I shall never forget that funeral procession. The church was only a few hundred yards distant; the two negroes, another white man and I, bore the coffin to the church. A bitter north wind had sprung up, and I, with a heavy overcoat, was trembling from cold. The sight of the little orphans, poorly clad, barefoot and shivering, sobbing pitifully, when I knew that those sobs were called forth no less by the cold than the loss of a grandfather, awoke in me thoughts not at all complimentary to the community.

When we reached the church we found some twenty-five persons awaiting us, and what surprised me, over one half of these had the appearance of being refined and wealthy. The minister had about him every mark of a kindly man, and indeed, the manner in which he conducted the funeral, was all that one could wish. But all this could not stay my bitter feeling against these people. I found myself continually asking why some of these kindly, and appreciative sentiments could not have been expressed when the heart, now still, could have been warmed by them; why some of these flowers could not

have been sent to the sick chamber, where they would have gladdened the dying man's eyes.

The burial scene out on the little hillside impressed me as none other has ever done. One part of it I can never forget. The minister was pale and his voice trembled as he read the last few lines of the burial rites, and then closed with a short, but earnest prayer. A solemn hush fell on the little group as the sods fell in on the bare, wooden coffin. The wind was blowing a gale, the tall pines swaying over our heads, and the sea, a mile away, was mourning out a funeral dirge.

When the grave was filled, and the magnificent wreathes placed upon it, we lingered on, as if waiting for something—we knew not what. Then little Agnes, cold and trembling, came out and kneeled beside the new-made mound. With her face upturned to heaven she prayed in a full, clear voice:

"Please, Lord, bless these people for bringing Grandpa these beautiful flowers, and please forgive them for bein' so bad to him. But, oh, Lord, they were mean not to pay his money back, and to let him die so poor."

We lifted her gently up, and I, myself, took her home in my arms. The next morning I left the community; but I had seen first hand, one of the tragedies, so often occuring in life.

Ten years and a half have passed, and I am again approaching the community of the above story. Naturally my mind returns to that death-bed scene, and the burial. Passing the little church, I went on down to the cemetery. Here I stopped in surprise, then entered. In place of the wooden slab I had seen placed at the head of a grave there stood a beautiful and imposing monument. On the grave were some withered flowers; for it was then spring. As I stood there beside the grave, wondering how the poor widow and child had been able to purchase this costly monument, I heard the click of the little gate. Turning, I saw entering a young woman, apparently about seventeen. She had not yet observed me, and I stepped behind the monument to avoid immediate detection. She came on with bowed head, bearing in her arms a profusion of rich and beautiful flowers. After arranging them in order, she sat

down on the grass beside the grave. Yes, I knew her. She could be none other beside the little girl I had seen here years before. Again I wondered what rare good fortune had come their way; for she was well dressed, and about her were all the marks of taste and refinement that belong to those of easy circumstances.

I came out from my hiding and stood before her. A blush of embarrassment spread over her face, and then I saw that I was recognized. We exchanged but simple greetings, our minds were fixed on another scene beside this grave.

We sat down again beside the grave. For several minutes no words were passed. Finally, when for a moment she raised her head, I saw that her beautiful eyes were moist with tears. I refrained from speaking until she should break the silence; for I knew by the changing expressions on her face that memories, both bitter and sweet, were passing through her mind. Then raising her tear-stained eyes to mine, she asked:

"Do you remember?" "Yes," I replied, "quite well, and will you not explain it all?" I dared to add.

"That is easily done," she replied. "Mankind is not all always bad. The hearts of all men sometimes soften. Grandfather's debtors, almost all of them, made full payment soon after his death. This left us a goodly sum, more than Grandmamma suspected was due. This explains that monument there; but every clear afternoon I come out here to place some simple flowers on his grave, and sometimes when I think of the cruelty with which he was treated, my heart burns with a lingering hatred which I cannot quench. We are now enjoying what should have been Grandpa's to enjoy, and I am often bitter toward those who are responsible for his poverty and suffering. But God is good, and will pardon my ill will, I believe."

"Yes, God is certainly good," I replied, "and a little child shall lead them," I continued. She looked at me inquiringly. "Don't you remember that little prayer of yours?" I asked.

"Yes," she answered thoughtfully.

But that was not all. A week passed and still I lingered on,

being loathe to leave the grateful hospitality of the splendid home; and there was another reason—I was deeply in love with the little girl of the death-bed scene, now the beautiful Agnes. Day after day we strolled out to the cemetery, the grandfather's grave being our favorite haunt.

It was on a sultry afternoon, the day before I was to leave, that it happened. I had gone to my room for an hour's rest after dinner, and had slept until the sun was low. On going down I found that Agnes had gone out. Having an idea that she had gone alone to the graveyard, I decided to seek her there.

When I reached the gate, I saw Agnes sitting beside the grave, her face in her hands. I was soon at her side, and saw that she was weeping. I dared not disturb her, but sat down to await her recovery from her tears. Suddenly she kneeled where she was, and with face upturned, seemed, for a few moments, to be sending up a silent prayer. Then as the sun cast its last rays upon that angel-like face, and the wind sighed softly in the lofty pines, I head her murmer, it seemed to me, as softly as the breeze itself, "God bless him as he goes and bring him back to me."

I could restrain myself no longer. I kneeled at her feet and told her the old, old story.

Next June we enter the little church again, but this time it will not be for a funeral ceremony.

Wofford College Journal

Established 1889, Spartanburg, S. C., May-June, 1911. Whole No. 195

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Entered at Postoffice at Spartanburg, S. C., as Second Class Matter.

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT

The College and Life

After all, is a college course worth while? Does it pay? Is it an advantage to society at large? To the great mass of intelligent people these questions have long ago been answered. But there is also a class that is still in doubt. They fail to see any practical results of the college training of some men. These are no more philanthropic in their every day dealings with their fellowmen than others who have never had the advantage of a college training. They work no harder and no more efficiently in movements for the advancement of their community, either educational or otherwise. In such instances, are not people justified in refusing to admit the advantage of a college course. The "book larnin" is no good if the man is not also made stronger, they believe. Are they not right?

Classmates, we are now finishing our course, and soon will

receive our diplomas, and our college days will be over. What have we made of these four years? We have succeeded in making the required grades, but class-room work is, after all, but a small part of a college training. Are we stronger men as a result of our college experience? Are we better fitted to go out and aid in making humanity better? Have we a broader vision of life, of what real life should mean to every man?

The above are questions that must surely come to each of us as we go out from college. Perhaps a few may be able to say to themselves, that they have done their full duty, they have left no stone unturned in the upbuilding and development of their lives. But such are in the minority; the most of us realize that many precious hours have been wasted, that we are not the men morally, physically and mentally, that we should be. But let us hope that, after all, we have gained a strength that will enable us to go out and fight successfully for the advancement of the community into which we may go. If we are not better fitted to do this, we have toiled here in vain; our college course has been a complete failure.

The Final Class Meeting

At six o'clock in the afternoon of commencement day, the class of 1911, meets for its last time as a complete class. How many of us fully realize what that means? For four long years we have known each other on the campus, in the class-rooms and in the literary societies. We have, each of us, become attached to some few men whom we are proud to call our close and intimate friends. But all those pleasant relations are soon to cease. We cannot but rejoice that our days of toil are over, and we can return to our homes. But a sad chord is touched when we think of that final parting. Men who have known, and loved each other well, will part, some of them, no doubt, never to see each other again. Should a class reunion be called for next year, some member would be absent, some name would not be answered to.

Though we must part now in a few days, we feel that the friendships formed among our classmates have been one of the

most valuable influences of our college days. To know, love, and trust a good and noble friend is certainly a source of strength to any man's life. He who has had no close and personal friend, to whom he could reveal the most precious impulses of his soul, has missed much, and cannot be the man he might have been. Those days of pleasant association here soon must close, but each and every one of us must surely feel that these college friendships will count as among the most potent influences of his college course.

After that final class meeting, there may be some face that we may never see again, but not one can ever be forgotten. Back in the gallery of our memory each individual face will have an image to be looked on and mused over, many a time in the future years.

Farewell.

With this issue our relations with the Journal come to a close. They have been pleasant at all times; and while we have made many errors, still we have no apologies to offer. Though we have fallen far short of making of the Journal what we wished, yet we feel that we have given it some of our best efforts. We wish to thank all who have aided us by their contributions. Without the splendid cooperation of these men the Journal must have failed. A few have been especially loyal, standing by us when things looked dark. To these we would express our sincere appreciation for their loyalty.

To those who succeed us we offer no advice, feeling that none is needed, and that we are incompetent to advise. To you we resign the editorial reins, and wish for you a year in which the Journal will rise to a new standard of excellence.

EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT

C. H. Carlisle, Editor.
R. L. Meriwether, Assistant Editor.

With this edition of the Journal we gladly resign our department to the new editors. Before leaving we wish to say, however, that the work has been very pleasant, and profitable to us, and to bid all our contemporaries God-speed.

Instead of our regular criticisms we will devote the department this month to a few of the criticisms which the Journal has received during the year. We have tried to select these clippings impartially, with the idea of showing fairly what other college magazines think of our work.

The Wofford College Journal presents about the least appearance of "first-numberism" of any of our exchanges. It contains two essays and two stories of good length, and several poems. It looks solid. The essays are good, but little originality can be expected from statistics or the much abused subject of trusts. The stories contain too much narrative and too little live, snappy conversation on the part of the characters, to create more than a lazy interest in the slow movement of the plots. The poem, *The Road to Fame,* teaches in verse the old lesson of service to fellowmen. College spirit of the right sort must have inspired *"To Wofford,"* but the best production from a literary standpoint in the whole magazine is *Eyes o' Thine,* though *With Thee and Without Thee* is also very pleasing. They both suggest poetic genius of the dainty type, and it should be cultivated. In writing for college magazines, as elsewhere, it is better to do what is within your power well, than to attempt things far beyond you, and produce a magnificent failure. In *Eyes o' Thine,* the theme, the expression, and the lilt of the metre are in perfect harmony, and we only lament the strain placed on the metre in the last two lines. A little more care would have done away with that defect. As it

stands, however, the poem can be read in such a way as to make the error almost unnoticeable.—*The Criterion.*

The Wofford Journal, of Spartanburg, S. C., enters upon its twenty-third year with an enthusiastic staff at the helm. The general "make-up" as well as the reading matter of the October number is very good. This *Journal* is one of the most creditable college magazines published, and will no doubt raise the ideals of the entire student body to the highest standard.—*Brenau Journal.*

Wofford College Journal.—While characterizing our many exchanges and classifying each by its efficiency along this line and the other, we dubbed our Wofford friend, "Mr. Good Story," because of his original plots and good execution of the same. That finding of the "Hollow Cypress" holds one's interest and also his breath till the last word is read and its artistic setting makes one long to see a cypress swamp. "Blighted" brings clearly to us the realization that we can never get away from ourselves. It is a strong story and well told. There is a note so plaintive, yet so strong in the "Explanation" which criticism of any kind would mar. The story portrays two kinds of sacrifice, one of love, the other a sacrifice for selfishness. Probably the contrast is what makes this story different from others. The consideration of the divorce problem, the thoughts on the "City and the Home," and "Democratic Opportunity" are good sproutings from healthy modern thoughts and do credit to this magazine.

We wish for all our exchanges a newness of life with the spring tide and all the success and inspiration which this season brings with it.—*Bessie Tift Journal.*

Wofford College Journal contains several good stories and a fairly good appreciation of Ralph Waldo Emerson. The student body seems to be behind this journal, ever ready to contribute to its work, and, of course, that is what makes it interesting.—*Ouachita Ripples.*

Our list of exchanges this month has increased considerably. Before the editor lies a pile of magazines filled from cover to cover with interesting matter. With eager interest they have been quickly scanned, and the few which our alloted space permits us to specially note, have been carefully re-read. Top-most on the pile lies *The Wofford College Journal.* It contains a study upon the life and character of George Washington, one of the old subjects which we do well to bring frequently to the attention of the youths of today. Of equal worth with this character sketch is an article of some length giving an account of the rise of the glory of Venice and her subsequent loss of power. It is interesting and instructive reading, dealing with the character of the Venetians as shown in the history of their State, of the importance of Venice during the Middle Ages, her peculiar isolation and the unique place she fills in the world's records. The "Secret of the Two Lockets" is neither pleasing in style nor attractive as regards its theme. The "Ghost Story" is fairly well told. Of the poetry, "The Harbor of Dreams" and "Thy Image" merit praise, but the sonnet to "Friendship" is the best piece of work in this department. The editorial departments are well sustained.—*Chimes of Shorter.*

The January number of the *Wofford College Journal* surpasses even its own standard of excellence. We wish we had the time and space to commend each of the many literary productions. We enjoy reading some of the stories, that show good taste and imagination. *The Journal* should congratulate herself on having as contributors so many poets. Not many magazines have at their disposal so many poems and essays that are too good for the waste basket.—*The Orange and Black.*

The February number of the *Wofford College Journal* is up to its usual standard of excellence. "Clarice" is a very cleverly developed love story and gives a true delineation of character. The poems, "What Is Life?" "Faith in Myself," and "The Reward," are uplifting and inspiring.—*Brenau Journal.*

The Wofford College Journal for February, stands high among our exchanges in material, balance and arrangement, and we welcome it to our table as a regular exchange. We are glad to find at last one really good poem, "Oh! What Is Life," in this issue, but in "The Reward" there is a defect in the meter in the fourth line. "Clarice" is a well written story, but is slow in action and old in theme. "The Queen of Eldorado" is not, as we might infer from the title, a western story, but is rather a southern story, with a good picture of southern life. By far the best story in the magazine, is "Up the Hudson." The close is a trifle weak but does not mar the rest of the story. "The Bequeathed Ideal" is the sad story of a beautiful courtship, broken up by death. The "Clippings" are well selected and add a zest to the whole magazine.—*Wake Forest Student.*

Wofford College Journal for February is a creditable number. "Up the Hudson" is the best story. It has just enough mystery about it to keep one's curiosity aroused from beginning to end. The mystery is never cleared up. "The Queen of Eldorado" is a simple love story. "Oh! What Is Life?" and "Faith in Myself" are perfect in meter. The first expresses a question which confronts us all and is somewhat sad in tone. The second is more inspiring.—*Trinity Archive.*

Wofford College Journal.—The March issue of the *Journal* is brimming over with its goodly supply of excellent reading matter. We find listed in the table of contents six stories, four pieces of verse, and three essays. * * * There being so many short stories, it is to be expected that some of them will be lacking in length. Although this is true, we feel there is ample room for comment upon the fiction. All the stories show individual style and their plots are worked out well. * * * We say there are three pieces of verse in the issue because we do not think it would be correct to term it all poetry. Two of the poems are parodies, and the others deal with none too deep themes. We would mention the "Psalm of the Hobble Skirt" for its uniqueness. Such adds to

the attractiveness of a magazine, and is always to be desired. * * * We feel though, the real strength of this number of the *Journal* lies in its essays. The first one is a little odd for college students, but the author proves himself equal to the emergency and teaches us a thing of two. It is entitled "The Divorce Problem." * * * "The City and the Home," and the "Democratic Opportunity" are both good. * * * Another admirable feature of this issue is the "Junior Characteristics." It shows aptness on the part of the compiler of the many natural characteristics of the members of the Junior class because of their names. * * * Especially do we like the editorial on "The Call of the Commonwealth." There is plenty of truth in the article and it should put all college men to thinking. * * * *The Journal* has an able editorial staff and is always a welcome arrival.—*Mercerian.*

We find an abundance of stories and poems in the *Wofford College Journal.* The poem, "Oh! What is Life?" appeals to us very strongly. The merit of the literary department is due, for the greater part, to the excellence of the poems. However, it is not to be thought that the stories are not also good. A general criticism of the stories would be that some of the plots are a little weak and not quite as original as they should be. There is only one essay, and that a short one. What impressed us perhaps more than anything else about this magazine was the editorials. They were not lengthy, but concise and to the point.—*The Stylus.*

CLIPPINGS

A woodpecker lit on a Freshman's head,
  And settled down to drill
He bored away for half a day,
  And then he broke his bill.

"Where are you going with that goat, little boy?"
"Down to the lake. Come along if you wanter see the fun.

This here goat has jest et a crate of sponges, an' I'm goin' down an' let him drink.

Money talks, as we've heard tell,
And to most of us, it says: "Farewell."

Teacher—"What is your name?"
New Pupil—"Jule."
Teacher—"Don't say Jule, say Julius."
Teacher—(To next pupil)—"Your name?"
Pupil—"Bilious."

Written at the beginning of an examination paper: "Lord of Hosts, be with us yet, lest we forget, lest we forget."

Added by the Professor, after examining the paper: "The Lord of Hosts was with you not, so you forget, so you forgot."

Whatever trouble Adam had,
No man could make him sore
By saying, when he told a jest,
I've heard that joke before.

Earnest, but Prosy Street-Corner-Orator—"I want land reform ; I want housing reform; I want educational reform; I want——"

Bored Voice—"Chloroform."

Lawyer—"The cross examination did not seem to bother you. Have you had any previous experience?"

Client—"Six children."

"So there's another eruption of Mt. Vociferous," said Mrs. Partington, as she put on her specs. "The paper tells us about the burning lather running down the mountains, but it don't tell how it got afire."

A friend of the college in looking over the catalog was struck by some of the peculiar names, and has handed us the following:

Wofford is a fine old place,
  No college can come nigh her;
She will always *Madden* schools,
  By rising *High* and *Hyer*!

On campus are *Hill* and *Glenn*
  Where *Green Meadors* rise to view;
Real *Edens* are made by *Brooks*,
  And *Shell Rhodes* running all through.

You find *Byers* but no store,
  Campbell with only two feet,
A compass which always points *West*,
  And *Berrys* no one can eat.

Preston Hall is lined with *Steele*,
  A big *Barr* fastens the door,
Curtains are made out of *Genes*
  While *Moss* rugs lie on the floor.

They have *Cox* without a tail,
  A *Crane* without a feather;
They have *Dorn* but never night,
  What glorious *Meriwether*.

Once the boys got mad and *Moody*,
  At a rule they must obey,
For weeks even the *Earle* and *King*,
  All dues in *Nickels* must pay.

See what men Wofford turns out,
  When cast in such fine mould;
College pride keeps *All* shouting,
  Hurrah for the *Black* and Gold!

LOCAL DEPARTMENT

Matthew S. Lively, Editor.

The Fourteenth Season of Our Lyceum.

The lyceum course for next year will be unusually attractive. The very best talent of the oldest and strongest bureau in the United States, the Redpath, has been engaged for the season of 1911-1912. The opening number will be, "The Dudley-Buck Company," composed of young women of beauty, talent, training and character. Beautiful costumes, fine music, and graceful movements are the leading characteristics of the entertainment presented by this company.

"The Hussars," a singing band of nine men, meet the demand of the present day lyceum, combining military splendor and action with the rollicking spirit and dash of the best college glee club.

The Aida Quartet and Mr. C. Pol Plancon will present a splendid program in violin, cornet, trumpet and voice. These artists make a beautiful group.

Leland Powers and Judge Ben B. Lindsay add great strength to the course. Leland Powers is the best of all American readers, and Judge Lindsey, known as "the bad boy's friend," has made for himself a world-wide reputation. The course is not yet complete.

Without extra charge students will have the privilege of securing reserve seats.

A reserved seat for the season in the balcony will cost only $1.50, and one on the lower floor, only $2.

The liberal patronage of students and citizens has enabled the management to meet two difficult conditions: high priced talent and low priced tickets.

J. A. Gamewell,
For the Lyceum.

The Local Editor for 1911-1912.

Mr. G. M. Crum, of the Calhoun Society, and of Orangeburg,

has been elected as editor of this page of THE JOURNAL for next year. If he desires a monthly task which is difficult to handle successfully, and one hard to make attractive to his readers, why he may count himself fortunate, for the retiring editor is forced to confess that he had a little rather go to a June picnic, at which the sweet college girl is much in evidence, than to take his "pen in hand" to write up the "locals" on a warm, sultry, spring day like this, when all the beauty and luxury of this glorious season is constantly calling to him to come out and laze in the shade of the trees, where he can dream impossible dreams. But whatever may or may not be the wishes of Mr. Crum, both his society and the student body at large are certainly fortunate in having him to manage this department for the coming school year. There is not a more efficient or conscientious student in college. He is popular with all the boys and enjoys the full confidence of every member of the faculty. He is fitted in every way to manage this phase of the college magazine, and has the hearty good wishes for everything that counts for success with this part of his school duties for next year.

BASE BALL

The ball team has made a better showing this season than any one the college has put out in several years. While it was not our good fortune to win the pennant, the victories were sufficient to cause every boy in college to feel proud of the team. Eight games were played at the "home" park, and every one of them was brimming over with excitement. The attendance, due largely to the fine loyalty of the students, was unusually good, thus making the financial side of the games a success, also.

The result of the official games played give us a percentage of 500, and those not in the regular schedule are of 538, having won seven and lost six of them. The last game of the season was the biggest victory of the season. That was the defeat of Clemson on their own grounds by a score of 3 to 2. Clemson had begun to think that its team was the invincible, having

met not a single defeat by a South Carolina team till that last game with Wofford.

Mr. J. R. Walker has been elected captain of the team for next season. He is a fine all-round player in every way, and the team needs to be congratulated on its wise choice of so able a leader.

Below is the result of each game played this season:

April 1—Wofford 0, Newberry 0.
April 3—Wofford 1, Clinton 0.
April 4—Wofford 3, Clinton 4.
April 5—Wofford 2, Newberry 3.
April 10—Wofford 5, Furman 0.
April 11—Wofford 1, Furman 4.
April 14—Wofford 10, Citadel 3.
April 15—Wofford 6, Citadel 6.
April 17—Wofford 4, Erskine 6.
April 18—Wofford 6, Esrkine 0.
April 21—Wofford 4, Furman 2.
April 26—Wofford 5, Clemson 8.
April 27—Wofford 4, Clinton 3.
May 5—Wofford 0, Clemson 6.
May 6—Wofford 3, Clemson 2.

THE STATE ORATORICAL CONTEST

Wofford could not win at the State Oratorical Contest this time. We had been awarded first place for four successive years, however, and aside from our personal feelings for our representative, we do not feel so badly defeated. Mr. W. V. Dibble, with his subject, "The Transformation of the Criminal," did both himself and the college no little credit, even though he was put in the fifth place as a final average, and third in composition.

Mr. Merriman of the Citadel was given first place and Mr. Williams, of Carolina, second. We were particularly impressed with Mr. Williams' speech in every way. He has an unusually good voice for the stage; his articulaton is almost

perfect, and he used it to every advantage on the evening of the twenty-ninth of April at Greenwood.

FRESHMAN DECLAMATION CONTEST

The Freshman declamation contest came off at the chapel on Monday evening, the eighth. Mr. J. F. Wardlaw, of the Calhoun Society, and of Spartanburg, was awarded the Gray Medal. His subject was "Napoleon, the Little," which he delivered with much force and attraction. The satire called for in his speech was brought out exceedingly well.

SOCIETY OFFICERS

The following are the society officers elected for the next term:

Calhoun—President, G. M. Crum; Vice-President, L. C. Wannamaker; First Critic, R. B. McIver; Second Critic, C. E. Zimmerman; First Censor, R. R. Nickels; Recording Secretary, J. C. Hyer; Treasurer, W. W. Jenkins; Corresponding Secretary, W. C. Bethea.

Carlisle—President, D. W. Galloway; Vice-President, B. S. Haynes; First Critic, P. B. Yarborough; Recording Secretary, J. O. Green; First Censor, L. A. Cartar; Second Censor, R. L. Cox; Second Critic, Roy Wilkes; Corresponding Secretary, D. C. Carmichael; Treasurer, W. F. Herlong.

Preston—President, J. L. Glenn; Vice-President, H. N. Folk; Recording Secretary, T. B. Humphries; First Critic, R. T. Wilson; Second Critic, R. L. Meriwether; First Censor, R. D. Guilds; Second Censor, E. T. Spigner; Third Censor, Herbert Josey; Corresponding Secretary, E. C. Morrison.

Journal Officers—Editor-in-Chief, R. E. Moody; Literary Editor, R. L. Meriwether; Assistant Literary Editor, J. C. Hyer; Business Manager, D. W. Galloway; Assistant Business Manager, E. T. Spigner; Exchange Editor, R. T. Wilson; Assistant Exchange Editor A. L. Googe, Local Editor, G. M. Crum; Y. M. C. A. Editor, J. B. Kay.

Oratorical Speakers—CALHOUN, R. B. McIver, and L. C.

Wannamaker; CARLISLE, P. B. Yarborough and Frank Herlong; PRESTON, R. T. Wilson and R. D. Guilds.

ON THE CAMPUS

Among those who attended the oratorical contest at Greenwood, were: W. L. All, L. J. Stillwell, Carl Harmon, Theo. Monroe, W. A. Walker, W. D. Hutto, C. H. Carlisle, R. H. and L. W. Whitlock, J. B. Wharton, R. L. Jenkins, W. V. and J. H. Anderson, W. P. Meadors, F. C. Beach, R. R. Nickels, Robert McDowell, H. G. Hardin and M. S. Lively.

Lewis J. Cauthen, Roy Watson, E. B. Stallworth and B. M. Asbill spent the music festival holidays at home.

Dr. Colwell missed his classes on the eleventh and twelfth inst.

Mrs. A. M. DuPre, of the Fitting School, is away on a visit with relatives at Greenville, and at Gainesville, Ga.

The Senior class of the Fitting School entertained somewhat elaborately for its faculty on the evening of the twelfth. The young ladies of the city were much in evidence and every one present had a most enjoyable time.

Prof. and Mrs. Clinkscales gave a reception to the Senior class of the college, on Tuesday evening, the sixteenth, in honor of Messrs. H. G. Hardin, W. D. Hutto and H. M. Snyder. It was a very brilliant affair in every way, and those who had the good fortune to be among the guests, will long remember it as one of the most pleasant social occasions of his experience while at Wofford.

Dr. and Mrs. Snyder will give their annual reception to the Graduating Class on Thursday evening the eighteenth. That will be after THE JOURNAL goes to press, but if the previous entertainments given by Mrs. Snyder to the Senior classes are an index to what may be expected Thursday evening, no one among the guests will come away without having had a delightful time.

Y. M. C. A. DEPARTMENT

J. W. Cunningham, Editor.

The college year of 1910-11 is fast drawing to a close; with this issue THE JOURNAL work is ended. And it seems to be very appropriate to look back over the past year and view our work as a whole. And then to turn toward the future, determined to profit by our mistakes and failures.

Let us view the past year from the Y. M. C. A. point of view. Under the leadership of able officers, aided and encouraged by the faculty, we have now what is said to be the prettiest and best equipped college association hall in the State. We are proud of this hall because it was largely through our giving that this was accomplished. Then the association has had a prosperous year as to membership. We have had a membership of one hundred and forty-two out of a total enrollment in the college of two hundred and thirty-nine; that is, about sixty per cent. of our boys are members of the association. We dare say this is as large a percentage as any college in the State can boast of.

Then one of the things that has been very encouraging and helpful to the officers, was the good attendance at the Friday evening meetings. Even when our hall was torn up, and we had to meet under unfavorable circumstances in the different class-rooms, the boys were always faithful in attendance.

The mission study classes have been very succesful this year. The members have attended well, and have taken great interest in the study. This is largely due to the interesting courses offered, and the efficiency of the leaders. Our Bible study has been largely left to the individual members, but a large per cent pledged themselves to the study of the Scripture each morning. We know that the men in the mission study classes and the Bible study, have received lasting good.

As to the spiritual uplift that has come to the association members, and through these to the boys out of the Y. M. C. A.

we are unable to say, but we believe that the association has moved towards that:

"One far-off divine event,
To which the whole creation moves."

The prospect for next year is exceedingly bright. The officers and cabinet are strong men, and if the individual members will only do their part, there is for Wofford a greater Young Men's Christian Association. Next year every member should be a daily student of the Bible, and a member of a mission student class. Then let us not forget that a large delegation must be sent to the Southern Student Conference. This will mean more to the association next year, than anything else. The work of the present Senior class has, in a large degree, ended. They can only wish for the association the best, and they feel that it is in safe hands.

MR. W. V. MARTIN'S ADDRESS

The Association was given quite a treat in the address of Mr. W. V. Martin, secretary of the city Y. M. C. A. Mr. Martin is an interesting speaker, and his talk was enjoyed by all present. This was the first time the college association has had the pleasure of hearing Mr. Martin, but we hope to have him with us many times in the future.

The work of the present editor is finished with this issue. It is with sadness that he gives up, to another, this work and severes his connection with the association at Wofford. To the Y. M. C. A. editor for next year he wishes the greatest success. The members of the Wofford Young Men's Christian Association will always be dear to the retiring editor.

ALUMNI DEPARTMENT

T. H. Campbell, Editor.

The first name on this roll is "Judge" C. O. All. Otis is in the livery business with his father at Allendale, S. C.

W. Boyd Baker is fitting himself for the practice of medicine at the Charleston Medical College. It is reported that Baker has bought a set of text books—but his health is not likely in danger.

G. A. Beach, the tennis man of his class, has a good position in a bank at Yorkville.

D. L. Betts, the midget and dynamo, of the class, is teaching in the Carlisle Fitting School at Bamberg. Dan is making a great hit at Bamberg; not only with his pupils, but with the girls and young widows of the town, for some are thoughtful of the illy fed professor.

C. O. Bomar, who always came to classes as if he were going to a wedding, is taking a course in music at the Peabody Conservatory of Music, Baltimore.

O. N. Bowman, much to our surprise, is teaching at Heath Springs.

Z. F. Cannon is teaching in the lower part of the State.

J. L. Cely is in the mercantile business in Greenville. Loyd is a member of the Childers Brothers & Cely Shoe Co.

S. B. Connor was superintendent of the Fort Motte school until his untimely death, which occurred at Fort Motte, Feb. 18th. In stepping from the "Carolina Special," which runs at a low rate of speed through the town, he misjudged the distance, striking the platform of the depot which threw him partly under the moving train. Bland was a great favorite among the boys and was loved by student body and faculty. He was as gentle as a girl, and as considerate as a mother.

G. K. Craig is keeping up his intellectual efforts as a member of the Hastoc high school faculty, this city. George says that he is glad to be in Spartanburg, in order that he may be with the boys; but—there is some one else who goes to another college in the city.

B. F. Cromley is teaching at Raymond, Orangeburg county.

J. K. Davis is another who is glad his work is in Spartanburg. Joe is a member of the Wofford Fitting School faculty, and is making a success teaching his specialty, history.

W. H. Davidson is in the mercantile business with his father at Prosperity.

C. B. Dawsey is working a combination at Pacolet—teaching and preaching. Cyrus is doing the well-nigh impossible—making a notable success at both.

F. W. Dibble is a member of the Western North Carolina Conference, at Canton. Of course, Warren is not a bishop yet, but watch him.

B. M. DuBose is member of the faculty of Weaverville College, N. C. Roy is holding high the record of Wofford teachers, if this is his first year.

W. C. Duncan is also teaching, being a member of the Carlisle Fitting School faculty at Bamberg. "Bill" enjoys teaching and must look real professor-like.

C. R. Elkins has a position in a bank at Hampton.

J. R. Galbraith is teaching at Faceville, in southwestern Georgia.

J. D. Griffith is principal of the school at Paxville.

E. B. Hammond is taking a course in dentistry at the Atlanta Dental College.

W. G. Hazel has an important position on the *Spartanburg Herald*. Grady still likes to come over to see the boys.

G. C. Hawkins is teaching near Summerville.

G. M. Heinitsh has a clerical position with the Royster Fertilizer Company, this city.

E. L. Horger is taking a course in medicine at the University of Maryland. Roy says there is no place like Wofford.

G. B. Ingram is principal of the Providence school, near Batesburg.

J. S. Jones is in the drug business at Ridge Springs.

E. L. Keaton is principal of a high school near Liberty.

R. L. Keaton is the able gym instructor here at Wofford.

W. F. Klugh has a lucrative position with the First National Bank, Spartanburg.

J. F. Munnerlyn is attending the Charleston Medical College.

F. Murata is taking a course in mental philosophy, Vanderbilt University.

L. A. Murray is farming on an extensive scale, at his home near Holly Hill.

J. L. McCall is also enjoying the pleasures of farm life at his home near Bennettsville.

R. L. Newton is taking an A. M. course this year, and is also private secretary to our president, Dr. Snyder.

T. B. Penny is teaching at Cheraw.

S. H. Plyler, Jr., the tall man of his class, is principal of the College Hill school in North Carolina.

E. B. Roberts is a large planter at his home, near Zion, Marion county.

C. W. Shockley is employed in the city ticket office, Southern Railway, Spartanburg.

R. E. Smith, Jr., is merchandising at Olanta, Florence county.

O. C. Turner is principal of a school in York county.

J. E. Wannamaker, Jr., is farming, one of the largest planters in Calhoun county.

M. M. Wilkes, who was always doing things his classmates couldn't or wouldn't do, became infected with their habit, and is also teaching—principal of the Edisto school near Branchville.

Mr. T. H. Robertson, of Plum Branch, a member of the class of 1906, died at his home Sunday, the twenty-third of April. Mr. Robertson was another victim of the dreaded white plague, after a brave and noble fight, lasting nearly four years, two of which were spent among eminent specialists at Denver, Colorado.

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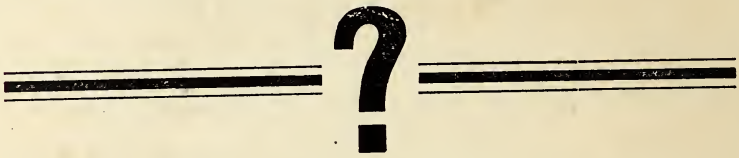

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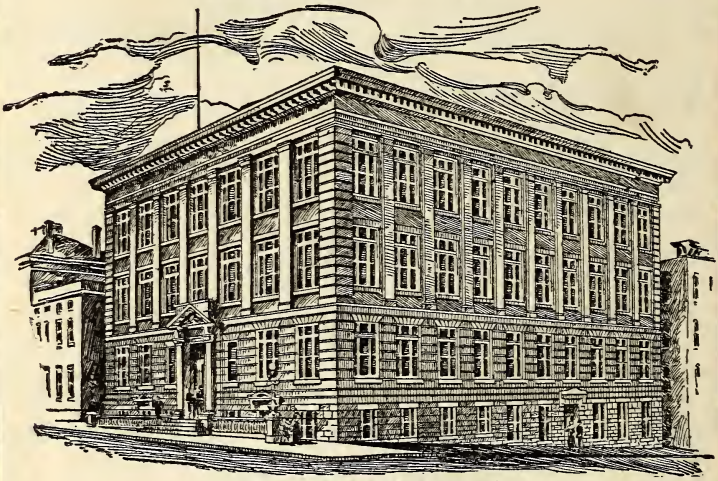

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